CHRISTMAS NUMBER

COUNTRY LIFE

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 1632

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CVI No. 2759 DECEMBER 2, 1949

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

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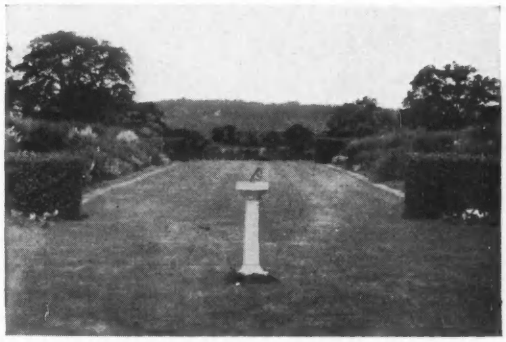

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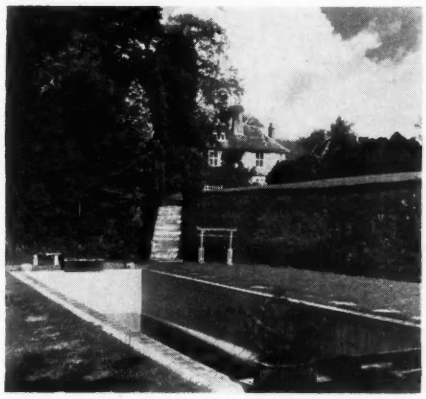

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Will be offered for Sale by Auction, as a whole or in 12 Lots (unless previously sold privately), at the Oddfellows Hall, George Street, Colchester, on Wednesday, December 21, 1949, at 11.30 a.m.

OLD HALL MARSHES

Auctioneers: JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1 (Tel : MAYfair 3316/7), 20, Bridge Street, Northampton (Tel. 2615/6), and at Cirencester, Leeds, Yeovil, Chichester, Chester and Newmarket. Solicitors: Messrs. BIRCHAM & CO., 46, Parliament Street, London, S.W.1 (Tel: WHItehall 4002).

By direction of the Exors. of the late Sir Henry Lawrence.

BOARS HILL, Nr. OXFORD

4 miles from the city.

GREENHEYS, LINCOMBE LANE

In this exclusively residential locality in a district greatly owned by the Oxford Preservation Trust.

A BEAUTIFUL MODERN HOUSE OF CHARACTER

Five bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, usual offices. Main electric light and power and water. Modern drainage. Three garages. Shedding. Gardens and grounds of **a little over 2 ACRES**

Auction, unless privately sold, on Wednesday, December 14, 1949, at 3 p.m. at the Randolph Hotel, Oxford.

Auctioneers' Offices: Messrs. JACKSON-STOPS, Cirencester (Tel. 334/5), in conjunction with Messrs. HERBERT DULAKE & CO., 95 and 96, St. Aldate's, Oxford (Tel. 47225).

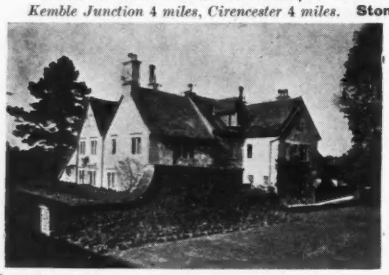
Solicitors: Messrs. WALKER & MARTINEAU, 12, Manson Place, London, S.W.7 (Tel: KENsington 9287).

By direction of Mrs. G. Braithwaite. *WITH VACANT POSSESSION.*

BARSTON HOUSE, SOUTH CERNEY,

NEAR CIRENCESTER, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Kemble Junction 4 miles, Cirencester 4 miles. **Stone-built Country House.**



Six main bed and dressing rooms, 4 servants' bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, domestic offices with Aga. Main electricity and gas. Central heating. Good water supply. Garage, stabling, outbuildings. Delightful garden, paddock, etc., approx. **1½ acres.**

Auction (unless sold privately) at the King's Head Hotel, Cirencester, on Monday, December 12 1949, at 2.30 p.m.

Solicitors: Messrs. GARD, LYELL & CO., 47, Gresham Street, London, E.C.2 (Tel : MONarch 4833). Auctioneers: Messrs. JACKSON-STOPS (Cirencester), Old Council Chambers, Cirencester (Tel. 334/5). (Folio 10,338)

By direction of G. H. Briggs, Esq. *WITH VACANT POSSESSION.*

THE FREEHOLD, SMALL, RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, THE FOSSE

DRIFFIELD, CIRENCESTER

A Charming Cotswold Residence in first-class structural and decorative condition, and ready for immediate occupation, comprising lounge, 2 reception rooms, small study, 5 bedrooms, and a small dressing room, well-fitted bathroom, modern compact domestic offices with "Aga" cooker.

Large garage adjoining house, and good outbuildings, with further garage and shedding. Large span-roof greenhouse with automatic gas heating. Delightful gardens and grounds, and paddock. In all **3½ ACRES** (more or less).

Central heating and domestic hot water. Own electricity. "Aga" cooker. Septic tank drainage. Water supply from 250 ft. borehole. Main gas.

To be offered for Sale by Auction (unless privately sold) at the King's Head Hotel, Cirencester, at 2.30 p.m. on Monday, December 12, 1949.

Illustrated details of the Auctioneers: Messrs. JACKSON-STOPS (Cirencester), Old Council Chambers, Cirencester, or the Solicitors: Messrs. GUSTAVUS THOMPSON & SON, Devereux Chambers, Temple, London, W.C.2.

HEYTHROP HUNT

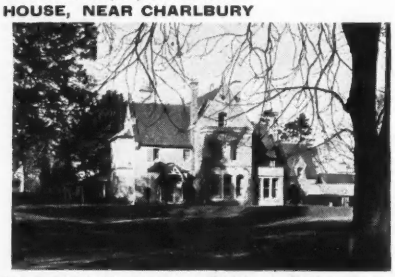
Kingham Junction 8 miles, Oxford 14 miles.

RAMSDEN HOUSE, NEAR CHARLBURY

Eight bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms, 2 bathrooms. Usual offices (Aga cooker), maids' sitting room. Main water and electricity. Central heating. Two cottages. Building for stud or pedigree stock in 15 loose boxes.

Finely timbered gardens and miniature park.

TOTAL ABOUT 24 ACRES



Auction (unless previously sold privately) December 14, 1949, at 3 p.m., at the Randolph Hotel, Oxford.

Auctioneers: Messrs. JACKSON-STOPS (Cirencester), Old Council Chambers, Castle Street, Cirencester (Tel. 334/5). Solicitors: Messrs. PAYNE, HICKS BEACH & CO., 10, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2 (Tel: HOLborn 1043/4).

AUCTIONEERS AND VALUERS
Tel. GROsvenor 3121
(3 lines)

WINKWORTH & CO.

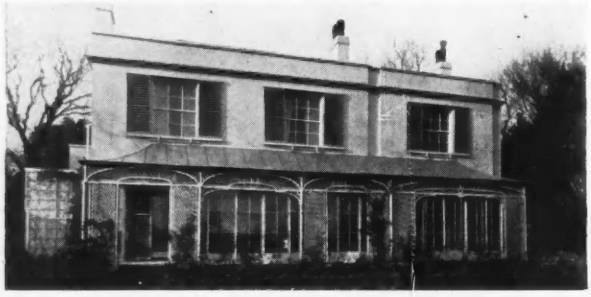
48, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR LONDON, W.1.

By order of Sir Cuthbert de Hoghton, Bart. *VIEW ONLY BY APPOINTMENT.*

PARK HOUSE, WALMER, KENT

Occupying a choice position directly overlooking the sea with marine views.

A COMPLETELY MODERNISED REGENCY RESIDENCE



Only recently renovated throughout and in first-class condition.

Nine main bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, staff rooms with fourth bath.

All main services. Fitted washbasins. Central heating.

Garage and room. Garden and private lawn on beach.

ABOUT ½ ACRE. FOR SALE PRIVATELY

Owner's Agents: WINKWORTH & Co., 48, Curzon Street, London, W.1.

By direction of Major C. A. G. Dance. *AT LOW UPSET PRICE.*

MILEBUSH HOUSE, LINSLADE

On the outskirts of Leighton Buzzard with main line trains to London. 'Bus service passes.

A WELL-PLACED MODERN RESIDENCE

Requiring renovation. Very suitable for school, home or institution.

Twenty bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, hall and 6 reception rooms.

All main services. Outbuildings. Excellent lodge.

Gardens and grounds, park-like land, in all over

21 ACRES. AUCTION 15 DECEMBER, 1949

Auctioneers: WINKWORTH & Co., 48, Curzon Street, London, W.1.

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

By direction of Lieutenant Colonel E. G. D. Kennedy.

KENT—NEAR THE SUSSEX BORDER

Between Edenbridge (4 miles) and Tonbridge (8 miles). London 1 hour by fast train.

WHISTLERS FARM, NEAR EDENBRIDGE—113 ACRES WITH VACANT POSSESSION

Suitable for adaptation for Dairy Farming, and at present housing a champion herd of Wessex Saddleback pigs.

DELIGHTFUL TUDOR FARMHOUSE

Three reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. Main water and electricity. Part central heating. Cesspool drainage.

Three cottages and a flat.

Farm buildings.

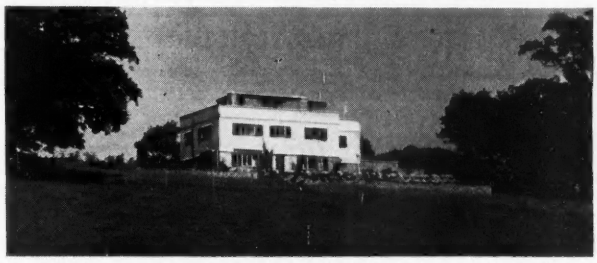
including garage, oast house, barn, hunter stabling and tyings for 7 cows.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE BY AUCTION as a whole at the Rose and Crown Hotel, Tonbridge, on Tuesday, December 13, at 3 p.m. (unless previously sold).

Solicitors: Messrs. READ, ROPER & READ, 40, King Street, Manchester, 2.
Auctioneers: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1, and Messrs. LANGRIDGE & FREEMAN, Tunbridge Wells.

600 FEET UP ON THE COTSWOLDS

2½ miles from Bourton-on-the-Water and Stow-on-the-Wold. Beautiful position with exceptionally fine views.



EXTREMELY ATTRACTIVE & WELL-APPOINTED MODERN RESIDENCE

in first-rate order throughout and approached by a winding drive.
Hall, 3 reception rooms (2 oak panelled), 7 bedrooms (6 with basins), 2 bathrooms. Central heating. Main electricity and water. Septic tank drainage. Garages for 2-3 cars.
THREE EXCELLENT COTTAGES (one let). Delightful terraced gardens, kitchen garden, pasture and arable land.
FREEHOLD FOR SALE, with 91 Acres. (One cottage and about 80 acres let.)
Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (34,922)

BANBURY 2½ MILES

Secluded position adjoining village with frequent 'bus service. London 1½ hours by fast train

A STONE-BUILT COUNTRY HOUSE

standing 400 feet up in parklike grounds facing south and west. Three reception rooms, 7 main bedrooms, staff or boxrooms, 3 bathrooms. Central heating. Main electricity. Own water supply. Septic tank drainage. Three/four garages.
Stabling of 6 loose boxes. Flat. Lodge. Three cottages.
Well timbered matured gardens, tennis and other lawns, rose garden, part walled kitchen garden, greenhouses, fruit trees and four meadows.
ABOUT 30 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD. Less land by arrangement.
Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (46,704)

MAYfair 3771 (10 lines) — **20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1** — **Telegrams: "Galleries, Wesdo, London"**

Regent 0293/3377
Reading 4441

NICHOLAS

(Established 1882)

4 ALBANY COURT YARD, PICCADILLY, W.1; 1, STATION ROAD, READING

Telegrams: "Nichenyer, Piccy, London" "Nicholas, Reading"

SURREY AND HANTS BORDERS

Mile from station—Waterloo and Portsmouth line, ½ mile from West Surrey Golf Course.

FOR SALE WITH POSSESSION

A well built Residence of considerable charm and character

situated in a high secluded woodland site.

Three reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, kitchen (with Aga), garage, partial central heating, main services.

Outbuildings include picturesque barn, stabling for 3, loose boxes, etc. Also excellent modern cottage.

The well timbered grounds comprise various lawns, water and rose gardens, paddock and orchard, together with some grass, arable and woodland

IN ALL 20 ACRES

Personally inspected and recommended by Messrs. NICHOLAS, as above.

By order of the Executor of Mrs. F. A. Lennox-Boyd, dec'd.

BROADLEY HOUSE, SWAY

In the lovely New Forest. Brockenhurst 4½ miles, Bournemouth 16 miles.

A CHARMING RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF ABOUT 46 ACRES

Comprising a comfortable Residence standing in park-like grounds with lodge and containing 7 principal bedrooms (washhand basins in most rooms), 3 servants' rooms, 2 bathrooms, excellent offices with pantry and servants' sitting room, 2 staircases. Central heating. Main water and electricity. Garage and stabling.

Nicely laid-out grounds with walled garden, lake, orchard.

BROADLEY FARM

with picturesque farmhouse and useful set of buildings, now carrying pedigree herd.

To be Sold by Auction in One or Two Lots at the Grand Hotel, Lyndhurst, on December 8 (unless sold privately meanwhile).

Auctioneers: Messrs. NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1, and at Reading.

ESSEX

Near Burnham-on-Crouch. 40 miles from London.

FIRST-CLASS "A" FARM OF 325 ACRES WITH T.T. CERTIFICATE FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION

MODERNISED REGENCY HOUSE

In high and lovely position.

5-7 bedrooms, bath. and 3 reception rooms. Capital central buildings with modern cowhouses and milking parlour, barns, bull houses, concrete yards and roads. Three cottages. The land has been well farmed, is clean and very fertile; it has a southern slope with the way of the sun.

Can be purchased as a going concern including Pedigree Ayrshire Herd.

Sole Agents: Messrs. NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1, and at Reading.

SACKVILLE HOUSE
40, PICCADILLY, W.1
(*Entrance in Sackville Street*)

F. L. MERCER & CO.

REGent 2481

MIDWAY BOURNEMOUTH AND SOUTHAMPTON

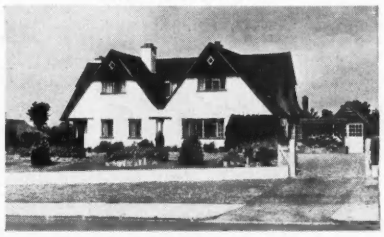
Yachting, hunting, fishing, golf.

CHARMING COUNTRY HOUSE IN PARKLANDS

Approached by drive. Three reception rooms, study, 8 bed. and dressing rooms all with fitted basins (h. & c.), 3 bathrooms. Central heating. Main services. Entrance lodge. Large garage. Stabling.
26½ ACRES. PRICE £10,000

BRENTWOOD, ESSEX

Unique home for City man. In popular district. Forty minutes Liverpool Street.



OUTSTANDING MODERN RESIDENCE

On 2 floors only. Bright and sunny interior. Easy to run. Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, fitted cocktail bar, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Central heating. All main services. Garage. Ideal gardens in first-class condition.
FOR SALE FREEHOLD

SUFFOLK—NEAR IPSWICH

On the borders of Constable's country.

ENCHANTING TUDOR HOUSE

With fine oak beams and panelling. Carefully restored and luxuriously appointed. Two reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. Main services. Garage. Delightful garden and grounds, useful paddock.
£8,500 with 7 ACRES

HAMPTON & SONS

6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

REGent 8222 (15 lines) **Telegrams: "Selanlet, Piccy, London"**

FIRST TIME IN THE MARKET.

SOUTH CORNISH COAST

Superb position overlooking Falmouth Bay. A YACHTSMAN'S PARADISE.

FOR SALE

AN UNIQUE RESIDENCE

built by the owner regardless of cost.

Lounge hall (20 ft. x 20 ft.), dining room (20 ft. 6 in. x 18 ft. 6 in.), study, Aga, staff quarters for married couple. Bedroom (1) with door to balcony—a superb room about 37 ft. x 18 ft., with luxury bathroom; bedroom (2) about 23 ft. x 11 ft.; bedroom (3) with a beautiful oriel bay teak window with own bathroom; bedroom (4) about 30 ft. x 15 ft., communicating with another bathroom; bedroom (5) about 22 ft. x 22 ft. 6 in., also communicating bathroom.

Central heating. Co.'s electric light.

GARAGE. TWO LODGES.

Natural gardens, the whole extending to

ABOUT 16 ACRES

For full details of this superb property apply: HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (C.53811).

SUSSEX

14 miles north of Eastbourne, 7 miles from Heathfield.

THE ATTRACTIVE SMALL FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING ESTATE, BUCKSTEEP MANOR, NEAR DALLINGTON

Now used as a Bloodstock Stud Farm, but easily adaptable to a Dairy Farm. Modern Residence, 7 principal and 3 secondary bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms.

35 LOOSE BOXES.
FARMERY BUILDINGS,
8 COTTAGES.
86-ACRE MIXED FARM.

IN ALL 180 ACRES

WITH VACANT POSSESSION.

Subject to service and other tenancies of cottages.

For Sale privately or by Auction early in the New Year.

Solicitors: Messrs. BLUNDELL, BAKER & CO., 32, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.
Auctioneers: HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1.

HERTS—MIDDX BORDERS

Delightfully positioned about 360 ft. above sea level and enjoying extensive view to the south

ATTRACTIVE MODERN GEORGIAN-STYLE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, "FRITHCOTE," WATFORD ROAD, NORTHWOOD

Halls, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, play room, bathroom and usual offices.

All public services.
Central heating.

Two buildings suitable for conversion to garage premises. Fully matured and nicely shaded pleasure gardens and grounds of

ABOUT 1¾ ACRES

VACANT POSSESSION.

For Sale privately or by Auction on Tuesday, January 24, 1950.

Solicitors: Messrs. RICHARDSON, SADLER & CO., 17, Clarges Street, Piccadilly, W.1.
Joint Auctioneers: HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1; SWANNELL & SLY, 3, Maxwell Road, Northwood, Middx.

SURREY, 17 MILES FROM TOWN

Choice situation on high ground. Magnificent views.

THIS CHARMING COUNTRY RESIDENCE IN ADMIRABLE ORDER

Drive approach. Lounge, billiard room, sun lounge, dining room and study, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, maid's sitting room and 3 staff bedrooms. *Central heating and hot water by separate automatic plant. Co.'s services.*

COTTAGE. GARAGES.
SQUASH COURT.
MODEL FARMERY.

Well-maintained garden, greenhouse, meadowland and woodland.

IN ALL ABOUT 22 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE. PRICE £12,500. RECOMMENDED

HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (S.20,738)

SUNNINGDALE, BERKS

Within easy reach station, buses and golf.

CHARMING MODERN FREEHOLD RESIDENCE IN MUCH SOUGHT AFTER POSITION

Six bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception, fine music room.

Central heating.
Main services.

Very sunny rooms. Wood block floors. Ample cupboards.

DOUBLE GARAGE.
3 GREENHOUSES.
OUTHOUSES.

Well timbered easily manageable gardens.

ABOUT 2½ ACRES

FOR SALE WITH POSSESSION

Sole Agents: HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (B.54,422)

THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

KENWOOD (CLOSE TO)

COUNTRY-STYLE MODERN RESIDENCE WITH LOVELY GARDEN ADJOINING GOLF COURSE

Imposing hall, 3 reception, terrace and loggia, maids' room and model offices, 6 beds, dressing, 3 luxurious baths, playroom.

COCKTAIL BAR.

GAS-OPERATED CENTRAL HEATING, AND EVERY MODERN LUXURY.

LARGE GARAGE.

Lawns, sunk garden, orchard, lily pool, summerhouse, etc.

FOR SALE WITH POSSESSION

Highly recommended by the Sole Agents:
HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1.

ADJOINING GOLF COURSE

Few minutes Richmond Park.

IN FAVOURED COOMBE WARREN

Three reception rooms, loggia, 8 bedrooms, fitted wash basins, 3 bathrooms, compact offices. Solarium and sleeping balcony.

Central heating.

BUNGALOW.

GARAGE 3 cars (room over).

STABLING 3 horses.

Woodland grounds **1¾ ACRES**

FREEHOLD FOR SALE

HAMPTON & SONS, High Street, Wimbledon Common, S.W.19 (WIM. 0081). (P.4726)

BRANCH OFFICES: WIMBLEDON COMMON, S.W.19 (Te.. WIM. 0081) & BISHOPS STORTFORD (Tel. 243)

REGent 4304

OSBORN & MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

28b, ALBEMARLE ST., PICCADILLY, W.1.

KINGSWOOD

Delightfully situate in a select part of this favoured locality.

A PICTURESQUE COTTAGE STYLE RESIDENCE in excellent decorative order throughout and extremely well planned.

Two reception rooms, model kitchen, 4 bedrooms, bathroom

Main services. Brick-built garage.

BEAUTIFUL AND TASTEFULLY DISPLAYED GARDENS, entirely secluded, lawns, flower beds, **LOVELY WATER GARDEN,** orchard, etc., in all

ABOUT 1½ ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Inspected and most strongly recommended by the owner's Agents, Messrs. OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (18,635)

ON A RIDGE OF THE CHILTERNS

Beautifully situate 600 ft. above sea level surrounded by farm and common land and commanding magnificent views in every direction.

A DELIGHTFUL WELL-BUILT MODERN HOUSE

3-4 reception, 7-9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Main electricity and water. Central heating.

An attractive dower house.

Garages, stabling, outbuildings.

Matured gardens with tennis court, orchards, fine kitchen garden, 2 paddocks, etc., in all

ABOUT 8 ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD ONLY £12,000

Inspected by OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (18,066)

HERTS

In an excellent situation some 400 ft. above sea level about 1¼ miles from Welwyn village.

AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE

built in the cottage style and having well-planned accommodation on two floors.

Panelled hall, 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom.

Main electricity and water. Garage.

Delightful matured gardens with terraces, lawns, orchard, kitchen garden and a small area of woodland, in all

ABOUT 1 ACRE

PRICE FREEHOLD ONLY £5,000

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (18,734)

SOMERSET

Amidst lovely surroundings on the southern slopes of the Mendip Hills.

BEAUTIFUL STONE-BUILT JACOBEAN REPLICA

Four reception rooms, billiards room, 11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Main electricity and gas. Central heating.

STABLING, GARAGES, EXCELLENT FARM BUILDINGS FOR T.T. HERD

Charming well-timbered gardens sloping to river, **2 lakes (one stocked with trout),** pasture, etc., in all

ABOUT 79 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (18,636)

IN LOVELY SONNING VILLAGE

OCCUPYING ONE OF THE HIGHEST POSITIONS IN THE DISTRICT AND COMMANDING BEAUTIFUL RURAL VIEWS

A DELIGHTFUL OLD HOUSE OF CHARACTER

thoroughly modernised and in first-class order. Three reception rooms, sun lounge, 5-7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

All main services. Central heating. Lavatory basins in principal bedrooms, built-in furniture, etc.

Garage. Outbuildings.

Charming well-timbered gardens with spacious lawn, flower beds and borders, terracing, **partly walled and highly productive kitchen garden,** in all

ABOUT 1½ ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD. EARLY POSSESSION.

Joint Sole Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above, and Messrs. NICHOLAS, 1, Station Road, Reading (Tel. 4441/2.) (18,721)

BEXLEY

In one of the best residential parts of the district near to the station with first-class service of trains to Charing Cross, Waterloo, London Bridge and Cannon Street.

A CHARMING SMALL MODERN HOUSE

erected in 1931 for present owner's occupation

Three reception, 4 bedrooms, bathroom.

Main services. Brick-built garage.

Delightful garden yet simple in character, comprising mainly lawns with a number of fruit trees, flower beds and an area of attractive natural woodland, in all

ABOUT ¾ ACRE

MODERATE PRICE FREEHOLD

Sole Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (18,747)

3, MOUNT ST., LONDON, W.1

RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

GROsvenor 1032-33

HIGH CHILTERNS

500 feet above sea level. Chesham town and station within 4 miles.

OLD STYLE HOUSE OF UNDENIABLE CHARM

Three reception, 5 bedrooms, dressing room, 3 baths, garages. Main electricity, power, gas and water. Partial central heating. Two bungalows. Matured gardens, fine trees, woodland. **NEARLY 7 ACRES**

FREEHOLD (WITH POSSESSION) £10,500

Personally recommended.

LOVELY OLD KENTISH MANOR HOUSE

Dating back to the 16th century, and probably earlier, carefully restored and modernised at a very great expense. Under 4 miles main-line station, just over 1 hour London.

A CHOICE AND UNIQUE SMALL ESTATE OF OUTSTANDING CHARM

Luxuriously appointed and in faultless order, leaving absolutely nothing to be desired.

Great Hall with king-post and raftered ceiling.

Three reception and billiards room, boudoir, 7 principal bedrooms arranged in suites, 6 bathrooms, wardrobe room, 5 secondary bedrooms.

Most perfect offices. Central heating throughout. Main electricity and water.

Stabling, garages, 3 cottages. Self-contained flat.

Delightful parklike grounds, sweeping lawns, two walled-in kitchen gardens, woodland and pasture, in all about **123 ACRES**

Lease of 21 years held at a Rental of £350 per annum, rising to £400 per annum for disposal.

Moderate Consideration required partly to reimburse the present Lessee for the very large expenditure made in the complete modernisation and redecoration of this property.

Personally inspected and very highly recommended by the Sole Agents: RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1 (EUSton 7000)

MAPLE & Co., LTD.

5, GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, W.1 (REGent 4685)

SMALL COUNTRY HOUSE OF EXCEPTIONAL MERIT

ON HERTFORDSHIRE COMMON

Facing golf course, only 25 miles London.

LUXURIOUSLY-FITTED TUDOR-STYLE RESIDENCE

Three reception rooms, study, 4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, staff cottage. Central heating. Main services. Garage for 4, stabling for 2. Picturesque gardens, grounds, en-tout-cas tennis court, orchard and paddock, in all about

5 ACRES

FREEHOLD TO BE SOLD

Agents: MAPLE & CO., LTD., 5, Grafton Street, W.1.

HERTS. RICKMANSWORTH

Near Moor Park Golf Course.

THIS ATTRACTIVE, ARCHITECT-DESIGNED HOUSE

In well-matured garden of

OVER 1 ACRE

Hall, cloakroom, 2 nice reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, modern offices. Large shed which could be converted into garage. Small studio.

Electric light and gas.

FOR SALE AT REDUCED PRICE OF £5,000

Full details of Agents: MAPLE & CO., as above.

184, BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY

KENsington 0152-3

BETWEEN HINCKLEY AND LEICESTER GREAT BARGAIN AT £4,600

Profitable Little Dairy Holding of 21 acres with additional free grazing and progressive retail milk business. **Most attractive modern house,** 2 rec., 3 bed., bathroom (h. and c.). Main electricity, water and drainage. Food allocation. Good buildings, including Danish piggery and ties for 11 cows.

FREEHOLD. VACANT POSSESSION

HERTS. St. Albans, Hatfield and Watford all near. **CHARMING COUNTRY RESIDENCE AND SMALL FARMERY.** Cloakroom, 4 rec., 5 beds., 2 bathrooms. Main water and electricity. Central heating. Excellent cottage. Many outbuildings. Large food allocation. **FREEHOLD. VACANT POSSESSION.** With or without large stock pigs and poultry.

SURREY BEAUTY SPOT with fast trains Waterloo. Close to Frensham and Farnham, and most accessible, yet lovely private position. **SOUNDLY BUILT HOUSE** on 2 floors. Cloak, 2 rec., 4 beds., bathroom, usual domestic offices. Main services. Central heating. Pretty 1-acre garden with fruit. Large garage and loft. **ONLY £5,850. FREEHOLD. BARGAIN.**

BUCKS, NEAR BLETCHLEY and Woburn Sands. **13 ACRES.** Easily managed country house in superb order. Three sitting, 8 bedrooms (basins, h. and c.), 4 bathrooms, excellent domestic offices. Main electricity and water. Good stabling. Garage with inspection pit. Tennis lawn, garden and paddocks. **SOUND VALUE AT £8,500 OR NEAR.**

GROsvenor 1553 (4 lines)

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

(ESTABLISHED 1778)
25, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., W.1

Hobart Place, Eaton Sq., West Halkin St., Belgrave Sq., and 68, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1

SURREY. NEAR LINGFIELD

6 miles East Grinstead. On Green Line coach route.

AN ELIZABETHAN-STYLE RESIDENCE
with beautiful suite of reception rooms (one 29 ft. 6 in. x 23 ft.) all with parquet flooring. Eight bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, compact domestic offices. Annexe of 2 rooms, kit. and bath. Excellent outbuildings, including cowhouses, stabling, greenhouses, bungalow lodge, garages. **10 ACRES,** including paddock, with excellent market garden possibilities. **Vacant Possession of whole.**
Recommended by GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, as above. (1822)

FAVOURED PART OF SUFFOLK

Near yachting.
AN EXCEPTIONALLY CHARMING RESIDENCE
in delightful unspoiled country, within 2 hours of London. Seven bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception and billiards rooms.
Main electric light and water. Modern drainage. Central heating. Excellent garages and stabling, 2 cottages. The house is mainly of mellow red brick and tiled, it stands in lovely old-world grounds with room for 2 tennis courts, and shaded by fine old trees; kitchen garden, orchard, and paddock, **IN ALL 8 ACRES**
Recommended by GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (5711)

WEST SUSSEX

On edge of unspoilt village with unobstructed views of South Downs. Near bus service.
CHARACTER HOUSE
with 7 bed. and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms.
Central heating. Garage. Stabling.
4½ ACRES of well-kept grounds including newly planted orchard.
FREEHOLD £9,000
Particulars of GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, as above. (D.2291)

SURREY. 600 FT. UP. FINE VIEWS

1½ miles Farnham Station with excellent electric services. On bus route.

ATTRACTIVE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE
now being completely renovated. Decorations left for purchaser's selection. Eight bed., 2 bath., 3 rec., billiards room and studio. All main services. Garage. Cottage. **4 acres grounds forming an Island Site.** including 2 tennis courts, 2 orchards, etc. **£7,250 FREEHOLD**
Inspected by GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.1. (1861)

NORWICH
STOWMARKET

R. C. KNIGHT & SONS

130, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1. (MAYfair 0023/4)

HOLT, HADLEIGH AND CAMBRIDGE

NORFOLK, WITHIN 7 MILES OF NORWICH

In a favoured residential district, with grounds sloping to the River Bure.

MAGNIFICENTLY EQUIPPED MODERN RESIDENCE

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, billiards room.
Two cloakrooms, Master suite of 2 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms and bathroom.
Six secondary and servants' bedrooms.
Two other bathrooms.

MAIN ELECTRICITY. CENTRAL HEATING.

COTTAGE.

Garages. Stabling. Boat Houses.
Beautifully timbered grounds.

4½ ACRES

FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY

Illustrated particulars from the Sole Agents, as above, and at 2, Upper King Street, Norwich (Tel: 24289—2 lines)

ESTATE HOUSE
KING STREET
MAIDENHEAD

CYRIL JONES & CLIFTON, F.A.I.

Maidenhead 2033-4

FOXBOROUGH LODGE MAIDENAEAD

SUPERBLY APPOINTED HOUSE
Backing on to golf Links.
SIX BEDROOMS (BASINS) BATHROOM, 3 RECEPTION, BILLIARD ROOM, GARAGE, HARD COURT
1 ACRE
ALL SERVICES AND CENTRAL HEATING.
Low price privately or by Public Auction shortly.
Sole Agents: CYRIL JONES & CLIFTON, F.A.I., as above.

HILLGROVE FARM COOKHAM DEAN

In this lovely district, 300 ft. up.
SEVEN BEDROOMS, 2 BATHROOMS, 2 RECEPTION ROOMS.
GARAGE AND OUTBUILDINGS.
1½ ACRES
For Sale privately or by Public Auction shortly.
CYRIL JONES & CLIFTON, as above.

THE BREW HOUSE COOKHAM

CENTURIES OLD COTTAGE RESIDENCE
4-5 BEDROOMS, BATHROOM, 3 RECEPTION.
SECLUDED GARDEN.
MAIN SERVICES.
For Sale privately or by Public Auction on Dec. 14
Sole Agents: CYRIL JONES & CLIFTON, as above.

HALL, PAIN & FOSTER

FOR CONVERSION

WINCHESTER 8 MILES

THREE CHARMING THATCHED COTTAGES

ALL WITH VACANT POSSESSION

OLD OAK FLOORS AND BEAMS.

PRICE : £2,000 FREEHOLD

Estate Office: 48, West Street, Fareham, Hants (Tel. 2214/3012).

IN THE MEON VALLEY DISTRICT

HAMPSHIRE

The charming unspoilt village of Corhampton; 10 miles north of Fareham.

An eligible Freehold Country Property

formerly known as

"THE OLD POST OFFICE," CORHAMPTON

occupying a prominent corner position on the main Alton-Fareham Road, eminently suitable for residential occupation, roadhouse, antique or other business.

A CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE

5 bedrooms, 3 public rooms, domestic offices and bakehouse. Excellent outbuildings, garage, barn. Gardens and orchard. Two cottages (which are let), meadows, etc., comprising a total area of **3½ ACRES**

FOR SALE BY AUCTION DECEMBER 14, 1949 (unless sold meanwhile).

Estate Office: 57, Commercial Road, Portsmouth (Tel. 74441/2/3).

5, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1

CURTIS & HENSON

GROsvenor 3131 (3 lines)
Established 1875

IN THE LOVELY CHALFONTS

Direct access to golf course. Easy daily reach of London

DELIGHTFUL CREEPER-CLAD CHARACTER HOUSE

Fitted with every modern convenience.

In charming secluded woodland setting, with fine southerly view.

Contains hall with cloakroom, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, dressing room, 3 bathrooms, staff sitting room and up to date offices.

MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT AND WATER.

CENTRAL HEATING.

COTTAGE AND 3 GARAGES.

BEAUTIFULLY LAID OUT GROUNDS WITH HARD COURT, BOWLING GREEN.

Productive walled kitchen garden, herbaceous borders, fruit trees and

DELIGHTFUL WOODLAND.

ABOUT 9 ACRES

LONG LEASE AT A MODERATE RENT FOR DISPOSAL

FREEHOLD PROBABLY AVAILABLE

Sole Agents: Messrs. CURTIS & HENSON as above.

Chartered Surveyors

EDWARD SYMMONS & PARTNERS

MAYfair 0016 (5 lines)

36, BERKELEY STREET, MAYFAIR, W.1.

HERTFORDSHIRE

6 miles from Barnet.

DELIGHTFUL SMALL RESIDENTIAL ESTATE

Five large bedrooms, dining room, lounge, billiards room, study, conservatory, 2 bathrooms. Part central heating. Main electricity and water. Modern drainage. Garages. Cow house, greenhouse, etc.

10 ACRES
FREEHOLD £10,500

ISLE OF THANET

ATTRACTIVE DETACHED MARINE BUNGALOW

Six-seven bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, modern domestic offices. Garage. Greenhouse.

THREE-QUARTERS OF AN ACRE

ALL MAIN SERVICES.

FREEHOLD £9,000

6 MILES WEST END

SUBSTANTIALLY BUILT, WELL-PLANNED RESIDENCE ON TWO FLOORS ONLY

Three reception rooms, 12 bedrooms.
Three bathrooms, modern domestic offices.
Garage.
MAIN SERVICES. CENTRAL HEATING.

HALF AN ACRE
FREEHOLD £12,000

SUSSEX—Nr. ROBERTSBRIDGE

FARM OF ABOUT 230 ACRES WITH DELIGHTFUL 15TH/16TH-CENTURY RESIDENCE

Six bedrooms, 3 reception rooms.
Good offices. Two cottages. Farm buildings.
Lovely gardens, orchards, etc.
90 ACRES woodlands, **135 ACRES** arable and pasture. Good, light loam.

FREEHOLD £16,000

HERTFORDSHIRE—Nr. RICKMANSWORTH

17-ACRE ESTATE WITH MODERN GEORGIAN-STYLE RESIDENCE

Eight bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms.
Excellent domestic offices and staff quarters.
CENTRAL HEATING. Cottage. Garage.
Park of **11 ACRES. 4 ACRES** pasture. Charming pleasure garden. Main water and electricity. Modern drainage. **FREEHOLD £18,000**

SUSSEX

50 miles London.

DELIGHTFUL MODERN HOUSE IN SUSSEX FARMHOUSE STYLE

Five bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, loggia.
Bathroom, modern offices.
CENTRAL HEATING. MAIN ELECTRICITY.
Modern drainage. Double garage. Outbuildings. Attractive gardens, woodland, pasture, arable land.

IN ALL ABOUT 26 ACRES FREEHOLD £9,750

CENtral 9344/5/6/8

FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.

(Established 1799)
AUCTIONEERS. CHARTERED SURVEYORS. LAND AGENTS
29, FLEET STREET LONDON, E.C.4.

Telegrams: "Farebrother, London"

NEAR ESHER

adjoining Arbrook Common.

MODERN FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

FIVE PRINCIPAL BEDROOMS, 3 STAFF ROOMS, 3 BATHROOMS,

3 RECEPTION ROOMS,

GOOD DOMESTIC OFFICES.

MAIN SERVICES.

CENTRAL HEATING.
GARAGE.

ATTRACTIVE GARDEN AND GROUNDS.

IN ALL ABOUT 1½ ACRES

FREEHOLD £11,500
(Subject to Contract).

Particulars from : Messrs. FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 29, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. CENtral 9344/5/6/7/8.

DOUGLAS ROSS & SON

ESTATE AGENTS, BILLINGSHURST (and at STORRINGTON)

WEST SUSSEX

DELIGHTFUL OLD-WORLD RESIDENCE

Three reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

MAIN WATER.

ELECTRICITY.

EXCELLENT RANGE OF STABLING.

Man's flat and outbuildings.

22 ACRES

DOUGLAS ROSS & SON, Billingshurst (Tel. 92).

36, NORTH ST., LEATHERHEAD (Tel. 3001/2)

CHAS. OSENTON & CO

W. L. LAMDEN: F.A.I., F.F.S., F.V.A.

96, THE STREET, ASHTEAD (Tel. 2382)

SURREY

35 mins. by electric train to London.

In a beautiful position on high ground with extensive views over a wooded vale.

A Country Residence luxuriously converted.

Large maisonette (5 bed.). Four self-contained flats. Modernised entrance lodge. Garages for 9 cars, greenhouses, stabling, etc. All main services. Central heating.

PLEASURE GROUNDS.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH POSSESSION OF MAJOR PART

Actual and estimated gross income £1,794. Apply Sole Agents, as above.

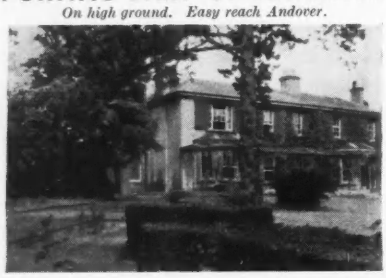
23, MOUNT ST.
GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.1

WILSON & CO.

GROsvenor 1441

SPORTING PART OF HAMPSHIRE

On high ground. Easy reach Andover.



CHARMING GEORGIAN HOUSE situate between Andover and Basingstoke. Excellent fishing and shooting available. Eight beds. (6 basins), 3 baths., 4 reception. Mains. Garage for 3. Lodge, 2 cottages. Walled gardens with specimen trees and shrubs.

PRICE FREEHOLD £10,950 WITH 4 ACRES

Sole Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

SOMERSET Easy reach TAUNTON

Delightful country. Outskirts of village.

SMALL CHARACTER HOUSE of immense charm. Stone built with thatched roof. Four beds. (basins), modern bathroom, lounge (21 ft. x 12 ft.), 2 reception, model offices. Main services. Garage 2 cars. Music room. Enchanting garden. Stream and orchard.

PRICE FREEHOLD £7,500 WITH 2 ACRES

Sole Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

GLOS. ON THE COTSWOLDS

Easy reach Bristol, Bath and Stroud.

18th-CENTURY COTSWOLD STONE HOUSE

Seven bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception. Flat with 5 rooms and bath.
Main water and gas. Central heating.
Cottage, garage and stabling.

PRICE FREEHOLD £9,750 WITH 23 ACRES

Owner's Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

16, ARCADE STREET,
IPSWICH
Ipswich 4334

WOODCOCKS

30, ST. GEORGE STREET,
HANOVER SQUARE, W.1.
MAYfair 5411

ESSEX-SUFFOLK BORDERS, long frontage to boating river with island. **ATTRACTIVE RESIDENTIAL SMALLHOLDING, 21 ACRES** (11 grass) Chalet-type House on hill with lovely views; main e.l. Considerable fruit plantation. Excellent buildings. **FREEHOLD £5,000. POSSESSION.**—WOODCOCK & SON, Ipswich.

NORWICH CITY 4 miles, lovely secluded position **VERY INTERESTING TUDOR RESIDENCE WITH 55 ACRES.** Three reception, 5 bed., bath (h. and c.), servants' flat with extra bathroom. Main e.l. Good farm buildings. Lodge. **FREEHOLD £10,500. POSSESSION.**—WOODCOCK & SON, Ipswich.

NORFOLK. Norwich city 12 miles, small market town with station 2 miles. **AN ATTRACTIVE SMALL GEORGIAN-STYLE RESIDENCE** in perfectly rural, unspoilt wooded country. Two well-proportioned reception, study, 5-6 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), w.c., 2 good attic rooms. Main e.l., elec. pumped water. Compact small range of outbuildings. Standing in easily kept grounds with highly productive walled garden, fruit paddock and two enclosures of rough grazing. In all **4¾ ACRES. EARLY POSSESSION. FREEHOLD £4,500 FOR QUICK SALE.**—Particulars, photo, apply Ipswich Office.

PICTURESQUE SEVERN VILLAGE

10 miles Gloucester, Bristol 24.

CHARMING SMALL GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

Three reception, 5 bedrooms, 2 baths., maid's room. Main electricity and water. Garage, stabling, 5-roomed cottage. **2½ ACRES** partly walled gardens, orchard and fine beeches. **POSSESSION. FREEHOLD £7,000.**—WOODCOCKS, London Office.

SUFFOLK (ESSEX BORDER). Two miles market town and station. **ATTRACTIVE, MODERNISED BRICK-BUILT FARMHOUSE RESIDENCE,** nicely recessed from a main road and bus route. Two reception, study, 5 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.). "Ideal" boiler, elec. pumped water, main e.l. Ample outbuildings. Nearly **2 ACRES** in all. **FREEHOLD £4,500.**—Particulars, photo, apply Ipswich Office.

SUFFOLK COAST. Southwold and sea 1 mile, **UNUSUALLY WELL-DESIGNED MODERN RESIDENCE,** retired and secluded, in charming garden of over **1 ACRE.** Cloakroom, dining hall, 2 attractive reception, 4 bedrooms, tiled bathroom (h. and c.). Electricity and all main services, water softening plant, part central heating. Excellent double garage. A small property of considerable merit, most easily run. **FREEHOLD £6,000. EARLY POSSESSION.**—Inspected and strongly recommended by Sole Agents, Ipswich Office.

PROPERTY WANTED

RIVERS RIBBLE OR LUNE, OR INTO W. RIDING. SMALL FARMING ESTATE 300 ACRES upwards suitable Pedigree Jerseys and/or Friesians, with nice stretch arable. House should have minimum 6 bedrooms and up to 10 or so, and modern comforts. For the right place and acreage **UP TO £50,000 AVAILABLE.**—Messrs. WOODCOCKS invite details and would require commission on business resulting.

Tels. SEVENOAKS 2247-8-9
TUNBRIDGE WELLS 46
OXTED 240
REIGATE 2938 & 3793

IBBETT, MOSELY, CARD & CO.

SEVENOAKS, KENT
TUNBRIDGE WELLS, KENT
OXTED, SURREY
REIGATE, SURREY

KENT—SURREY BORDERS

About 30 miles south of London.

Delightful Residential and Agricultural Estate.
CHARMING CHARACTER RESIDENCE

Seven-eight bed., bath., 3 reception rooms, entrance hall cloakroom, good domestic offices. Main water, electricity. Central heating. Garage with flat over. Modern 4-bedroomed cottage (let). Good farm buildings. Arable and pasture land about **84 ACRES. PRICE FREEHOLD £18,250**

Sole Agents: IBBETT, MOSELY, CARD & CO., 125, High Street, Sevenoaks.

STONEHOUSE FARM, HIGHMOOR, HENLEY-ON-THAMES, OXFORDSHIRE

Henley 4½ miles, Reading 9 miles. In the heart of magnificent Chiltern countryside.

CHOICE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL HOLDING

Modern farmhouse. Three bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms. Garage and 3 rooms adjoining. Small pleasure garden, prolific orchard. Main water, electricity. Modern drainage. Pair of brick cottages. Two barns, cowhouse, range of modern piggeries, cart shed, chicken house, poultry house, etc.

41 ACRES

VACANT POSSESSION

For Sale by Auction (unless sold privately) at the Town Hall, Henley-on-Thames on December 8, 1949.

Auction particulars and plan of Solicitors: *Messrs. ARRAM FAIRFIELD & CO., 11, Queen Street, London, E.C.4.* Auctioneers: *Messrs. IBBETT, MOSELY, CARD & CO., Reigate (Tel.: Reigate 2938/3793). Messrs. SIMMONS & CO., Henley-on-Thames (Tel.: Henley 2).*

AMIDST BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY SOUTH OF OXTED

CHARMING OLD PERIOD RESIDENCE

Converted partly from an oast house with oak beams, leaded light windows, etc.

Three-four bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, loggia. Garage. Main water and electricity. About **10 ACRES. VACANT POSSESSION. £8,500**

Highly recommended by the Sole Agents: *IBBETT, MOSELY, CARD & CO., Station Road East, Oxted.*

S. W. SANDERS, F.V.A.

SANDERS'

T. S. SANDERS, F.V.A.

FORE STREET, SIDMOUTH. Tels.: Sidmouth 41 and 109.
And at SOUTH STREET, AXMINSTER.

EAST DEVON

Within easy reach of Sidmouth.

A BEAUTIFUL SMALL MANOR HOUSE

(once the subject of an article in "Country Life").

With some 30 acres of garden, woodlands and moorland.

Believed to have been in continuous occupation since the Norman Conquest—possibly from an earlier date—and largely composed of the original building, the residence has been perfectly restored and occupies a particularly charming position.

Three reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, large studio, and excellent domestic offices.

Garages and outbuildings.

Main electricity, good water and drainage systems. Aga cooker.

In excellent condition.

OFFERED WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION, FREEHOLD, AT 12,000 GNS.

Est. 1870

WM. WOOD, SON & GARDNER

Tel. No. 1 (three lines)

CRAWLEY, SUSSEX

Just in the Market.
AN OUTSTANDING GEORGIAN-STYLE RESIDENCE OF IMMENSE CHARM AND BEAUTY IN PERFECT CONDITION

SUSSEX

Completely secluded in its own grounds of 21 acres, yet within ten minutes' walking distance of electric line station to London.

The accommodation affords 7 principal bed and dressing rooms, 5 bathrooms, panelled hall with exceptionally fine stairway and balcony, lounge, study, library, dining room, billiards room, excellent domestic quarters. All main services including central heating.

Cottage over the garages which provide space for 4 or more cars, stables, 3 greenhouses and a number of excellent outbuildings.

The grounds are in excellent order and include well-tended lawns, rose gardens, a great variety of matured trees, clipped hedges, abundantly stocked borders and kitchen gardens, orchard, etc. Paddocks, arable and woodland, in all about **21 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD. WITH VACANT POSSESSION OF THE WHOLE.** Very strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, as a unique opportunity to acquire one of the most lovely houses in Sussex at a bargain price for an immediate sale.

Telegrams: "Wood, Agents, Wesdo, London."

JOHN D. WOOD & CO.

23, BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

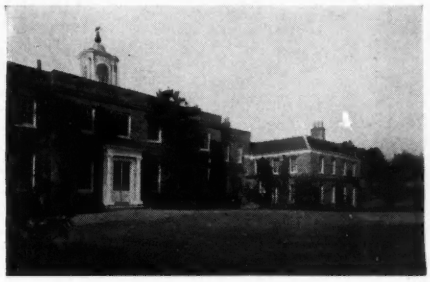
MAYfair 6341 (10 lines)

HIGH BERKSHIRE

London 40 miles.

A QUITE EXCEPTIONAL EARLY GEORGIAN HOUSE

of mellowed red brick, beautifully sited on high ground in a timbered park with a small lake.



Original panelling. Painted ceilings. Exquisite chimney-pieces. Mahogany staircase.

MAIN ELECTRICITY AND WATER.

OIL-BURNING CENTRAL HEATING.

Galleried hall, 3 large and 2 smaller reception rooms, 10 bedrooms (all told), 4 bathrooms, modernised ground-floor kitchen, etc.

18th-CENTURY STABLE BUILDING WITH CLOCK TOWER AND GOOD FLAT OVER.

NINE COTTAGES.

3-ACRE WALLED GARDEN.

FOR SALE WITH ABOUT 80 ACRES FREEHOLD

Particulars from the Sole Agents: JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (10554)

FINCHCOCKS, GOUDHURST, KENT

A.D. 1725

BEAUTIFUL 18th-CENTURY RED-BRICK HOUSE

with several panelled rooms. Set in small oak timbered park of about **42 ACRES.**

Lofty rooms with ample space for pictures.

Large central hall, 4 reception rooms, small picture gallery, 10 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms.

Main electricity and power.

Central heating.

Esse cooker.

Outbuildings with flat above. Three cottages. Walled garden. Lovely grounds with yew hedges and fine trees.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD AT A REDUCED PRICE. VACANT POSSESSION

Agents: JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (31,755)

WILTSHIRE

Eight miles west of Salisbury.

A CHARMING MELLOWED STONE AND TILED RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER

Seven bedrooms (with basins, h. and c.), 4 reception rooms, 3 bathrooms. Central heating. Main electricity. Ample water. Modern drainage.

Self-contained staff quarters, 3 bedrooms, sitting room, kitchen and bathroom.

Garages, stabling, 2 cottages.

Charming garden, kitchen garden, orchard and paddock.

IN ALL ABOUT 14 ACRES

Full particulars from the Joint Sole Agents: ROBERT THAKE & CO., Salisbury, and JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (60,291)

JUST IN THE MARKET.

EAST KENT

CHARMING REGENCY HOUSE

Three reception rooms, 8 bedrooms (3 with basins), 2 bathrooms, part central heating.

MAIN GAS, ELECTRICITY AND WATER. OUTBUILDINGS, GARDEN, PADDOCKS. TWO COTTAGES (one on service tenancy).

ABOUT 25 ACRES

The property is in first-class condition.

FREEHOLD £9,000 WITH POSSESSION EXCEPT ONE COTTAGE AND LAND

JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (32,905)

Suitable for private occupation or institutional purposes.

PEN-Y-LAN, CARDIGAN

Cardigan 4 miles; Carmarthen 22 miles; half-hourly bus service within 5 minutes' walk.

Overlooking the River Teify with unsurpassed views.

A MODERNISED HOUSE IN BEAUTIFUL CONDITION, STANDING IN ABOUT 40 ACRES

Six best bedrooms, with basins h. and c., 3 dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. Two self-contained wings, of 3 rooms and kitchenette and 4 rooms and kitchenette respectively; also flat of 5 rooms.

CENTRAL HEATING. MAIN ELECTRICITY.

COMPANY'S WATER.

Garage with cottage. Stabling and ample outbuildings. Market garden, 4 greenhouses. High poultry allocation.

Trout, salmon and sea trout fishing. Rough shooting. Excellent sea bathing.

Low assessment and rates.

FOR SALE AT REASONABLE PRICE, WITH VACANT POSSESSION

Agents: STEPHENSON & ALEXANDER, 5, High Street, Cardiff, and JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

ST. LEONARD'S FOREST, NEAR HORSHAM

CHARMING AND WELL-PLANNED MODERN RESIDENCE

with lovely views to the South Downs.

Three reception rooms, modern offices with Aga, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, staff wing with sitting room, 2 bedrooms, bathroom. Central heating.

Garage. Hard tennis court. Attractive gardens.

ABOUT 30 ACRES

TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD WITH VACANT POSSESSION

Joint Sole Agents: WM. WOOD, SON & GARDNER, Crawley, and JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (33,277)

VOSPER & KIVELL, F.A.I.

LAUNCESTON, CORNWALL. Tel: 46

LAUNCESTON

Gateway to Cornwall.

EXCEPTIONAL RESIDENCE

In good position.

THREE RECEPTION, 5 PRINCIPAL AND 2 MAIDS' BEDROOMS.

GARAGE. STABLING. DELIGHTFUL GARDENS.

MATURED ORCHARD, TENNIS COURT.

RUNNING STREAM.

PICTURESQUE ENTRANCE LODGE (2 RECEPTION 3 BEDROOMS).

ALSO 2 PADDOCKS.

IN ALL ABOUT 4 ACRES

VACANT POSSESSION

FREEHOLD £8,250

Illustrated brochure apply: VOSPER & KIVELL, F.A.I., Estate Agents, Launceston, Cornwall.

Telephone: Horsham 111

KING & CHASEMORE

HORSHAM, SUSSEX

CHARTERED SURVEYORS, LAND AND ESTATE AGENTS.

HENFIELD, SUSSEX

MOST CHARMING GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

In pleasant situation.

Eight bedrooms and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms. All main services. Central heating. Garages. Very lovely matured gardens, in all **ABOUT 3 ACRES.** The whole in immaculate order.

FREEHOLD £9,750 (further acre available if desired). (Folio 6298)

HORSHAM

In excellent position. Convenient for station and centre of town.

ATTRACTIVE MODERN BRICK AND TILED RESIDENCE

Nine bedrooms and dressing rooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, maid's room, kitchen, garage. All main services. Matured garden of ¾ **Acre. FREEHOLD £6,750.** (Folio 5255)

BETWEEN HORSHAM AND DORKING

In lovely country.

FARMHOUSE RESIDENCE

with 6 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, garage, etc. Main services. Garden and 2 paddocks. In all **ABOUT 10 ACRES. FREEHOLD £7,000.** (Folio 3005)

SURREY/SUSSEX BORDERS

The ideal small hunting box.

TUDOR COTTAGE

containing 3 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms. Central heating. Main water and electricity. Garage for 2.

Groom's cottage. Modern brick and tiled hunter stabling for 6.

21 ACRES of pasture and arable.

ALL IN FIRST-RATE ORDER. FOR SALE FREEHOLD. (Folio 5775)

Inspected and recommended by the Agents: KING & CHASEMORE, Horsham, Sussex. (Tel.: Horsham 111.)

BOURNEMOUTH
WILLIAM FOX, F.R.I.C.S., F.A.I.
E. STODDART FOX, F.R.I.C.S., F.A.I.
H. INSLEY FOX, F.R.I.C.S., F.A.I.

FOX & SONS

LAND AGENTS
BOURNEMOUTH—SOUTHAMPTON—BRIGHTON—WORTHING

SOUTHAMPTON
ANTHONY B. FOX, F.R.I.C.S.
T. BRIAN COX, F.R.I.C.S., F.A.I.
BRIGHTON
J. W. SYKES, F.A.L.P.A.

BOLDRE—NEAR LYMINGTON

Delightfully situated in a beautiful part of the New Forest. 3½ miles from Lymington. 3 miles from Brockenhurst Station on the main Waterloo line. About 18 miles from Southampton and Bournemouth.

COMPACT AND ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY "LITTLE SETTEY"

Including the comfortable house containing 6 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, entrance hall, cloak room, 3 reception rooms, good domestic offices.

DOUBLE GARAGE. STABLING. FINE RANGE OF BUILDINGS. BUNGALOW COTTAGE.

Beautifully timbered and fully matured grounds with pleasure and tennis lawns, flower gardens, picturesque lake, productive kitchen gardens, orchards, valuable pasture lands, etc., the whole extending to an area of about

23 ACRES

Main electricity and water.

Vacant Possession of the Residence, outbuildings, gardens and grounds of about 5 acres on completion of the purchase.

FOR SALE PRIVATELY OR BY AUCTION EARLY IN 1950

Solicitors: Messrs. BOXALL & BOXALL, 22, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
Auctioneers: Messrs. FOX & SONS, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth, and at Southampton, Brighton and Worthing.

SUSSEX HIGHLANDS

Occupying a choice position, high up, only 10 minutes' walk from Crowborough Station and 1½ miles from Crowborough village. Mayfield 6 miles. Tunbridge Wells 7½ miles. London 42½ miles.

AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN MANOR HOUSE

Stone-built with tiled roof, being the skilfully converted self-contained centre portion of a well-known property and affording the following accommodation: 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, and domestic offices. Garage. Main electricity and water. Modern drainage.

The pleasure gardens and grounds, which are well matured, include lawns, flower borders, kitchen garden and paddock, in all about

8 ACRES

PRICE £7,850 FREEHOLD, open to offer.

VACANT POSSESSION

Apply: FOX & SONS, 117 and 118, Western Road, Brighton. Tel: Hove 9201 (6 lines)

WITHIN THE COUNTY BOROUGH OF

BOURNEMOUTH

In a picturesque village close to the River Stour and enjoying excellent boating and yachting facilities. About 4½ miles from the centre of Bournemouth.

To be Sold. This charming old House of Character, part of which is reputed to be some 300 years old but now modernised, in excellent condition throughout.

Four bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, bathroom. Drawing and dining rooms, both with heavy beamed ceilings.

Roomy hall, cloaks, anteroom, kitchen and good offices.

Main water, gas and electricity.

Garage. Store sheds.

Well matured gardens partly walled, including lawn, rockery, shrubs, small orchard and kitchen garden, etc. The whole covering an area of nearly

ONE ACRE

PRICE £7,000 FREEHOLD

For further particulars apply: FOX & SONS, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth

BEAUTIFUL NEW FOREST

In one of the most picturesque villages in this very favourite district and commanding magnificent views over beautiful country. Bournemouth and Southampton only 15 miles.

DELIGHTFUL FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY WITH CHARMING HOUSE EQUIPPED WITH ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES

Five principal bedrooms, 2 staff bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms, 4 w.c.s, 4 reception rooms, staff sitting room, lounge hall. Kitchen and good offices. Main elec., water and gas. Central heating. Garage. Stabling. Numerous outbuildings. Gardener's cottage.

Beautiful gardens and grounds in excellent order, including lawns, tennis court, flower beds, borders, kitchen garden,

AND ABOUT 4 ACRES OF MARKET GARDEN UNDER INTENSIVE CULTIVATION IN FULL PRODUCTION.

The whole extending to an area of about 7 ACRES

For particulars apply: FOX & SONS, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth

EAST SUSSEX

Occupying a delightful unspoilt rural situation in favoured district of the county, about 2 miles from station, shops, etc. Eastbourne 12 miles, London 55 miles.

THE ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE

comprising
Charming Modernised Manor House
of 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, excellent domestic offices. Large garage. Modern bungalow. Oasthouse.
Main electricity. Septic tank drainage.
Pleasant easily maintained pleasure gardens and grounds, including orchard.
SMALL FARMERY with excellent buildings, including standings for 6 cows, and about **40 ACRES**

HOME DAIRY FARM, with good farmhouse and range of buildings and about **72 ACRES,** let at £107 per annum.

PRICE £27,000 FREEHOLD

WITH VACANT POSSESSION, EXCEPT OF HOME FARM

Apply: FOX & SONS, 117, Western Road, Brighton. Tel: Hove 9201 (6 lines).

IN ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE VILLAGES IN THE NEW FOREST

Bournemouth and Southampton only 15 miles. 8 miles Brockenhurst on the main Waterloo line. Away from all noise of traffic, but only just off a good main road. Completely sheltered from prevailing south-westerly winds.

CHOICE FREEHOLD COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF ATTRACTIVE ELEVATION AND IN GOOD ORDER THROUGHOUT

Six principal bedrooms, 4 maids' rooms, 3 bathrooms, imposing entrance hall, drawing and dining rooms, library, cloakroom. Excellent kitchen with "Aga" cooker and hot water boiler. Maids' sitting room. Good offices.

Picturesque cottage with bathroom. Garage for 2 cars.

Stabling and loose box. Numerous sheds and outhouses.

Main water, electricity and power. Central heating.

Tastefully arranged gardens and grounds laid out in lawns, flower beds, herbaceous borders, woodland walks, tennis courts, excellent orchard, productive kitchen garden, valuable paddock.

ABOUT 8 ACRES. PRICE £15,000 FREEHOLD

For detailed particulars apply: FOX & SONS, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

Bournemouth 6300 (6 lines)

44-52, OLD CHRISTCHURCH ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH (12 BRANCH OFFICES)

Telegrams: "Homefinder," Bournemouth

ESTATE
KENsington 1490
Telegrams:
"Estate, Harrods, London"

HARRODS

34–36, HANS CRESCENT, LONDON, S.W.1

OFFICES
Southampton
West Byfleet
and Haslemere

BUCKS AND HERTS BORDERS

Handy for Berkhamsted, Tring and Wendover. 800 feet up with panoramic views over miles of Forestry Commission lands.

EXCELLENT REPLICA OF AN OLD FARMHOUSE

with lounge and sun lounge, 2 other reception rooms, 6 bed and dressing rooms (h. and c.), 2 bathrooms, complete offices.

Double garage and outbuildings.
All companies' mains. Partial central heating.
Beautiful terraced grounds, lawns, kitchen garden, paddock.

IN ALL 7 ACRES

£10,000 FREEHOLD. EARLY POSSESSION

Inspected and recommended by HARRODS LTD., 34-36, Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge, S.W.1 (*Tel.: KENsington* 1490. *Extn.* 806). **c.4**

OXSHOTT WOODS AND COMMON

Convenient to local transport, 1¼ miles station.

BEAUTIFULLY BUILT AND WELL EQUIPPED RESIDENCE

Facing due south, with views to Leith Hill.

Sitting hall, 2 fine reception rooms, 3 best bedrooms, 1 dressing room, 2 bathrooms, accommodation for married couple with sitting room, 2 bedrooms, own bathroom. All main services complete central heating.
GARAGE FOR 2 CARS.
DELIGHTFUL BUT ECONOMICAL GARDEN

OF ABOUT 1 ACRE
FREEHOLD FOR SALE. VACANT POSSESSION

Inspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents: HARRODS LTD., 34-36, Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge, S.W.1 (*Tel.: KENsington* 1490. *Extn.* 806). **c.2**

TANKERTON ON SEA

Ten mins. walk station and sea.

BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED RESIDENCE

Modernised and easy to run. 3-4 reception rooms, downstair cloakroom, 4 bedrooms, modern bathroom, model offices.

GARAGE. SUN LOGGIA, etc. All Co.'s mains.

WELL CULTIVATED GARDEN with walnut and other fruit trees, lily pond, lawns, etc.

IN ALL 1½ ACRES

ONLY £6,500 FREEHOLD. EARLY POSSESSION

Recommended by HARRODS LTD., 34-36, Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge, S.W.1 (*Tel.: KENsington* 1490. *Extn* 806). **c.4**

KENT—UNDER 1 HOUR LONDON

100-ACRE FARM. SMALL TUDOR HOMESTEAD WITH POSSESSION

Handy for markets—good sport. 7 miles Sevenoaks. Farmhouse. Three reception and 4 bedrooms, bathroom, oak beams and period features. Co.'s water. Electric light expected. Excellent buildings. Dairy, T.T. Attested milking parlour, cowhouse, barn, piggeries, etc. Garage, 2 cottages (1 let but possession might be had.)
Two orchards, pasture and arable, well watered, and in good condition throughout.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE—OWNER MUST LIVE IN MIDLANDS

Inspected and very highly recommended: HARRODS LTD., 34-36, Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge, S.W.1 (*Tel.: KENsington* 1490. *Extn.* 810). **c.1**

HENLEY AND OXFORD

On the confines of an old-world village.

DELIGHTFUL OLD GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

With large hall, 4 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, bathroom complete offices.

GARAGE, STABLING, USEFUL OUTBUILDINGS.
Electric light, good water, etc.

LOVELY OLD-WORLD GROUNDS with beautiful trees, partly walled kitchen garden, orchard, paddock, intersected by a river affording excellent coarse fishing.

IN ALL ABOUT 6½ ACRES

ONLY £5,000 FREEHOLD

HARRODS LTD., 34-36, Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge, S.W.1 (*Tel.: KENsington* 1490. *Extn.* 806). **c.4**

By order of the Administrators.
For Sale privately, or Auction in the New Year.
At the Knightsbridge Estate Sale Rooms, S.W.1.

No. 7, PUTNEY PARK AVENUE, PUTNEY, S.W.15

Pleasant situation, in a quiet private road, yet only one minute from the buses, and 5 minutes from the station.

THE BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED MODERN RESIDENCE

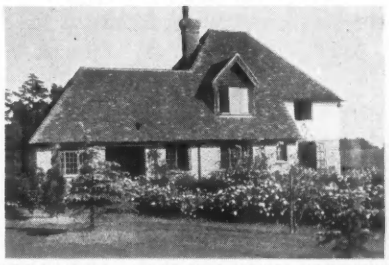
Built about 1931 and fitted in luxurious style. Large lounge hall and 2 other reception rooms, large loggia, 5 bedrooms, 2 luxury bathrooms. Completely modern domestic offices with staff sitting room. Fine marble fireplaces and wood mantels. Oak parquet floors. Gas-fired boilers for central heating and domestic hot water. Detached heated garage. Delightful walled gardens, lawn, rose garden, rockery. Kitchen garden, etc.

FREEHOLD. VACANT POSSESSION

Solicitors: Messrs. BAKER DODSWORTH & CO., 4, Sun Court, Cornhill, E.C.4. Auctioneers: HARRODS, LTD., 34-36, Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge, S.W.1 (*Tel.: KENsington* 1490. *Extn.* 828). **c.5**

EAST SUSSEX

Handy for Tunbridge Wells, and the coast.



FASCINATING LABOUR-SAVING RESIDENCE

With lounge hall, spacious combined dining room lounge, 3 good bedrooms, bathroom, compact offices.

LARGE GARAGE.

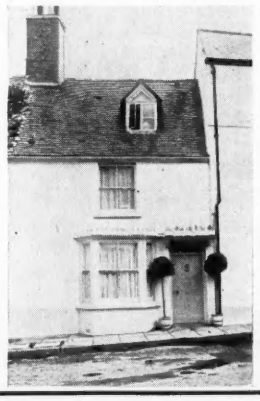
Co.'s electric light, water, central heating, parquet floors throughout.

VERY ATTRACTIVE GROUNDS, chiefly woodland, lawns, kitchen garden, etc., bounded by a picturesque stream.

IN ALL ABOUT 3 ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD £7,000

HARRODS LTD., 34-36, Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge, S.W.1 (*Tel.: KENsington* 1490. *Extn.* 806). **c.4**



WARWICKSHIRE

SMALL GEORGIAN HOUSE IN A TOWN

About 11 miles Stratford-on-Avon.

HALL, LOUNGE, 3 BEDROOMS,
BATHROOM, MODERN KITCHEN.
MAIN DRAINAGE. CO.'S ELECTRIC LIGHT AND WATER.
MODERN ELECTRIC FITTINGS, WATER SOFTENER, REFRIGERATOR, ETC.

COURTYARD GARDENS.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

with period furniture, plate, linen, etc. (or by arrangement).

LOW PRICE FOR QUICK SALE

HARRODS LTD., 34-36, Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge, S.W.1 (*Tel.: KENsington* 1490. *Extension* 807). **c.3**

THE LOUNGE

OXFORD 4637/8

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

OXFORD AND CHIPPING NORTON

CHIPPING NORTON 39

A PERFECT, SMALL, MODERNISED QUEEN ANNE NORTH OXFORDSHIRE VILLAGE HOUSE

Banbury 4 miles.

Two pleasing sitting rooms, kitchen breakfast room, 3 double bedrooms, large attic bedroom, bathroom, boxroom. (The whole in perfect order.)

All main services of electricity, water and drainage.
Garage.
Small, easily maintained garden,

IN ALL OVER A QUARTER OF AN ACRE

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH VACANT POSSESSION

Recommended by the Sole Agents (Oxford and Chipping Norton Offices).

OXON-BUCKS BORDERS

Overlooking the church green.

A PLEASING, SMALL MODERNISED STONE-BUILT HOUSE (*circa* **1810**)

in admirable order throughout. Three sitting rooms, good kitchen, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, storage loft. All main services. Telephone. Garage.

ABOUT HALF AN ACRE

VACANT POSSESSION. PRICE FREEHOLD £5,500 (OPEN TO OFFER)

Recommended by the Sole Agents (Oxford Office).

BERKSHIRE MARKET TOWN

A STONE-BUILT GEORGIAN-STYLE HOUSE

in first-class order, recently converted into two self-contained units (either or both readily letable), the larger containing, briefly, 3 reception rooms, good domestic offices, 4 bedrooms, and bathroom; and the smaller: a sitting room, kitchen-dining room, 2 bedrooms and bathroom. All main services. Garage, studio, etc. Good garden.

VACANT POSSESSION OF THE WHOLE. PRICE £7,000 (OR NEAR OFFER)

Recommended by Oxford Office.

NORTH OXFORDSHIRE

A LOVELY OLD STONE-BUILT HOUSE

part 14th century, modernised and in excellent order. Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, bathroom, good attics. All modern conveniences. Central heating. Beautiful old tithe barn. Garaging and good stabling. Two cottages. Garden and paddock, in all **ABOUT 2½ ACRES**

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH VACANT POSSESSION

Recommended by the Sole Agents (Oxford Office).

FRESH IN THE MARKET

By order of Executors.

IN THE HEYTHROP HUNT

Kingham Junction 1 mile.

AN EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE STONE-BUILT AND SLATED COTSWOLD HOUSE

occupying a secluded position on the edge of a village.
Three fine reception rooms, good domestic offices, 5 principal bedrooms, 3 maids' bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT. CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT.
EXCELLENT WATER SUPPLY.

Garage and good stabling for four, with groom's rooms over.

Small, well-timbered garden, kitchen garden and paddock, in all about

SEVEN ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH VACANT POSSESSION

Recommended by Chipping Norton and Oxford Offices.

HAMPSHIRE

Between Andover and Hungerford.

A CHARMING LITTLE COUNTRY COTTAGE

facing south and enjoying a wonderful view from every window. Small dining hall, sitting room, excellent kitchen, dining room (or ground-floor bedroom), two first-floor bedrooms, bathroom. Main electric light and water supply. Garage.

ABOUT A QUARTER OF AN ACRE

VACANT POSSESSION. PRICE FREEHOLD £4,250 (OR NEAR OFFER)

Recommended by the Sole Agents (Oxford Office).

Suitable for small Preparatory School, Convalescent Home, etc., or for Private House.

A VERY FINE STONE-BUILT MODERNISED QUEEN ANNE AND GEORGIAN OXFORDSHIRE MANOR HOUSE

Three-four reception rooms, 14 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. All modern conveniences. Central heating. Excellent garaging and stabling. Two cottages. Lovely gardens, paddocks, etc., in all **ABOUT 32 ACRES**

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH VACANT POSSESSION

Recommended by Oxford Office.

EDGE OF COTSWOLDS

AN ATTRACTIVE SMALL RESIDENTIAL FARM

Stone-built house of character (converted from a pair of Tudor cottages and thoroughly modernised). Three sitting rooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom. Main electric light. Ample water supply. Central heating. Garage. Cowshed for six, etc. Pasture and arable land, in all **ABOUT 30 ACRES**

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH VACANT POSSESSION

Recommended by Oxford and Chipping Norton Offices.

SUNNINGHILL, BERKS
Ascot 818

MRS. N. C. TUFNELL

ASCOT, BERKS
Ascot 545

SUNNINGDALE, BERKSHIRE

24 miles from London. Close to station, shops, omnibus route and golf course.

THE MOST LUXURIOUS COUNTRY AND RESIDENTIAL CLUB IN THIS POPULAR DISTRICT

Ideal for use as Private House, Club, Small Hotel, Nursing Home or School.

The whole is exquisitely decorated.

9-12 bedrooms (all with h. and c. basins or bathroom *en suite*), 7 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, charming cocktail bar. Pickled woodwork throughout. Ladies' and gentlemen's cloakrooms. Convenient domestic offices and servants' hall.

Main services. Central heating. Four garages.

COTTAGE. GARAGE FLAT

11 ACRES of beautiful grounds.

FREEHOLD £16,500

The owner would sell the complete furnishings, etc., if required.

Highly recommended by the Sole Agent: Mrs. N. C. TUFNELL, as above.

6, ASHLEY PLACE,
LONDON, S.W.1. (VIC 2981, 8004)
SALISBURY (2467-2468)

RAWLENCE & SQUAREY, F.R.I.C.S.

SHERBORNE, DORSET (597-598)
ROWNHAMS MOUNT Nursling
SOUTHAMPTON (Rownhams 236)

SOUTH WILTSHIRE

About 9½ miles north of Salisbury and 2 miles from Amesbury.

THE COMFORTABLE FREEHOLD GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

known as

THE MANOR HOUSE, DURRINGTON

Containing 10 bed. and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, cloakroom. Garages, stabling, etc.

Well-timbered grounds, walled garden and pasture land, in all about

13 ACRES

Main electricity. Own water supply. Main water available.

VACANT POSSESSION

of the Manor House and grounds about **3¾ ACRES** at Lady Day, 1950, or earlier by arrangement.

For Sale by Auction as a whole or in two lots at the Red Lion Hotel, Salisbury, on Tuesday, December 13, 1949, at 3 p.m. (unless previously sold by private treaty).

Particulars, plan and conditions of sale may be obtained from the Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. RAWLENCE & SQUAREY, 8-12, Rollestone Street, Salisbury, or Messrs. MYDDELTON & MAJOR, 49, High Street, Salisbury.

WANTED TO PURCHASE

HOME OR SOUTHERN COUNTIES

AGRICULTURAL ESTATE FOR INVESTMENT

UP TO £100,000

NO COMMISSION REQUIRED.

Particulars to London Office.

SAVERNAKE FOREST, NEAR MARLBOROUGH

TO BE LET UNFURNISHED ON LEASE

AN ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY RESIDENCE

comprising 4 principal and 3 secondary bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms. Garage and stable block. Pleasant garden and grounds of

ABOUT 6 ACRES

LONG LEASE AVAILABLE

Apply: RAWLENCE & SQUAREY, Salisbury.

41, BERKELEY SQ.,
LONDON, W.1. GRO. 3056

LOFTS & WARNER

and at OXFORD, ANDOVER,
MELTON MOWBRAY

DEVONSHIRE

600 ft. up with fine views to the west. Just off the main Exeter road and 5 miles from Launceston.

DELIGHTFUL STONE-BUILT 14th-CENTURY MANOR HOUSE

Carefully restored and modernised with 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, great hall, winter parlour and solar 20 ft. x 24 ft.

Main electricity near.

Estate water. Septic tank drainage.

Walled garden and orchard of **ABOUT 3 ACRES**

FOR SALE FREEHOLD £8,500

For further details apply Joint Sole Agents: LOFTS & WARNER, as above, and R. B. TAYLOR & SONS, Yeovil (Tel. 817); or Lofts & Warner (Mr. P. T. Flower) The Antony Estate Office Torpoint, Cornwall.

HAMPSHIRE—BERKSHIRE BORDERS

Andover 8 miles. Newbury 12 miles. Within easy reach Oxford and Marlborough.

A CHARLES II HOUSE OF GREAT CHARACTER

Set amidst beautiful surroundings in real country and comprising:

Three reception, 7-8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms (top floor is converted into self-contained flat).

MAIN ELECTRICITY.

OUTBUILDINGS.

Lovely old-world gardens, yew hedges, lawns, fruit and vegetable garden.

IN ALL 4 ACRES

PRICE £12,500 FREEHOLD

Thatched cottage in addition if required.

Particulars of Agents: LOFTS & WARNER, 4, New Street, Andover (2433), and as above.

GLOS AND WILTS BORDERS

Bampton 4 miles, Oxford 17 miles.

AN ATTESTED FARM WITH POSSESSION

Including
CHARMING OLD COTSWOLD FARMHOUSE
having 4 reception, 6-7 bedrooms, large attic, 2 bathrooms. Main electric light.

Own water supply. Main water available. Stabling and garages. Excellent farm buildings including cowshed for 40. Four cottages.

AREA ABOUT 528 ACRES

LOFTS & WARNER, 14, St. Giles, Oxford (Tel. 2725), and as above, and KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1 (MAY. 3771).

IDEAL FOR HOTEL, NURSING HOME OR SIMILAR PURPOSE.

BEDS—BUCKS BORDERS

On the outskirts of Leighton Buzzard. Aylesbury 10 miles. London 37 miles.

THE DELIGHTFUL BRICK AND TILED RESIDENCE

contains the following well-planned accommodation:

Spacious halls, 13 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, suite of reception rooms, first-class offices.
MAIN ELECTRICITY AND WATER.
CENTRAL HEATING.
AUXILIARY WATER SUPPLY.
Excellent garage and stabling block easily convertible to cottage.
Very attractive well-timbered gardens and grounds with small lake and paddock
in all ABOUT 7 ACRES

Attention is drawn to the excellent state of the property which has been completely redecorated within the past 12-15 months.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Personally inspected by Owner's Agents. Further particulars from H. W. CROSSE & Co., 339, Putney Bridge Road, Putney, S.W.15 (PUTney 0040), and LOFTS & WARNER, as above, or Lofts & Warner (Mr. S. Molly), Southill Estate Office, Biggleswade, Beds.

DORKING (Tel. 2212/3)
EFFINGHAM
(Tel. Bookham 2801/2)

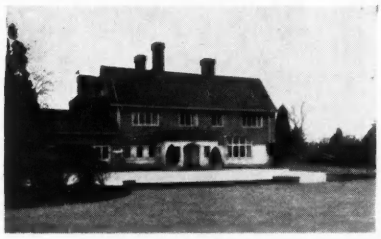
CUBITT & WEST

HASLEMERE (Tel. 680/1)
FARNHAM (Tel. 5261/2)
HINDHEAD (Tel. 63)

ON THE EDGE OF LOVELY MIDHURST AND COWDRAY COUNTRY

Polo at Cowdray. Daily reach London

AN OUTSTANDING SMALL MODERN COUNTRY HOUSE



With pleasing elevations, in lovely country with unspoilt views to the south, yet easily accessible. Three recep., 8 bed., 3 bathrooms. Easily run offices with "Aga." Co.'s services. Central heating by oil plant. All labour-saving devices. Oak and mahogany woodwork. Stabling, garages and 4 cottages.

Lovely and productive gardens, grounds and meadowland

IN ALL 19½ ACRES

Very strongly recommended as one of the finest small houses in the neighbourhood by Sole Agents: CUBITT & WEST, Haslemere Office. (H.114)

IN LOVELY COUNTRY BETWEEN DORKING AND GUILDFORD

About 500 ft. above sea level.

DELIGHTFUL MODERN COUNTRY COTTAGE

LOUNGE,
DINING HALL,
CLOAKROOM,
3 BEDROOMS (ALL WITH LAVATORY BASINS),
WELL-FITTED KITCHENETTE AND TILED BATHROOM.
MAIN ELECTRICITY AND WATER.

Garage and garden of about ¾ **ACRE**

PRICE £5,250 FREEHOLD WITH VACANT POSSESSION

CUBITT & WEST, Dorking Office. (D.203)

MESSENGER, MORGAN & MAY

CHARTERED SURVEYORS
8, QUARRY STREET, GUILDFORD. Tel. Guildford 2992 (3 lines).

BONCHURCH, Nr. VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT

A DELIGHTFUL RESIDENCE OF CONSIDERABLE CHARACTER IN EXCELLENT ORDER THROUGHOUT

THREE RECEPTION ROOMS. SIX BED. AND DRESSING ROOMS.
STAFF AND DOMESTIC OFFICES.

Two large maisonettes. Attractive gardens of **2½ ACRES.**

PRICE £10,000 FREEHOLD

A RECENTLY MODERNISED RESIDENCE SUITABLE FOR GUEST HOUSE

TWO RECEPTION ROOMS. ELEVEN DOUBLE BEDROOMS.
OFFICE AND DOMESTIC QUARTERS.

PRICE £6,500 FREEHOLD

Main services to each property.

VACANT POSSESSION OF THE WHOLE

Particulars from the Agents, as above.

ASHFORD Tel. 327.

ALFRED J. BURROWS CLEMENTS, WINCH & SONS

CRANBROOK Tel. 2147.

KENT

SUPERBLY TIMBERED RESIDENTIAL ESTATE

On historic Pilgrim's Way.

ANCIENT MANOR HOUSE WITH IMPOSING ENTRANCE

Spacious hall, 6 rec., 8 bed., 3 bathrooms, excellent modern domestic quarters. Modern conveniences. Garages for 6. Fine Tudor barn, etc. Three cottages. Gardens, grounds and land.

142 ACRES (15114)

BUSINESS MAN'S IDEAL COUNTRY HOME

WELL APPOINTED COUNTRY RESIDENCE

Three/four rec., 6/7 bed., complete domestic offices. Two cottages. Garages. Stabling. House with **5 or 30 ACRES,** reasonable price. (15520)

BETWEEN FOLKESTONE AND ASHFORD

SUBSTANTIAL COUNTRY RESIDENCE

Well appointed. Three/four rec., 5/6 principal bed., nursery suite, 2 bathrooms, offices. Garages and stabling. Gardens and 2 paddocks.

9¾ ACRES (15379)

IN THE WEALD OF KENT

VERY ATTRACTIVE MODERN COUNTRY HOUSE

Three rec., kitchen, 3 good bed., bathroom. Water (h. and c.) and elec. Garage. Garden and orchard.

1¼ ACRES (15654)

WINCHESTER

JAMES HARRIS & SON

Tel. 2355

WINCHESTER

350 ft. above sea level adjoining golf course.

AN EXCEPTIONALLY CHARMING MODERN RESIDENCE

"MONKS HATCH," CHILBOLTON AVENUE, WINCHESTER

Entrance hall, cloakroom, 3 reception rooms, sun lounge, loggia, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, good domestic offices.

All main services.

Garage.

Architect designed and occupying one of the finest positions in the district.

Attractive garden with private gate to golf course.

IN ALL ABOUT 2 ACRES. FREEHOLD. VACANT POSSESSION

AUCTION DECEMBER 14, 1949

Solicitors: Messrs. HARRIS & BOWKER, 31 Southgate Street, Winchester.
Auctioneers: Messrs. JAMES HARRIS & SON, Jewry Chambers, Winchester (Tel. 2355)

HAMPSHIRE

Delightfully situated overlooking the valley of the River Itchen. Winchester 1½ miles. With 2 miles of fishing in the main stream of the Itchen.

ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

Entrance hall, cloakroom, 5 principal bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

COMPANY'S GAS AND WATER.

GARAGE. TWO-STALL STABLE.

GOOD GARDEN.

KEEPER'S COTTAGE.

"WATERSIDE," HEADBOURNE WORTHY

TO BE LET UNFURNISHED ON 7 YEARS' LEASE WITH FISHING RIGHTS

Particulars from the Agents: Messrs. JAMES HARRIS & SON, Jewry Chambers, Winchester (Tel. 2355).

ESTATE OFFICES,
GODALMING (Tel. 2)

H. B. BAVERSTOCK & SON

4, CASTLE STREET,
FARNHAM (Tel. 5274)

GODALMING. CHARMING, WELL-BUILT RESIDENCE. 300 feet up with glorious views. Nine bed. and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, cloaks, 3 reception rooms. Main services. Central heating throughout. Two garages. Staff cottage. Garden with new hard tennis court, paddock and woodland, in all about **12½ ACRES. VACANT POSSESSION. £9,500 FREEHOLD.**—Godalming Office.

JUST SOUTH OF GODALMING. 'Midst noted scenery, on 'bus route and convenient for London. **EXQUISITE MODERN HOUSE** in the Old English style. Four bedrooms (2 fitted basins), bathroom, 3 reception rooms, cloaks, labour-saving offices. Main water and electricity. Modern drainage. Partial central heating. Two garages. Delightful grounds and woodland of **3½ ACRES. £10,500 FREEHOLD.**—Godalming Office.

SURREY. In the lovely Frensham district, close to village shops and 'buses to Farnham 2 miles (electric to Waterloo). **UNUSUALLY WELL-EQUIPPED COUNTRY RESIDENCE** in first-class decorative order throughout. Five bedrooms, 2 modern bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, billiards room, cloakroom, labour-saving domestic offices. Main services. Modern drainage. Immersion heater. Garage and stabling. Secluded gardens and grounds of approx. **2½ ACRES. FREEHOLD £6,950.**—Farnham Office.

SURREY—WEST SUSSEX BORDERS

In the heart of agricultural country. 4 miles main line station, London 70 minutes.

PERIOD GEM WITH 6 ACRES. UNUSUALLY CHARMING GREY STONE RESIDENCE

with fine timbering and many original mediaeval features. Four bed. and dressing rooms, tiled bathroom, lounge 30 ft. long, second reception room. Private water and electricity. Septic tank drainage. Useful outbuildings. Old orchard, 3 paddocks and woodland.

VACANT POSSESSION £6,950 FREEHOLD

Godalming Office.

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FARNHAM AND ODIHAM (BETWEEN). Occupying delightful rural situation on the Surrey-Hants borders, main line station 3 miles. **ATTRACTIVE CREEPER-CLAD COUNTRY RESIDENCE,** commanding magnificent southerly and westerly views. Five bedrooms (2 fitted basins), bathroom, 3 reception rooms, entrance hall, complete offices with Rayburn cooker. Main water, electric light and power. Modern drainage. Garage and stabling. Garden, orchard and piece of rough grass, in all approx. **ONE ACRE. FREEHOLD £5,850.**—Farnham Office.

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LEATHERHEAD

ON high ground, with lovely views. **REALLY WELL EQUIPPED MODERN HOUSE OF CHARACTER,** built for the present owner. Six bed., 2 bath. 3 reception, panelled hall, maids' room; all on 2 floors. Main services. Garage for 2. Grounds, easy to maintain. **ABOUT 2 ACRES, FREEHOLD.**—Recommended by TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (24,614.)

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RURAL KENT. MOST ATTRACTIVE AND BEAUTIFULLY MAINTAINED MODERN DETACHED GABLED COTTAGE RESIDENCE in gardens and cherry orchards nearly **3 ACRES.** Well secluded and approached by a wide sweeping drive. 48 miles London. 12 miles Maidstone. Four double bedrooms, 2 reception. Well fitted domestic offices. Garage, greenhouse, etc. **FREEHOLD £6,000.**
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BOX HILL, Surrey. **MOST DELIGHTFUL MODERN DETACHED COTTAGE** with lattice windows, parquet flooring, etc. Electric trains London in 40 minutes. Five bedrooms, 2 reception (both 22 ft. long), hall cloakroom, perfect kitchen and bathroom. Brick garage. ½ **ACRE GARDEN. FREEHOLD £6,300.**—Inspected and recommended by Sole Agents, as above. (Folio 8688/25)

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CHARMING RECONSTRUCTED 18TH-CENTURY RESIDENCE

In first-class order.

Brick built, stone tiled roof. Four principal, 3 secondary bedrooms, dressing room, 3 bathrooms, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, good domestic offices.

CENTRAL HEATING.

Garage 3 cars.

TWO COTTAGES.

GROUNDS 4½ ACRES. ADDITIONAL 15½ ACRES LET
FREEHOLD £14,000
Inspected and recommended by Owner's Agents.

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COMMODIOUS WELL-MODERNISED FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

Situate enviable position adjacent Stanmore Golf Course. Containing 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 reception rooms, billiards or ballroom, lounge hall, staff room, excellent domestic quarters. Garages for 3 cars

Central heating.

2 ACRES

FREEHOLD

VACANT POSSESSION

AUCTION JANUARY 19, 1950 (unless previously sold privately).
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SOUTH BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

London 22 miles, station 3 miles, buses every half-hour.

A RECENTLY RESTORED AND COMPLETELY MODERNISED GEORGIAN COUNTRY HOUSE

in really secluded grounds of about **10 ACRES** including paddock, profitable fruit and vegetable garden, new hard tennis court.

TWO COTTAGES (recently re-constructed).

Galleried hall, 4 reception rooms, completely re-equipped domestic offices (with cook's bedroom and bathroom), 7 bed. and dressing rooms, 4 new bathrooms.

STABLING, GARAGES, GREENHOUSES.

ALL SERVICES AND ENTIRELY NEW INSTALLATIONS OF WEATHERFOIL AUTOMATIC CENTRAL HEATING.

All in perfect order.

JUST IN MARKET, FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH VACANT POSSESSION OF THE WHOLE (including cottages).

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WINDSOR (Tel: 73)
SLOUGH (Tel: 23379 two lines)
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In the lovely village of Waltham St. Lawrence.

AN ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE

Seven bed. and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, 2 reception rooms, study, maids' sitting room. Central heating. Main services. Garage for 3 cars. Stabling and outbuildings. Attractive pleasure gardens with a hard tennis court, together with a paddock, **ABOUT 4¾ ACRES**

FOR SALE BY AUCTION DECEMBER 8

GIDDY & GIDDY, Station Approach, Maidenhead (Tel. 53).

BERKS

40 minutes Waterloo.

SMALL GEORGIAN-STYLE HOUSE

Spacious rooms. Five bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. Central heating. Main services. Hard tennis court.

3 ACRES. FREEHOLD £8,750.

GIDDY & GIDDY, Sunningdale (Tel.: Ascot 73).

A COUNTRY COTTAGE

IN 3 ACRES

Beaconsfield 3½ miles.

Three bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms. Main services. Double garage. Tennis lawn, orchard and paddock.

FREEHOLD £5,500

GIDDY AND GIDDY, Gerrards Cross (Tel. 3987).

AN IMPOSING GEORGIAN MANSION

IN 25 ACRES

South Bucks. Station 2 miles.

Twelve bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms. Main services. Electric lift. Garage and stable blocks with flat over.

FREEHOLD. VACANT POSSESSION.

GIDDY AND GIDDY, Slough (Tel. 23379).

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On high ground with lovely views to the south

A MODERNISED TUDOR FARMHOUSE

Nine bed. and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, staff sitting room, etc. Main services. Small farmery with 16th-century barn. Self-contained staff flat. Garages.

Pleasure, fruit and vegetable gardens, together with enclosures of pasture, **ABOUT 10½ ACRES**

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MAGNIFICENTLY APPOINTED MODERN DETACHED RESIDENCE

Favourite Inner Surrey district 30 minutes West End.

Certain to appeal to those seeking a SMALL RESIDENCE OF DISTINCTION

Designed for easy running with a minimum of domestic labour and at the same time offering both charm and character. The house incorporates innumerable features and is in superb order throughout.

Beamed entrance hall, 2 fine reception rooms with distinctive modern fireplaces.

Lovely sun lounge. Four double bedrooms. Half-tiled easily run domestic offices. Luxurious Marblite panelled bathroom. Detached garage.

BEAUTIFULLY PLANNED AND ABUNDANTLY STOCKED GROUNDS OF **ONE-THIRD ACRE**

Strongly recommended by the Owner's Agents, to whom all inquiries should be addressed.

WELLESLEY SMITH & CO.

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IN A SITUATION OF ENDURING CHARM

Within a mile of Inkpen Beacon.

Picturesque Cottage.

In immaculate condition on edge of village with 'bus service to Hungerford.

Two sitting rooms, 3 bedrooms, bathroom.

Main services. Garage.

Most attractive garden, also paddock.

1½ ACRES. FREEHOLD

ON FINCHAMPSTEAD RIDGES, with the remarkably fine views preserved for all time, a **MOST PLEASING MODERN HOUSE,** easily run. Cloaks 3 sitting, 5-6 bed., 2 bath. Model offices. Mains. Central heat. Garage. Charming garden and woodland. **3 ACRES. £8,000 OR REASONABLE OFFER FOR QUICK SALE.**

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WROXHAM.

Tel. 35

NORFOLK BROADS—WROXHAM

For Sale by Private Treaty.

LOVELY MODERN RESIDENCE

Lounge hall, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Mains electricity and gas.

CENTRAL HEATING.

Double garage, etc. Superbly fitted throughout. All new decorations. Very lovely gardens, boathouse and long frontage to River Bure.

The property of a well-known film and stage personality.

£8,000

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On the borders of Worcestershire and Shropshire and on the fringe of the lovely Wyre Forest.

AN ENVIABLY SITUATED RESIDENTIAL SPORTING AND AGRICULTURAL FREEHOLD ESTATE OF 212 ACRES

including

The Superbly Appointed Stone-built Residence

containing entrance and staircase halls, fully fitted cloakroom, 4 reception, exemplary domestic quarters, 6 principal and 3 secondary bedrooms, billiards room, 2 bathrooms, observation turret. Garaging, stabling. Chauffeur-groom's cottage. Gardener's cottage. Charmingly planned garden.

Main water and company's electricity. Together with cottages, arable and pasture land, orcharding, and VALUABLE WOODLAND.

TO BE OFFERED FOR SALE BY AUCTION IN ONE LOT WITH POSSESSION OF MAJOR PORTION

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EMINENTLY SUITABLE FOR A SCHOOL, TRAINING CENTRE OR HOTEL.

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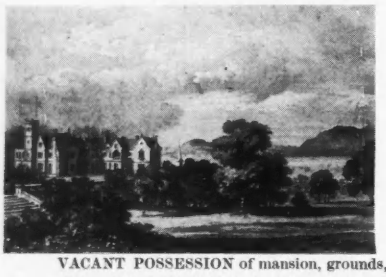
Occupying a magnificent position overlooking the Menai Straits.

IMPOSING PERIOD STONE MANSION



with clock tower. Six reception rooms, 18 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Central heating, own electric light and water supplies. Garage and stable block, walled garden.

Five cottages, 2 lodges.

Excellent parkland pasture, woodlands.

In all about 116 ACRES

VACANT POSSESSION of mansion, grounds, woodlands and lodges.

FOR SALE PRIVATELY NOW OR BY AUCTION IN 1950

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Occupying a secluded position in an unspoilt village within easy reach of Norwich.

ARCHITECT-DESIGNED COUNTRY RESIDENCE

In its own grounds and containing: Fine entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, sun room, 5 bedrooms (h. and c.), bathroom, cloakroom, domestic offices with servants' bedrooms.

Main electricity. Engine-pumped water.

Gardener's lodge. Garage for 2 cars.

Well laid out gardens with tennis court and heated greenhouses.

IN ALL ABOUT 4 ACRES

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BORDERS OF WILTSHIRE & GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Splendid hunting centre. Cirencester 9 miles, Kemble Junction 7 miles.

A MOST ATTRACTIVE, SMALL, RESIDENTIAL ESTATE

LOVELY MODERN RESIDENCE

In splendid condition. Three sitting rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms (5 basins), 4 baths. Good stabling and flat. Two first-rate cottages. Excellent farmery. 37 acres old pasture. River adjoins. Elevated position. Fine views. Main electricity. Good water. Pipeless heating system. Small grounds.

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Moreton-in-Marsh 5 miles.

A BEAUTIFUL 16th-CENTURY MANOR HOUSE

of great historic interest, built of Cotswold stone with stone tiled roof and rich in period features.

Great hall with gallery, 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Modern oil-burning central heating and hot water systems.

Main electricity. Own water. Septic tank drainage.

Garages for 4 cars. Two excellent cottages.

Terraced garden, lawns, courtyard garden, rose garden and lily pond, orchard, part walled kitchen garden, pasture and arable.

ABOUT 35 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD OR TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, on a short lease.

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SOUTH BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

Between Stoke Poges and Burnham.

A DELIGHTFUL, AND PARTLY PERIOD, COTTAGE-STYLE RESIDENCE

Five bedrooms (some with fitted cupboards and basins), 2 modern bathrooms, 3 reception. Two garages and room over. Main services.

Old-world gardens of

2½ ACRES

with hard tennis court, orchard, etc.

Additional 6 acres available.

PRICE £7,000 FREEHOLD WITH POSSESSION

A. C. FROST & Co., Farnham Common, Bucks. Tel. 300.

BETWEEN DENHAM AND NORTHWOOD

Situated on high ground on the outskirts of a village.

CHARMING RESIDENCE OF GEORGIAN CHARACTER

Three reception rooms, cloakroom, very compact offices, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Main services. Central heating. Heated double garage.

Established and secluded grounds of

NEARLY AN ACRE

PRICE £8,800 FREEHOLD WITH POSSESSION

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ANNEXATION.

FOR SALE

THE LODGE, LOCH GOIL, ARGYLL

The house contains 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, dressing-room, schoolroom, maids' room, 2 bathrooms, cloakroom, kitchen and other offices. Independent boiler and private hydro-electric plant (110 volts).

There are also gardener's cottage of 2 rooms with bathroom, garage with 2 rooms attached, a single-room cottage, and a boathouse. The entire subjects are in excellent order. Beautiful situation on west shore of Loch Goil, with fine natural garden and lawns to the sea. Excellent boating, bathing and sea fishing. River fishing and rough shooting are obtainable. Normal life in district not affected by Admiralty Experimental Station. Bus connection to Arrochar Station.

ASSESSED RENTAL £71. FEUDUTY £17 15s.
Ground area 9 acres 11 poles. IMMEDIATE ENTRY

For further particulars apply to

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Writers, 120, Bath Street, Glasgow.

HEREFORDSHIRE

The outlying portions of the Saltmarshe Estate, in North Herefordshire, extending to upwards of 857 ACRES

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The following valuable Freehold Properties:

HEDGE HOUSE FARM, TEDSTONE WAFRE (this with **Vacant Possession**), 162A. 3R. 22P.
UPPER HOUSE FARM, WOLFERLOW, 250A. 3R. 30P.
FORTY ACRE FARM, WOLFERLOW, 154A. 0R. 27P.
UPPER CWM WOOD, WOLFERLOW, 35A. 2R. 26P.
HARELEY FARM, LINTON, 19A. 1R. 12P.
NUTTAGE FARM, LINTON, 74A. 0R. 37P.
LINTON BROOK FARM, 104A. 0R. 24P.
SMALL HOLDINGS, ACCOMMODATION LAND, TEDSTONE WAFRE POST OFFICE AND 12 COTTAGES.

THE ABOVE TO BE SOLD IN 24 LOTS

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All of Worcester.

Particulars may be obtained from any of the above.

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AUCTIONS

For Sale by Auction.
BELSTONE, NEAR OKEHAMPTON, DEVON
On Saturday, December 10, 1949, at 3 p.m., at the Plume of Feathers Hotel, Okehampton (unless previously sold). All that Freehold dignified Residence, or Hotel, with approx. 2½ acres, known as "Brenamoor," with 6 beds., 2 batns., 3 W.C.s, 3 rec., main services, garage, etc., and paddock. Vac. poss. on comp. Partics. from
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Chartered Surveyors, Auctioneers, etc., Okehampton (Phone 22). Solicitors: Messrs.
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SUSSEX
Substantially built Detached Freehold Residence
2, EATON GARDENS, HOVE
Occupying a prominent position on the corner of Eaton Road in this fine residential area. Fourteen bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, cloakroom, library or music room, excellent domestic offices. Large garden with ample garage space. For Sale by Auction (unless previously sold) with Vacant Possession on the premises, December 12, 1949, followed by sale of the furniture by Messrs.
GRAVES, SON & PILCHER
42, Church Road, Hove, and 51, Old Steyne, Brighton.

Vacant Possession. Ideal hunting establishment.
NORTH RIDING OF YORKS
Within 1 mile of Barnard Castle. The very attractive Country House known as
"LOW STARTFORTH HALL"
occupying a pleasant sheltered position facing south in well-timbered grounds on the Yorkshire side of the River Tees, the whole in excellent condition. Oak-panelled entrance, 3 excellent reception rooms, cloakroom, 6 principal bedrooms, dressing room, 3 bathrooms and W.C.s. Complete domestic quarters in a separate wing. Two modern cottages, an unusually fine range of hunter stabling, garages, byre, etc., heated greenhouse, well-kept gardens, and sound park land. Mains electricity and water. 15,396 acres. Freehold. For sale by Auction by
G. TARN BAINBRIDGE, SON AND GILCHRIST
at the Witham Hall, Barnard Castle, on Wednesday, December 14, 1949, at 3 p.m. (unless previously sold). Particulars from the Auctioneers, 44, High Row, Darlington (Tel 4733), or from W. J. & H. C. WATSON, Solicitors, Barnard Castle (Tels. 353/4).

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BERKS. High-class Flats to let near Wokingham Station, on 7-year lease. Rents ranging from £420-£285 p.a. exclusive. Standing in own grounds; constant hot water, central heating. Caretaker on site.—Box 2332.

CLITHEROE, NR. Two charming furnished Residences in the grounds of Eaves Hall Hotel, nr. Clitheroe, now vacant. A picturesque Cottage, likened to a miniature mansion, 2 rec. rooms, 3 bedrooms, kitchen, bathroom. Self-contained Furnished Flat, newly converted; lounge, combined dining room, 2 bedrooms, bathroom. Both tastefully decorated and furnished; elec. light; garage accommodation. Meals served in hotel optional. Also luxuriously furnished suites. Enjoy the comforts of home and amenities of a first-class hotel. Extensive grounds, putting green, tennis court, bowling green. Fishing in private stretch; shooting, hunting, golf in vicinity. Terms according to length of let.—Apply, RESIDENT MANAGER, Eaves Hall Hotel, nr. Clitheroe. Tel.: Clitheroe 561.

DUBLIN. To let, furnished, early December, newly decorated Flat, large sunny sitting room, 2 bedrooms with 4 divan beds., bathroom, lavatory, kitchenette, breakfast room. Gas and electricity. 9 gns. weekly.—Box 4312, EASON'S ADVERTISING SERVICE, Dublin.

MAIDENHEAD (centre of). Five-roomed Flat, well furnished.—Apply Box 2340.

NORFOLK. Furnished Flats. Bedrooms, sitting room, kitchen, h. and c. water, electric light. Domestic help available. Garage. Tel. All country produce. Overseas visitors welcome. Situated charming country residence, pleasant gardens and walks.—Mrs. CARNALL, Elderton Lodge, Thorpe Market, Norwich.

BUSINESSES FOR SALE

MERIONETHSHIRE. Fishing, shooting, golfing, climbing, bathing and yachting can all be enjoyed from free and fully licensed Hotel in lower Welsh Highlands. 16 bedrooms all with h. and c., well appointed reception rooms, easy access by road and rail. For sale under £16,000. Immediate possession. Furniture and stock at valuation.—Apply: 1726, FORRESTER-ADDIE & SON, The Agents, Portmadoc.

FOR SALE

COAST (within 6 miles of). Small modern Detached Country Residence standing on high ground with widespread views. 6-7 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. Usual domestic offices. Useful outbuildings and about 17 acres. Main services. Vacant possession. Freehold.—Apply: JAMES WOODHAMS & SON, Chartered Surveyors, Battle, Sussex.

EAST SUSSEX. Excellent Smallholding of 12½ acres, in delightful position on high ground. Attractive modern House, 3 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, kitchen. Main electricity and water. Modern drainage. Partial central heating. Garage. Pigsties and other useful outbuildings. Price £6,500 freehold.—FOX & SONS, 117, Western Road, Brighton. Tel.: Hove 9201.

DEVON. Attractive small Agricultural Estate with house of character. Three rec. 5 bed., bath h. and c. maids' room. Good domestic offices. Lawns and gardens. Ample range of buildings, including new shippen for 17. Three cottages. Adjoining good road. Private electric light, good water and drainage. 200 acres fertile land. Ample sporting facilities. Vacant possession.—HANNAFORD, WARD AND SOUTHCOMBE, LTD., 4, Bridgeland Street, Bideford.

DEVON (unspoilt surroundings, few miles Exeter). A lovely Country House of charm and character, featuring oak beams and panelling. Five bed. (basins), box, 3 bath., lounge hall (cloakroom), 3 fine rec., splendid offices, maid's sitting room. Central heat. Main elec. Gravitation water. 'Phone. Garage, stabling. Beautiful grounds, orchard, paddock and woodland, 5 acres. Own fishing. Freehold £11,000 (or near).—Strongly recommended by Sole Agents: CHERRYS, Auctioneers, 14, Southernhay West, Exeter.

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CLASSIFIED ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1614

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Hubert M. Hartigan knows a good thing when he sees one

AND SO DOES MRS. HARTIGAN . . .

THAT'S WHY THEY HAVE AN AGA COOKER

How the horses love their sand bath! At Melitta Lodge 20 stable boys and 4 apprentices pamper and worship 35 grand horses. The 1949 winner of the Phoenix Plate, Abadan, is among those now under training. But not all the work concerns the stables. There are 16 residents and staff, and often at meal-time there are guests also to be served. "But the Aga can cope," they explain. "Its ovens and hotplates do the cooking with so little attention! Its capacious warming oven and plate can be trusted, too." . . . *Above right:* Sixteen pounds of butter are made weekly and this huge bowl marked "Cream" is the real thing. Feeding at the Hartigans is done on a simple but really hearty scale.

For more years than he cares to remember, Hubert M. Hartigan has been training horses to race in classics the world over. He lives at Melitta Lodge, Kildare, 30 miles from Dublin. Here, on the world-famous turf of the Curragh, are exercised under his supervision, horses belonging to well-known owners. But though the horses come first, the house is not forgotten. In a spotlessly clean kitchen, the Aga Model E with its 4 ovens passes the most exacting standards for expert performance. "Never a moment day or night that it isn't ready to cook," says Mrs. Hartigan. "And its saving ways with fuel are simply wonderful!"

"Johnny" Fean, seen here with Fair Edwin, has been riding on the Curragh for 50 years, many of them with Mr. Hartigan. Over 65, he still rides the freshest mounts, and, in fact, anything that will keep a saddle on its back. He is part of "auld" Ireland. The new Ireland is following modern ways—as the Aga in the Hartigan kitchen testifies with its better service and cheaper fuel cost.

Irish homes are famous for hospitality and Melitta Lodge is no exception. Hubert Moore Hartigan is a grandson of John Hubert Moore, father of Garett, winner of the English Grand National on "Liberator", and of Willie Moore. Ex-guardsman son John now runs the bloodstock farm. In spite of horses and Hartigan hospitality (often as many as 30 people sit down to a meal), there is a delightful and leisurely home life. Mrs. Hartigan has a large flower garden which she greatly enjoys looking after herself. All runs smoothly in the house and for this ease, they can't praise the Aga enough!

Presiding in the kitchen is Mrs. McAuliffe who has been with the Hartigans for 4 years. Helping her are three house staff. (Besides cooking, Mrs. McAuliffe looks after 160 chickens.) In the Hartigan kitchen, chairs, tables, floors and all prove that cleanliness is considered a great virtue. "The Aga makes that easy," they say, "It never gets so dirty that a cloth won't wipe it clean — never dirties anything else." Each day the work is done to time. Pastry, puddings, sauces, cakes, vegetables, meat are ready on the dot and done to a turn. Grand meals are no real bother with a cooker that needs feeding and riddling only twice in 24 hours. Indeed, nothing bears stronger testimony to the great "horse sense" of the Hartigans than their choice of an Aga!

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4. Money-saving. One small fire does everything. Fuel is so greatly conserved that savings finally cover the Aga cost.

Send today for free 26-page "The Saga of the Aga" fully illustrated in colour dealing with Aga models and including kitchen designs by a leading expert. Write to: Aga Heat Ltd., 19/3 Orchard House, Orchard St., London, W.1.

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This is the Aga model E Cooker with a guaranteed maximum fuel consumption of 3 tons a year, of COKE, anthracite or "Phurnacite." There is a smaller model — obtainable also with water-heater. Aga models from £85 to £115, hire purchase terms less than **£4** a month.

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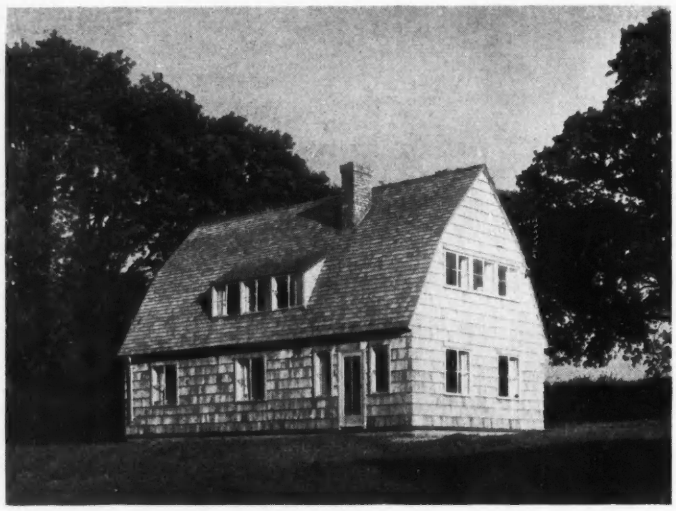

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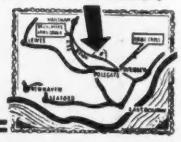
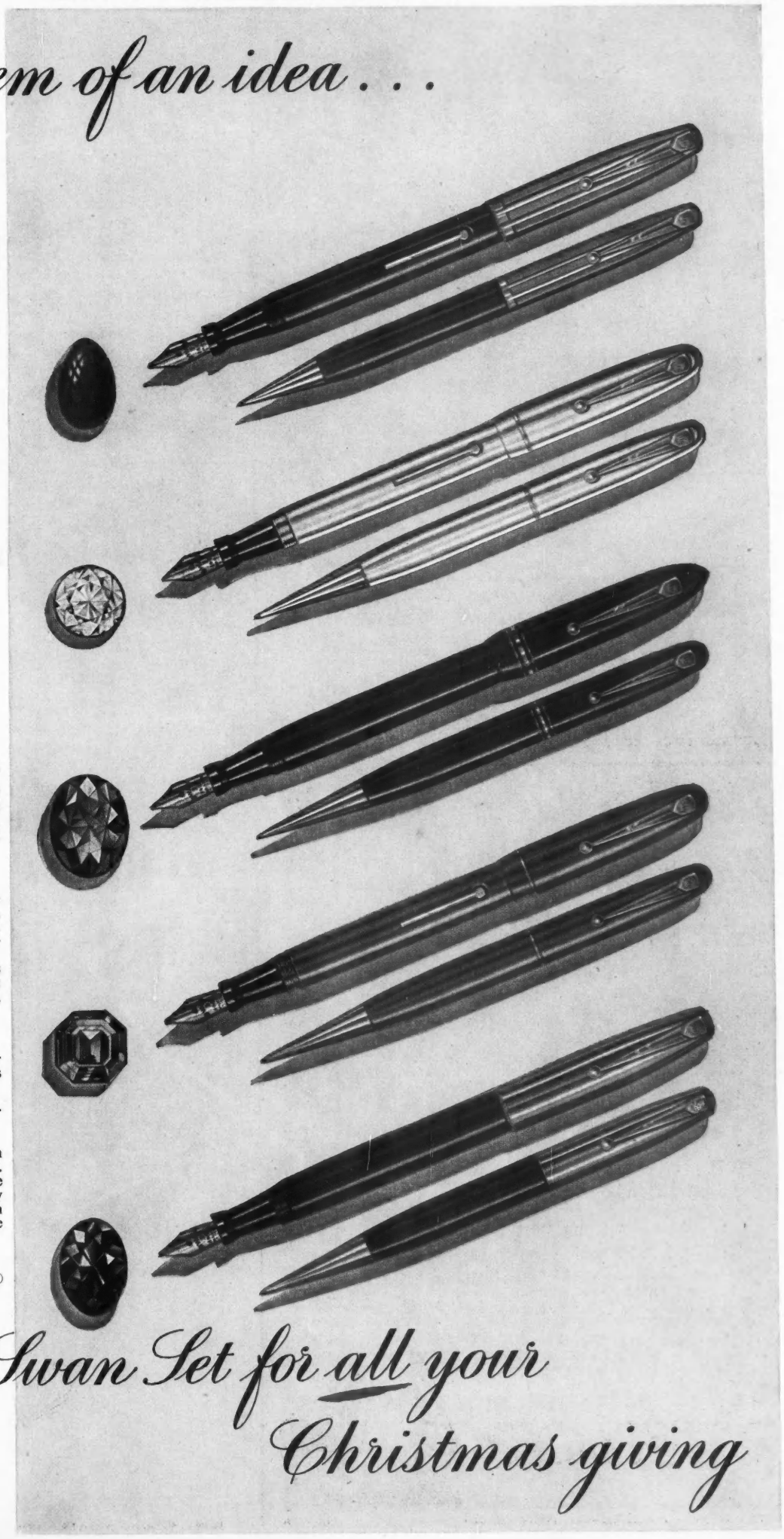


A gem of an idea . . .



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Swan Pen and Pencil sets are this year as delightful to give as to receive. Moreover, for a small extra sum a rolled-gold cap can be fitted, turning this — the most serviceable of writing instruments — into an article of personal adornment as well.

THE CASES

All Swan Sets for Christmas giving are presented in a tasteful box.

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THE COLOURS

The new pastel colours for the side-lever Swan Pens are ALABASTER, CORAL, BLUE, GREY/GREEN, GREY. All pens may be had with a rolled-gold cap.

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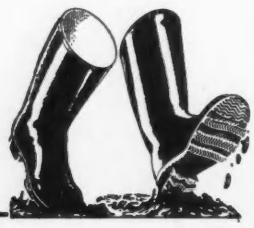

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Drawing by HANNA

Boomerang!

"Look what I've found," exclaimed Alice.

"Why," cried the Kangaroo, "it's a boomerang!"

"Does it taste like an ordinary meringue?" Alice asked hopefully.

But the Kangaroo wasn't listening. "A boomerang!" he exclaimed. "It all comes back to me! The outbacks . . . Guinness . . . ah, how good it tastes when you're hot and tired . . . sitting in the shade of a blue-gum tree."

"My Goodness, it comes back to *me*," said the Keeper, as he deftly took the glass of Guinness that the Kangaroo had just poured out.

G.E.1455

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CVI No. 2759 DECEMBER 2, 1949

Bassano

MISS DINAH NUGENT

Miss Nugent is the daughter of Sir Guy Nugent, Bart., and Lady Nugent, of Pen, Weston, Bath

COUNTRY LIFE

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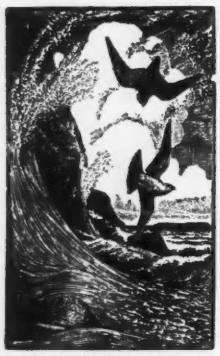


SECOND THOUGHTS

WE know now that the revised aim of the Overseas Food Corporation is to clear and crop 600,000 acres in Tanganyika by 1954, and that the required capital investment is calculated to be £45-£50 millions. Mr. Strachey has said frankly that it will be impossible to get a commercially attractive return on that amount of capital. It therefore becomes all the more important to ensure that a proper assessment is made of the scientific facts that have now been gathered and the practical experience gained in reclaiming untried land. Up to a point it is satisfactory to know that these new calculations up to the harvest of 1954 were worked out by the management on the spot. Professor Phillips and Mr. Raby, who are now in charge in Tanganyika, have a sound reputation, and if from now onwards their advice is accepted by the Corporation and by the Minister we can feel happier about the prospect of turning present disappointments into enduring achievements.

Natural factors must mainly decide where further clearing of the bush should be done and which crops can most economically be grown. Thorough soil tests must clearly be the first preliminary in the two areas round Urambo in the West and Noli in the South, where further developments are planned. Costly works on the construction of a railway and oil pipe-line to Noli and the erection of saw-mills have already taken £625,000, but no one can say yet if soil and water tests will indicate that a big area round Noli will grow useful crops or that there is sufficient water there to sustain human beings and cattle.

If a thorough survey of natural conditions, including the rainfall, had been made at Kongwa this would not have been selected as the first centre for development. Rainfall figures especially can be deceptive. It is the variability of rainfall that matters, not the average. The Kongwa figures so far established give the rainfall figure in 1948 as 17 ins., in 1947 50 ins., and in 1946 22 ins. The 1949 figure will be lower still, and, as we know by the almost complete failure of the ground-nut and sunflower crop, the rainfall was negligible in the growing season.

Small-scale experiments have been made to find out how other crops besides ground-nuts and sunflowers will grow in these uncertain conditions, and some information has been gained about sorghum, soya bean, maize, safflower, castor oil, linseed, and various legumes. The first results do not give much guidance about possible alternative crops, chiefly, it seems, because the planting was done too late, and it is disquieting to see from the scientific appendix to the Corporation's annual report that the crop rotation experiment started at Kongwa is not being continued. Instead, it is proposed to "concentrate first on establishing the correct cultural conditions in the various areas for a range of possible crops by intensive experimentation." The meaning of these words is not clear. But it is plain common sense in agricultural development, just as in manufacturing, to try new processes first on a limited scale. Experimental plots in the new areas yet to be developed may save millions of pounds and years of human effort.

PLANNING ACT AMENDMENT

IN the course of a recent review of the administration of the Town and Country Planning Act the House of Lords concentrated its fire upon the cumbersome machinery which, it was said, caused injustice in its compensation provision and took away inducement to develop land. The Central Land Board was indicted as a complete central monopoly, charging 100 per cent. on all development values, completely unfettered in its decisions and liable to no appeal. It was suggested that an independent committee should be appointed to enquire into the working of the Act and that, pending the findings of the committee, those parts of it which referred to developed and undeveloped land should be deleted. The case of Lord Halifax's coach-house was adduced, though Lord Halifax himself seemed to attribute the present impasse not so much to the intention of the Act or the unfettered discretion of the Land Board as to the lack of technical personnel, the pressure of work on district valuers and the very insecure principles they were called upon to apply. There is certainly much support for this view among all the professions which deal in land and real estate. On the other hand, Lord Gage, who is Chairman of the East Sussex Planning Committee, put the view of most planning authorities when he appealed for continuity of policy and an early agreement as to the modifications which ought to be introduced into planning practices under the Act.

THE BURNING TREE

A TREE is burning in the wood:
Look through the window—see
Where at the spinney's edge, between holly and thorn
Glimmers a burning tree.

Should we sound the alarm, lest the fire take hold,
Run through the leafless boughs,
Leap to the laurels fringing the frosty lawn,
Threaten terrace and house?

No—'tis a phantom fire: the Christmas tree
Reflected in the pane;
Candles to light the way through the wintry wood
To the House of Bread again.

FREDA C. BOND.

LOCAL COLOUR

ARE the local authorities acting beyond their powers in seeking to enforce the miscellaneous provisions of the Town and Country Planning Act without waiting, in every case, for "directives" from the Ministry? This appears to be the Ministry's opinion: and, if so, it seems to raise constitutional questions. Battle Rural District Council, dismayed by the effort of local cinema owners in embellishing "lovely rustic brickwork with a hideous shade of pink," have stood upon their rights under the Act, have insisted that the colour must be changed, and have published the relevant clauses of the Act for all the inhabitants of Battle to read. Now they are told, apparently, that they are anticipating the Minister's decisions, that no "directives" have been issued to local authorities, and that the only control they are at present allowed depends upon whether the obnoxious painting can be considered a form of development under the Act. If so, they are within their rights. If not, well, they might justifiably intervene, it appears, if the owner of a white house decided to paint it scarlet. Until the "directive" arrives, it seems, they have no power to use their own discretion or apply their considered judgment to local colour values. Obviously there is need for some enlightenment here. Already Mr. Bevan is calling for a more brightly-painted Britain, and many planning authorities have been providing themselves with local panels of architects and others to advise upon such matters.

A MODEL FOR ST. PAUL'S

THE damage during the war to the apse of St. Paul's Cathedral is, as has already been announced, to be made the opportunity for rearranging the altar and east end and for incorporating a memorial chapel to the American Forces. The superb model made by Mr. John B. Thorpe, for the Dean and Chapter, of the design proposed by Mr. Dykes Bower and Mr. Godfrey Allen, the Surveyor to the Fabric (to be seen in the north-west gallery of the Cathedral) enables the scheme to be judged exactly as it will appear when completed, and very fine it is. Besides replacing Garner's reredos, which shortened the chancel and blocked the apse, by a baldachino such as Wren is known to have intended, the scheme involves a return towards the original levels, paving, and wall-treatment of the sanctuary, and appropriately places the altar of the American chapel on the site of Wren's temporary altar against the east end. Though the high altar is to be brought slightly forward, the general effect is of an impressive accession of length to the chancel. The baldachino itself consists of a dome, pierced by roundels and lit from within, with four segmental pediments (following a sketch by Wren), supported on Baroque columns. Two urns are incorporated which were made by Wren's colleague, Matthew Banks, for Eton Chapel, and the whole design is related closely to existing work of Wren's. The model suggests that it will look highly effective, and that the chancel will gain greatly in beauty. We shall illustrate and discuss the model shortly.

LONDON'S ANIMALS

IT will probably come as a surprise to most people to learn that no fewer than thirty-two mammals are to be found wild within twenty miles' radius of the City of London. The latest number of the *London Naturalist* gives some striking facts about their status and distribution. The fox, for instance, is "still all too common in the rural and even in the outer suburban areas," and early in 1947 one was shot, after killing a goose, in Greenwich Park. Badgers are much more abundant than is generally supposed, especially on the North Downs, and otters are frequently seen on the Thames between Hampton Court and Hammersmith. That undesirable alien, the grey squirrel, is holding its own, but there is evidence that the red squirrel is re-establishing itself in some areas. As many as ten species of bat have been recorded, some in places that entitle them to more than a passing reference. A greater horseshoe bat, for instance, was once seen hawking moths round the lamps in Berkeley Square, and two of the lesser variety were found in the porch of H. G. Wells's house overlooking Regent's Park.

THE HORSE TRIUMPHANT

THERE is greatness in a losing battle, fought out to the last brave inch, and, though its end may be certain, there are yet splendid victories to be gained on the way to inevitable defeat. Such was that of the horse in the annual matches of the Cheshire Ploughing Societies. This noble if antiquated animal beat all the embattled tractors of Cheshire and thus constituted Arthur Leech, of Lower Peover, the champion ploughman. This was not merely a great victory; it was a great recovery, for last year the tractor had beaten the horse-plough, and once that had happened it seemed too much to hope for a come-back at this time of day. Such a victory must very soon become one of those things that never can happen again; nothing can stop the march of progress; there is too much to be done and the swift machine must beat the leisurely artist. Meanwhile we may chuckle even a little maliciously at the overthrow of all that is modern and mechanical and scientific by the prehistoric.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

AN American reader of COUNTRY LIFE has written to me suggesting that I should raise in these Notes the question of the six months' quarantine for dogs which, she states, prevents many American tourists from coming to this country. My correspondent is at present staying in France, and would like to pay a visit to England, where she spent many happy years during the time when her husband was a member of the staff of the American Embassy before the war, but she cannot bring herself to the point of sentencing her small dog companion to the six months' solitary confinement in a kennel that this would entail. I must say that I am in entire agreement with her, and personally could not bear the thought of subjecting a house dog, who is in constant close companionship with its master or mistress, to this long period of heartbreak, which represents a large slice out of a dog's short life.

* * *

MY correspondent, arguing that veterinary science has advanced considerably since the quarantine regulations came into force about fifty years ago, suggests that there might be some arrangement by which licensed veterinary surgeons abroad could inoculate a dog against rabies, and examine it every week afterwards, and that at the end of the prescribed six months, the necessary documents being produced, the dog could be permitted to enter this country without the stay in quarantine kennels. Whether those in authority would consider this arrangement as satisfactory or not is a moot point.

Possibly one of the objections would be that, though in many foreign countries the veterinary surgeons could be trusted to carry out this programme satisfactorily, there are quite a number where they could not. In justification of our very harsh canine quarantine regulations there is the fact that it has effectively stamped out rabies in this country, which in the past was a constant menace. The only occasions when there have been cases of hydrophobia in Great Britain since the edict came into force was during the two world wars when, owing to the impossibility of enforcing the regulation on every mile of our coast-line, Servicemen managed to smuggle their pets into the country, and thereby evaded the quarantine.

* * *

SOME fifty years ago a mad dog scare was a comparatively common occurrence, and I have a very clear recollection of being hurried away by my nurse when I wished to join a small crowd that had cornered a mad dog in a field. This unhappy animal, which was in the last stages of the disease, was snapping furiously at the empty air, and I recall that shortly afterwards there were several other cases of hydrophobia in the district. I also remember when Sir Walter Long, as Minister of Agriculture, in an endeavour to check the spread of rabies, passed the very unpopular Act which compelled every dog in the land to be muzzled, and can still envisage our rough-haired terrier of those days removing the uncomfortable obstruction with a neat one-two movement of his front paws whenever he wished to engage in an argument with a dog of whose appearance he disapproved.

* * *

AN amusing little poem that appeared in *Punch* in the summer described the fishing fleet that sets out from Paddington in perambulators daily bound for the Round Pond fishing grounds, to return towards evening in straggling line ahead with a record tiddler catch and a crew that cries for bed. It occurs to me in this connection that, although I have spent much of my spare time with a fishing rod in my hands, I do not know very much about tiddlers. In fact, I am not certain whether a tiddler is another name for a minnow, or whether it is a term that covers the small fry of all fishes. The reason for my ignorance about this important, if juvenile, side of the piscatorial art is that I was very fortunate in my habitat in my youth, for, having spent my early boyhood in a house surrounded by a moat packed with small roach, dace and perch that would take anything offered to them, I had no need to concern myself with tiddlers. Indeed, my attitude towards tiddler-fishers in those days was much the same as that which the owner of a Scottish river holding salmon that average 20 lb. adopts towards the man who fishes a moorland brook stocked with 8-in. fingerlings.

The result of this is that I am ignorant about the correct way to catch tiddlers, and am uncertain whether in tiddler-fishing circles those who use a rod and line look superciliously at those who wield a net, in much the same way as the dry-fly purist regards the worm fisher. I should think that this is very probable, since, despite the efforts that have been made recently to eliminate all class distinctions, the small boys who hail from Council houses cannot be seen with those who live in pre-fabs, and if one plays rugger one hardly knows what soccer is. Another point about tiddler-fishing is that I believe a bent pin is not absolutely essential, and that a really skilled angler with a highly developed sense of touch can yank them out of the water by using a small portion of bait merely tied to a length of thread, after the fashion adopted by Norfolk Broad fishermen when bobbing for eels with a bunch of lobworms threaded on worsted.

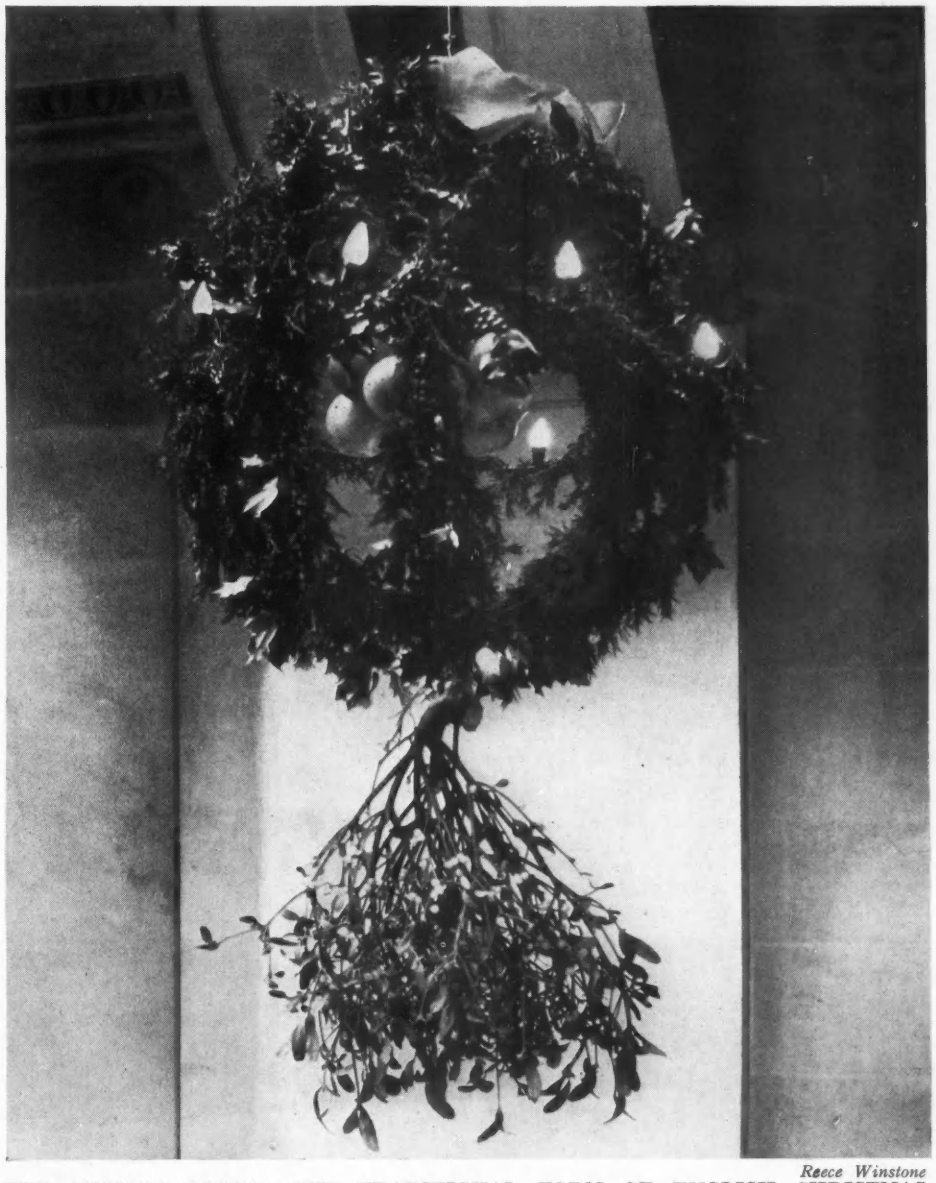
* * *

I DO not know what the tiddler-fishing conditions were like on the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens this year, but in these parts I gather they were most unsatisfactory. When returning from a hopeless day on our shrunken local chalk-stream towards the end of the trout season I met a friend, who had just come back from Scotland where he had been for three weeks, and he told me that he had not troubled to take his rods out of their cases. "Not a drop of water anywhere" was his complaint, and when shortly afterwards I met another, but more youthful, angling friend of mine at the ford over a small stream that flows down from the New Forest, he showed me his empty jam-pot.

"I ain't caught a tiddler all day," he said sadly. "The stream's got no water in it, and it ain't no use wasting time fishing for tiddlers this year."

May we suggest a simple solution of the Christmas Present problem? Why not send your overseas friends subscriptions to COUNTRY LIFE? They will enjoy this contact with the Old Country, and appreciate the weekly reminder of your good wishes. A special Greetings Card will be sent with the first copy, in your name.

The cost including postage, is £5 12s. 8d. (Canada, £5 10s. 6d.). Write to the Subscription Manager, COUNTRY LIFE, Dept. G.2, Tower House, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, enclosing the names and addresses of your friends and remittance, and we will do the rest.



Reece Winstone

THE KISSING BOUGH, THE TRADITIONAL FORM OF ENGLISH CHRISTMAS DECORATION

FOUR CHRISTMASES

By FRANK SWINNERTON

GLANCING back over the years, I am surprised to find how many Christmas Days I have forgotten. Why do the others stand out so clearly? I think it may be because, for all their unlikeness, they have in common something which, for me, is rare and precious—the fact of living in the minute, of being temporarily, as a child is, free from every invasion of responsibility or anxiety. I write no books on Christmas Day; and on these remembered days I have touched something like pure tranquillity.

But how different they appear from one another! For example, there is one—the only Christmas of childhood that I recall—when at the age of six I awoke to find at the bedside half a dozen figs, a few almonds, an orange, a small inkstand, a pencil, and a copy (in blue cloth, stamped with silver lilies of the valley) of *Little Women*. I can still smell the fruit; I still possess *Little Women*; and I had the inkstand until a few years ago.

What else do I remember of that charmed and charming day? It was spent in a tall old Victorian house, already darkened with London smoke, but respectable and with respectable neighbours. Opposite to it stood the walls of a prison. The house was in Farringdon Road, Clerkenwell, and Rosebery Avenue, which cuts across from the old Holborn Town Hall to Sadler's Wells Theatre, did not then exist. It was on the fringe of a neighbourhood so dangerous that my pugnacious grandfather, when he went rambling about the streets late at night, wore knuckle-dusters.

There is now no prison in Farringdon Road. It has given way to a building of more agreeable Christmassy associations—Mount Pleasant Parcels-Post Office. And we were hardly conscious of the grim prison wall, because the house facing it, where we lodged with our grandfather, was so much superior to all our other lodgings and dwellings that my brother and I found it Paradise. When I was for a time torn from it, I cried to be taken back to "lovely Farringdon Road" (which one could hardly do now); and as I gather recollections I find that it contained not only ourselves—three generations of us—but quite a galaxy of human beings ready to furnish rough material to Charles Dickens. Some of these were "helps" (one such was Betsy, who astounded us by clapping to her lips a bottle newly arrived from the grocer, taking a great swig, and panting "I do *love* winnedar!"); others were nomadic dwellers in the basement, always changing, of various nationalities, and all eccentric.

You would hardly believe, if you saw the house now, that it was ever a little boys' paradise. It is almost completely bleak, one of a row of discouraged dwellings which stand close to the dingy scene of Arnold Bennett's *Riceyman Steps* and which by miracle escaped destruction in the blitz. I cannot credit that, indoors, any of the old warmth and mahogany comfort continues. Indeed, it must have passed while I was still a child. But at the Christmastide I recall there was a green, flowered carpet in the drawing-room, much fine mahogany furniture, and a glass-fronted bookcase holding bound volumes of *The Leisure Hour* and complete sets of Dickens and the Waverley Novels. On the floor above, my father and grandfather worked at their benches, engraving certificates and other forgotten records. On a floor still higher I found my presents.

When I had well savoured these, and when we had breakfasted, my brother and I set off through the cold streets, by way of Smithfield, to walk to the tiny City church of St. Mary Aldermary where we sang in the choir. I, though the youngest chorister, had a mighty voice, and on this occasion, with the surplice of a larger person pinned about me to prevent tripping, actually *led* the procession from the vestry, down the aisle, and into the choir stalls. I was proud, but, with a wound, conscious of amused smiles among the congregation; so that I reached obscurity with relief. Of the service I recollect nothing. I never did recollect anything, except the music, which I loved. It was of this church, later, that Sir Henry Wood was for a time organist.

For our Christmas dinner the family gathered round a mahogany table in the back room of the house in Farringdon Road. There were six of us—my brother and I, our small mother and larger father, not yet in their forties, an aunt who was under thirty, and the head of the house, my grandfather—of the knuckle-dusters—very Scottish, long-nosed, narrow-headed, with noticeably dark eyes, his plentiful hair grey, his eyebrows black, his small beard greying. He was deaf, irritable, and affectionate. He sang old ballads in a beautiful tenor voice; but, although once a cathedral chorister, he no longer went to church with us. At table he crumbled his bread with long fingers, of which the nails had turned rather yellow. As I recall that day, I realise that just as it was for us boys a notably carefree Christmas, so it may have been, for him, as for the rest of us, the last of its kind.

The second Christmas I remember was very different from this, and belongs to adult years. It was spent in the United States, where, before the festival, one saw the most lavish public

"THE DINGY SCENE OF ARNOLD BENNETT'S *RICEYMAN STEPS*"

expressions of delight in it. Great illuminated conifers decorated even the streets; certainly the store windows contained many of them. There were tinsel, fairy lights, and multi-coloured ribbons; greetings and good wishes confronted one at every turn. All, to my eye, was vivacity, as if I were visiting a country of children. That is the way I still think of America, as a land of children. And Christmas, being the feast of children, means a very great deal to Americans. They are at their most characteristic, and thus most attractive, in welcoming it.

That Christmas I was invited to a far suburb of New York, across the Hudson River, to the country home of a generous and lovable millionaire. The house, in my recollection, was built of wood, which indoors was highly polished and extraordinarily friendly; and about the house was what was not so much a garden as a trim, unhedged lawn, something as different from the surroundings of an English country home as can be imagined. The roads all about it were like roads through an immense, neat, orderly park in which, at intervals, large plain chalets had their dignified being. All represented opulent quietude. So, although total war had lately given Europe its first modern taste of universal destruction, did the Day itself.

I was a stranger in the house; yet even I, coming to breakfast on Christmas morning, was disconcerted, and delighted, to find about my plate an array of presents such as I had never seen. And if this was my fortune, what can be said of the fortune attending members of the family? I saw for the first time how profuse generosity can be. Whereas, in my own home, a single book had been wealth, here innumerable whole sets of books were represented at breakfast by specimen volumes only. The remainder, with even bulkier gifts, lay elsewhere. The most easily portable objects were precious stones. But (though I was horrified by such plenty) I really was impressed by the fact that the household typified the United States. There, it being more blessed to give than to receive, generosity is conceived on the same tremendous scale as the bounties of Nature.

Otherwise the day was nearly as simple as it would have been in an English middle-class home, with one exception. We neither stayed indoors nor went to church in the morning. We strolled in the clear air to another house, where a large egg-nog party was being held. Have you tasted egg-nog? It is made, for a party of forty, of 1 quart of whisky, 1 pint of Jamaica rum, ½ pint of Cognac, 1½ dozen egg yolks, 2 pounds of sugar, and 1 gallon of ice cream, frozen without flavour. Need I say that even in those Prohibition days the party was merry, cordial, and altogether delightful? In fact, it was just the assembly for Christmas Day.

At night we had another party, with charades. Other members of the family joined us; I, the stranger, was no more a stranger. The day ended as Christmas Day should end, in tranquillity and kindness. It was Christmas in a country to which all nations have brought their own ways of celebrating the greatest festival of the year, to the enrichment of the mind, the body, the shopkeeper, and, I believe, the spirit of love.

Two more Christmases, and I am at the end of my memories. One of them was in Yorkshire, a fair open day with sunshine, a strong wind, and serene clouds. I walked—not alone—by the River Wharfe and saw water gushing through that exciting and beautiful scene known as Ghaistrills, above Grassington. The woods behind and along the river at this point were glorious; the contours of that wonderful countryside spread, as always, enchantment over my mind; War seemed far away. And there, speaking of peace and the goodwill of all our neighbours, were the lovely river, the stone walls, the stone cottages, and the spreading green and grey of the fells. I love this district. In thinking of Christmas there, I recall no specific domestic events; only the atmosphere of beauty, and that visible landscape in which one may see mountains, moorland, soft hills as green as the South Downs, and a stream as varied as any known to me. There may be lovelier spots. They lie, in all probability, in other parts of Yorkshire.

Bertram Unne

"THAT EXCITING AND BEAUTIFUL SCENE KNOWN AS GHAISTRILLS, ABOVE GRASSINGTON, WHARFEDALE"

As far as surroundings are concerned, then, I find this one of three Christmases in Grassington perfection, unless. . . . Unless, perhaps, it is challenged by that snowy Christmas of two or three years ago in the South of England, when postmen could not ride up the hills about our Surrey village to deliver their loads, but had to trudge, and did most willingly trudge, afoot; when I grew fiery in clearing a space outside our windows, watched attentively by the birds awaiting their Christmas breakfast; when an intenser silence made our countryside seem almost to echo with it as we listened in vain for the infernal din of car and aeroplane.

The common was white; the trees were loaded with snow; the hills might have been the lower slopes of the Alps. Above us was the divine blue of a winter sky.

I shall never forget this wonderful day. It began as did that first one in lovely Farringdon Road, long before dawn; and, as if we were all children, our small family sat up in bed opening presents, every one of which seemed to have been more felicitously chosen than its predecessor; it ended, still as that other one had done, long after dark, when, weary of idleness and benevolence, we fell comfortably asleep.

There had been no figs, no orange, no pencil, no *Little Women* for me; but one blessing which I hope you have observed in all my remembered Christmas Days. It is, even beyond the blessing of goodwill, the incomparable blessing of peace. I wish that peace may be with us all again this coming Christmas.

CHRISTMAS 1949

"So hallow'd and so gracious is the time"

NOW is the good, the gracious, hallow'd time
When man, his sad heart sinking
From long distracted thinking,
Can from his pit of wintry sorrow climb,
And lifting up his head
See, though the leaves be dead,
That every twig a bud of promise bears
To turn to April all his bleakest fears.

Now will he find once more,
At lowly stable door,
The healthy reek of straw and oxen's breath
(That incense which our Lord
Chose when He kept His Word
To chase away for ever dreary death)
And see on woods and hills
How old December spills
Its brimming morning bowl of wholesome light.

Then gallant cock, crow loud to split the night!

EILUNED LEWIS.

THY TABLETS, MEMORY

By A. A. MILNE

IT is now forty-five years ago that, in answer to an advertisement, I offered myself as Assistant Editor to COUNTRY LIFE, a weekly paper of which I had little knowledge, but which I assumed to be devoted to life in the country. By the same post, and in answer to another advertisement, I recommended myself as Assistant Editor to *The Hibbert Journal*, a monthly of which I had no knowledge, save that it described itself on the cover as a Theosophical and Philosophical Review. Presumably the assistant-editorships of *Bicycling News* (bicycles) and *Cage Birds* (cage birds) did not fall vacant on that day; otherwise I should have applied for them also. I was determined to assist somebody.

A little to my surprise, and greatly to my disappointment, the Editor of *The Hibbert Journal* was unmoved by my keen interest in yoga, and the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE untouched by my deep concern in subsoils. They said so, in an absent-minded sort of way, at about the same time. It may be, of course, that I had put my applications in the wrong envelopes, in which case they were right to feel that I could be of no real service to them; but for some years afterwards I felt, as I hope they did too, that they had both missed a great opportunity. Had they both seized it, I should not have hesitated. From the beginning I had decided to choose COUNTRY LIFE. It is this early decision which has given me the impression of a long and close association with the paper; so that when one morning recently I received a letter from the Editor inviting me (at last) to contribute to his Christmas Number, I almost felt that it was I who ought to be inviting him to contribute to mine.

We were London children, whose only sustained experience of country life was in the summer holidays. But in the days of our childhood a penny bus to the Crown, Cricklewood, would take us into the fields; and when the eldest of us was recovering from scarlet fever, it was to a farm at Hendon that he was sent. We, his younger brothers, visited him there, met real cows on terms of mutual goodwill, played in the hay, and wished that we could get scarlet fever too. This Hendon farm remains in my memory as the most complete realisation of all that the books had said about the country. It seemed in some way more remote from London than anything we experienced in our August migrations.

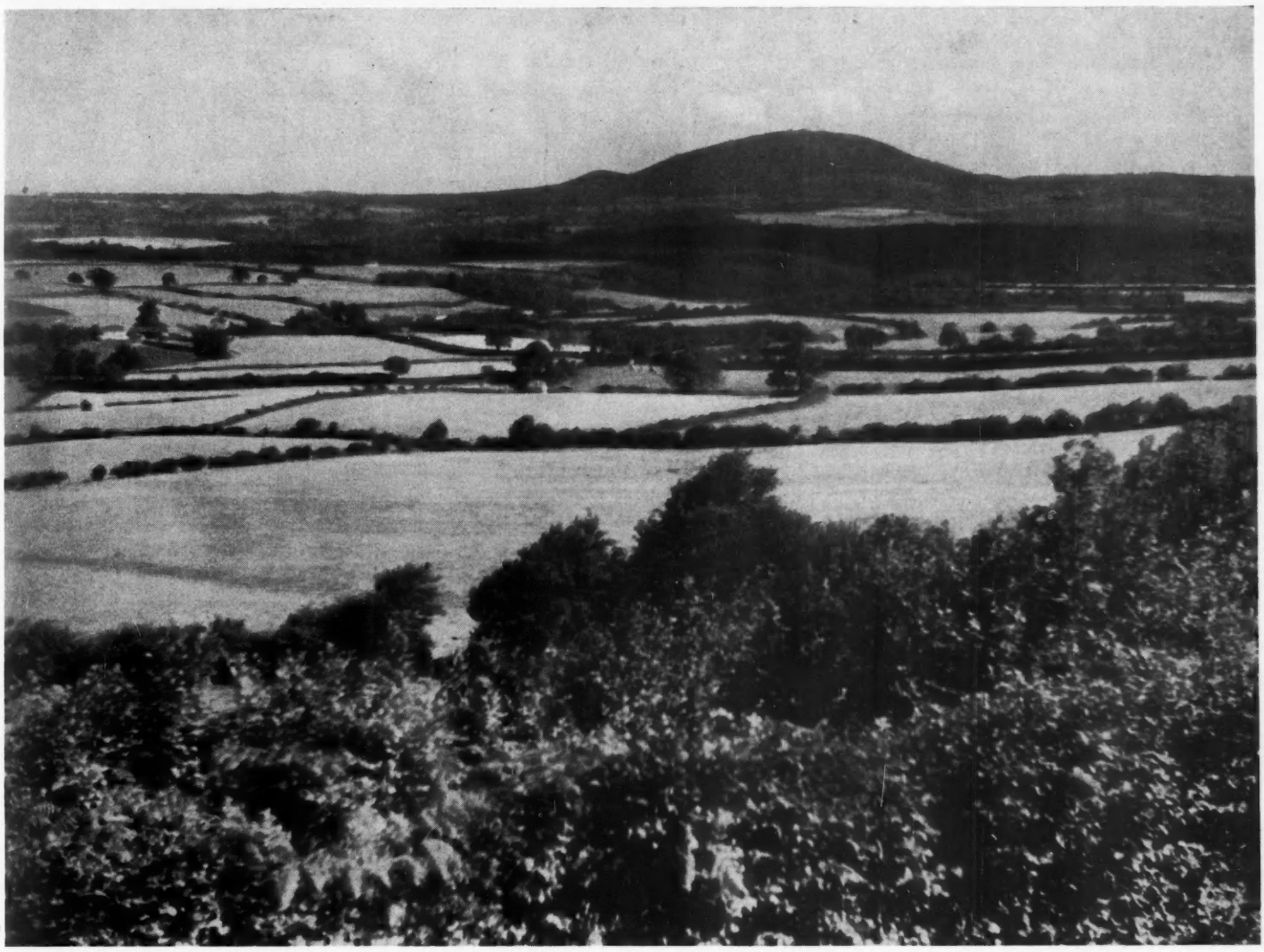
These migrations were usually to the home counties, but the first of them, when I was an unconsulted two, was to Shropshire. There is a legend, in which my faith has grown with each succeeding year, that while there I took part in a family ascent of the Wrekin, from whose crest the dawning of a new day could (it was supposed) most conveniently be heralded. Even now I can form an authentic picture of my share in the expedition; it is as much a part of my memory, which means of myself, as the hat I bought yesterday. There I am, trotting along—a little behind the others, of course, but definitely not being carried; just taking the hand of one of the laggards—and there, stretching in front of us, is the long, gentle slope to the summit. I do not claim to remember the actual dawn—that "august sunrise," as Tennyson called it, forgoing the capital letter—though no doubt it was there as usual; and it is this reticence which makes me feel that my memory, as far as it goes, can be trusted. Naturally I have taken up rather a condescending attitude to the Wrekin ever since, regarding it as a slight distension of Nature in the Primrose Hill class: something which one strolls up after ringing the bell for breakfast, in order to see what the weather is going to be like. Having now consulted an encyclopaedia, I discover that it is in fact "an isolated sugar-loaf hill of 1335 feet." This shakes me a little. Could I at the tender age of two have walked up an isolated sugar-loaf of 1335 feet in time to see the sun rise? Perhaps the encyclopaedia is wrong. Perhaps it is only 1334 feet.

Not only were we as a family always ready on the tops of mountains to welcome the sun, to the moon also we gave our patronage. I have an unshakable London memory of being whisked out of sleep at some hour of which I had never heard, wrapped in an eiderdown, and carried by my father to the landing window (bordered by coloured glass) to attend a total eclipse of the moon. This was one of those failures in community of idea which are so frequent between parent and child. A rigidity in my bed-time arrangements had given me as yet little acquaintance with the moon; for when I had been up late enough to encounter it, as often as not, and for reasons never properly explained to me, it was somewhere else. Indeed, this may have been the first occasion on which we were to come face to face; possibly I went to bed that night singing happily to myself "I'm going to see the moon! I'm going to see the moon!"; so that now not to see it, and to be told that that was the whole point, was to strain too far a child's faith in the wonders of the Universe.

I do not blame my father for this. Any of us whose astronomical creed has been built up on repeated assertions of the invisibility of anything at Greenwich must feel an expectant thrill when he reads at last that something is going to be visible in St. John's Wood; must resolve, misprint or no misprint, to share that expectation with the family. For who could say when it would happen again, or how long any of us would

Hendon Borough Council

"IN THE DAYS OF OUR CHILDHOOD A PENNY BUS TO THE CROWN, CRICKLEWOOD, WOULD TAKE US INTO THE FIELDS"



"THERE IS A LEGEND THAT, WHEN I WAS AN UNCONSULTED TWO, I TOOK PART IN A FAMILY ASCENT OF THE WREKIN"

live? Here was an experience for his children which they would never forgot . . . and, as you see, I have never forgotten it.

But to revisit the glimpses of the moon in this way (and it was only a glimpse) is not to renounce my claim to that assistant-editorship of COUNTRY LIFE which was denied me forty-five years ago. There is no doubt that I should have been more at home there than in the office of *The Astronomical News*. For when I was twelve we moved to a house in the country. True, it was on the coast, and a paper called *Seaside Life* might have suited me better. But we grew flowers and fruit, birds and bees, a pony and a peacock; and there were ducks in the duckpond. Absurd to suggest that I was not acquainted with country life.

Our August migrations had given us a taste for butterflies, for it is their holiday-time too. We had been lucky enough to be on the Sussex coast when a wave of clouded yellows came over from France, surprised, no doubt, to find us there. I have told elsewhere how, on this same holiday, we met a swallow-tail on the cliffs. Wrekin or no Wrekin, this is fact; indeed, it should now be history. Had my association with COUNTRY LIFE begun earlier, I should have written to the Editor, demanding, in that slightly truculent voice which correspondents assume, how many of his readers had seen a swallow-tail so far south. Perhaps it is not too late to ask them, modestly, now.

Butterflies, then, were old game, but now, for the first time, we were in the country in spring, and could look for birds' eggs. In the course of half a dozen Easter holidays we got together almost everything which goes to make a complete collection of British birds' eggs, if you do not include the eggs. The pride of the collection was the pink cotton-wool. I do not know if ornithologists in general make a feature of pink cotton-wool—(another letter to the Editor is indicated)—but there is much to be said for it. One felt that if any thrush or blackbird had seen her offspring, though but a shell of its former self, at rest in its little pink bed, she would have understood and forgiven. For we did have qualms; even though we had been assured, on the authority of somebody who (one must suppose) had once been a bird, that "birds cannot count"—and, on equal authority, that "insects do not feel pain."

Civilisation, as it is called, rings the changes from lustre to lustre, but one expects Nature to be more constant. Yet, Nature, it seems to me, is not quite what she was when I was young. The better sort of caterpillar, for instance, appears to lead a less adventurous life. It stays quietly at home, instead of roaming about as it used to, looking for company. Except for the small green sort which one pinches in a rose-leaf or removes from the hair beneath a tree, and the larger, more crudely coloured sort which swarms on rag-wort and mullein, the caterpillar now plays no part in my life. In the old days one was always being approached by something good. Birds, too, are not what they were. I live in the country, thirty miles from the sea, and birds of many kinds call upon us, from kingfishers to white owls. We even had a cormorant once, and I wrote to *The Times* about it, as who would not? But something has happened to the simple companions of my youth. In the strip of wood which bounded our old home blackbirds and thrushes nested in every bush. To-day, in spite of a superfluity of blackbirds and thrushes and a housing estate for them many times more spacious, fewer and fewer private dwellings are going up. Are maternity homes now the fashion for them? Or did the war-time invasion of so many London children force them to brush up their ideas on camouflage?

As Assistant Editor of COUNTRY LIFE (a post, it is now clear, which should have been mine) I should have had many such questions to answer. But chiefly I had seen myself working through the correspondence for letters which illustrated some unusual country sight: a quaintly-worded milestone, an unlikely foster-mother, a centenarian ploughing. So now I am searching my own memories for material for a letter which I should have liked to receive. The letter would have enclosed a photograph of a stoat standing upright on its back legs at the edge of our little stream, its chin in its paw, wondering how it had got the thing wrong, and whether it was one of those months without an "r" in it—or what? It had dived enthusiastically into a hole in the bank in search of a water-rat, and had popped out, before it was quite ready, at the water end. Its enthusiasm slightly damped, it had scrambled to land, shaken itself, and gone into the next hole. Once more a startled face had shot into the stream; once more a damp but still business-like back was climbing out. At the third hole, surely, somebody would be at home. Nobody was. There was a third splash. And now it stood, fingering its chin, and thinking back to the day when its mother had first told it about water-rats. Something had slipped up. But where?

"Dear Sir," I should have written. "I am sending you a photograph which was taken in the following circumstances . . ." "My very dear Sir," I should have replied, with the courtesy, the interest in yoga and the concern in subsoils which had put me where I was; "I am much diverted by the incident which you narrate so graphically, but unfortunately you have forgotten the photograph."

Unfortunately it was never taken. I was lying in a deck-chair, meditating my past life, and I did not dare to move.

THE OLD CLOCKMAKER

By RICHARD CHURCH

OWING to the general attitude of mild hostility which our country folk entertain toward all strangers, I had not given much heed to the casual talk about the "old Swiss clockmaker." I have lived in our hamlet for ten years, and by now most of its male members have given a hand at some time or other in our garden, and its females have worked in the kitchen, for there is no regular domestic or garden labour here. Everything turns upon the needs of the farmers, who want the women as well as the men for fruit picking, hop "twiddling" and picking, and "stringing" in the hop gardens in spring. So servants come and go, seasonally, and we find our régime is run in a sort of relay system. We are never quite sure who will turn up each morning, for the hamlet arranges the time-table, fitting in our requirements as a secondary source of wage-earning—and strictly secondary. But in this way we have got to know everybody intimately, and they to know us and our momentary doings.

This ten-year intimacy has been punctuated with the usual village drama; deaths, marriages, births, and minor scandals. But in the background there has always been this one factor which has never advanced; the presence of the Swiss clockmaker, who, we have been told, lives in a cottage which he built forty years ago on a rising bit of ground now entirely hidden by a fir plantation. In that plantation he carries on a smallholding sort of life, even though he is now well over eighty. But we had never seen him, or heard anything definite about him. The references were always casual, as though the matter were of small importance since the old foreigner was not really one of the community. But it was patent that he was accepted, and generally liked in a mild sort of way, so far as our folk can like a stranger who has been living in their midst for only forty years.

I had not even seen the cottage, for the plantation stood between it and the hill-road. It was tucked away somewhere behind those dark trees, themselves a foreign element in our land of fruit and chestnut copses. The firs had a sombre, secretive look, as though they too had come from somewhere else. Thus the Swiss clockmaker remained almost legendary, the one element of mystery in a community absolutely English.

"WHAT TIMES THEY WERE, WITH SNOW IN THE FOREST . . ."

One day recently, however, a clock went wrong: an old American pendulum clock, with a picture of the green at Newhaven, Connecticutt, engraved on its glass door. Why not, I thought, go down and see the Swiss clockmaker about it? He was, after all, only a quarter of a mile away, and I could not doubt his existence, though I had never seen him, and had heard of him only in evasive and casual hints. Nobody knew anything about him, and, if questioned, people would slide off the subject kindly way.

So I walked down the hill one Saturday afternoon, found a broken gate fronting the fir-copse, and walked up the steep path beneath the trees. The cottage stood in a clearing at the top—though hardly a clearing, for I presumed that the trees had been planted round the building, originally on open ground. The cottage was L-shaped, and larger than I had expected. Beside it was a second building, long and single-storeyed, with a long workshop window. The way between them was covered in, and I could see through the arch to a yard at the back and a garden beyond, where a fountain and tall grotto stood, covered in weeds. The fountain was asleep, and a gigantic tabby cat was asleep beside it, on the edge of the grotto, which made a sort of miniature Teutonic Venusberg round the tiny pond.

There was neither bell nor knocker, so I rapped with my knuckles at the coloured window-pane of the door. It was blood-colour, and through it I could see a curiously tinted interior, as of furniture carved in liver, and visceral curtains. I could see a grandfather clock, sideways on, and it was dressed in the same sanguinary hue. A sound of solemn ticking came through the door. It came through the walls of the cottage, too, apparently from every part of the building. Fast and slow, eager and patient, tick-tocking away: the whole house was vibrant with the chorus, as though a host of crickets were chirping on the hearth and under the floors, but crickets of steel, and gut, and brass.

Nobody answered to my knock. I waited as one always waits when calling at a stranger's home. Then I knocked again, and the response startled me, for at least a hundred clocks suddenly chimed the quarter-hour; abrupt, regimented, in a single *alleluia*; then a ringing fall, then silence again, except for the ticking which appeared to have paused for a second, but now went on again. The multitude of voices was disconcerting; high and low, impudent and slow, silver and iron, string and spring, they all leapt out suddenly and were as quickly gone again.

I knocked for the third time, as much out of nervousness as of any real hope of a response from flesh and blood. But this time my rap was answered. I saw a small figure behind the blood-curtain of glass. The door opened a few inches, and an elderly lady peered out at me. Her look was mild, as though she did not really expect to see anything tangible, other perhaps than a robin (I was convinced it must be something with a tinge of red). Her surprise, when she saw a human, was registered by an instant change of expression. It gave her genial face a passing gleam of hostility; but that vanished as soon as it appeared, and she looked at me blandly, and waited. I explained my purpose. She nodded, dubiously. "He's very old," she said, and she spoke with a rich cockney accent. "My old cousin's eighty-seven, and he can't see much longer to do fine work. But I'll call him."

She disappeared, leaving the door open, and I could now see that the narrow hall was not drenched in blood. It was indeed most homely, with the grandfather clock, a heavily carved bench, a still more heavily carved occasional table beyond the bench, and further carved brackets stuck on the walls like swallows' nests, each bearing an elaborate piece of china-ware (Dresden, I presumed). Now that the door was open, the ticking of clocks had swelled to full tide. It surged from every room, like the traffic of horses' hoofs on city pavements in the '90s.

Then the Swiss clockmaker appeared. His cousin had been to fetch him from the workshop alongside the house. He was wiping his hands on his apron, and I could see his shrivelled and wrinkled face beaming with a smile that made his spectacles ride up and down on his nose. His eyes were bleared with age, but still shone with chips of blue. "*Gum in! Gum in!*" he cried, in a Hansel-and-Gretel voice, as wrinkled as his skin. His German accent was tremendous, as pungent as a piece of Stilton. A long life in England had served only to keep it moist. I will not try to present it phonetically, because the effort would only detract from the dignity of the

marvellous old figure whom I want to portray.

I followed him into the room on the right of the passage; and I gasped. It was a large room, but it was filled to capacity with clocks, artificial birds in cages, tables laid with rare pieces of china, paper-weights, old pipes of painted porcelain, ivory fans, and all the rest of the stuff that sentiment and jackdaw habits make us collect. Here was a German interior, from the days of Grimm, and old Sturm of the Confessions, and the Meistersinger. I almost looked round for Papa Haydn!

When I told the old man that it was not a watch but an old German-American clock that was in trouble, he cheered up even more. "Ach! Mein eyes are all right for that," he said. "I have some nice gut for the lines to the weights; hand-made gut which I have had for sixty years and never used! You bring the clock and I will put him right."

Already I had my doubts about the Swiss part of the legend. I could recognise something familiar in the build of the man, the structure of the bones in his face, the turn of phrase. I took the plunge.

"Are you from the Schwarzwald?" I asked abruptly. Perhaps too abruptly, for instantly his face closed and the old eyelids snapped down over those chips of blue. He opened his eyes to look cautiously, almost suspiciously, at me. I could see the history of his sojourn in our village written in that glance. Without waiting for him to reply, I asked, "Do you know the village of Waldkirch, up the little valley of the Elz, near Furtwangen, where the museum of clocks is kept?"

The effect of that question was startling. The old cousin, who had been hovering by the door, darted forward and seized me by the hand, tears in her eyes. The old man rose several inches, took off his cap and thrust it into his pocket. Rubbing his head, as though to stir his wits, he cried out in a voice that cracked into falsetto with excitement, "*Do* I know Waldkirch! Why, I *come* from Waldkirch! Now isn't that. . . ."

But wonder silenced him. He stared long and earnestly at me, and then shook the hand which his cousin had just relinquished. She meanwhile was making inarticulate noises of incredulity and delight. I had a feeling that she was pressing flagons of lager into my hands, enormous flagons with elaborate, weighted metal lids that shut themselves as soon as the drinker released a thumb from the trigger at the hinge.

The talk now flowed like the Rhine. We recalled people whom we knew in common, the doctor, the *Oberfurstrat*, the friends who formerly ran the mediæval stone-cutting mill (precious stones, cut by peasant women with the aid of water-power from the river), the baker who made such wonderful Christmas cakes of hazel-flour and icing. Christmas! It set the old man shaking his head sadly.

"Ach! I had hoped to go over again one Christmas, to spend it in the old way. But it is gone. That Germany is gone. The Prussians have destroyed it. I left Baden when I was seventeen, for I would *not* serve in the Prussian army, or any army. I went over into Switzerland and learned the watchmaking. Then I came to England, and I have not been back. No, never been back. And now *that* Germany is gone. It was so nice. It was peaceful, that Germany. We loved our life then, in the valleys of the Black Forest, with our costumes and our village bands. And our Christmas times. What times they were, with the snow in the forest, and the walking parties on Christmas morning, up the Kandel, or the Feldberg, and the sun red between the pine-trees, and the smell of the fires coming up from the villages."

The chips of blue in his moist old eyes seemed to grow pale, then to darken as the past gathered in them. He turned helpless to his old cousin, and she looked at him, saw his bereavement, and took his hand. But their sadness did not last.

The thrill of meeting somebody who lived so near, and who knew their native place in far-distant Baden, was greater than the burden of recollection and the dying nostalgia for a Grimm's fairyland scene of childhood. The old man cheered up, the chips of blue cleared, the smile once more creased the old face, and the spectacles bobbed up from his nose.

"You bring the old clock along," he said. "I've still got eyesight enough for that!"

They both followed me to the door, and again he repeated the injunction to bring the clock along, and the assurance that he could still see that much. I needed no such assurance, however, for I could see those old eyes looking back over three-quarters of a century, to the depths of the Black Forest, with his childhood wandering there fearlessly among the wolves of time and the hyenas of history.

WILD LIFE IN WINTER

Written and Illustrated by
FRANCES PITT

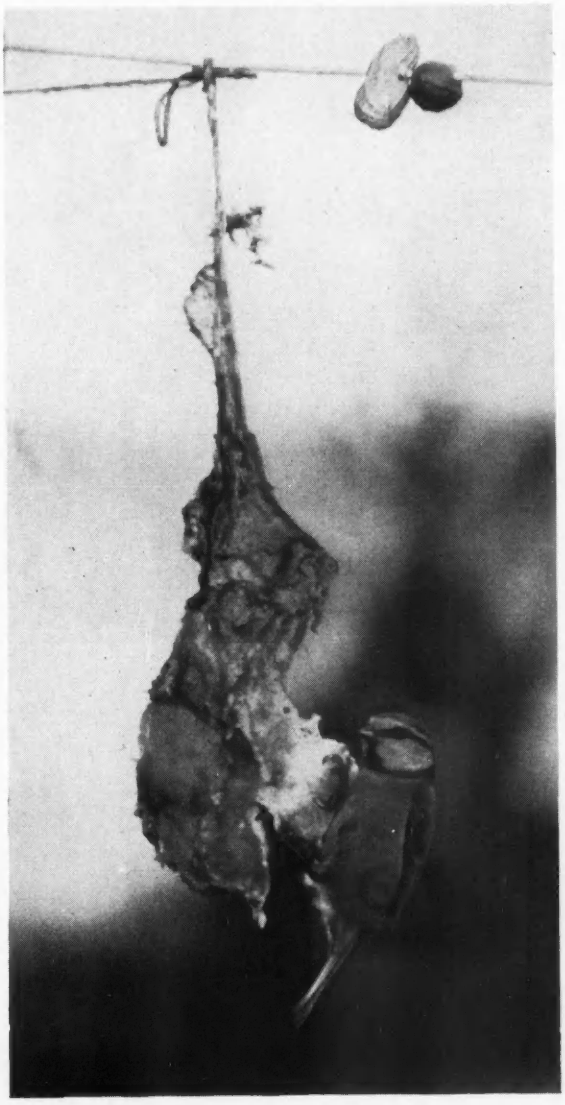
THERE was a time when bird-watching was practically synonymous with nest-watching and even the most ardent ornithologist found little to do once the breeding season was over. To-day the veriest tyro finds matters to interest him, even in the dullest and darkest days of winter, and that at his back-door.

The perky pugnacious robin, his orange-red breast aflame against winter's greyness, sings his indomitable song and affords us a remarkable study. Here is a bird friendly where the human race is concerned, but not with his own kind. I am using the masculine pronoun to include the hen, who is quite as quarrelsome as the cock—indeed, except at mating time every robin seems to hate all other robins and to be animated by a desire to keep his fellows at a distance. Only cold and starvation alter his views. In the great snow of February, 1947, which covered the Midlands with a pall some 18 inches deep and drifted terribly, I saw six robins lined up on a pigsty wall ready to fly down and help themselves from the pig's trough. This brought home to me more than anything else how the birds were suffering—it was, indeed, a truce of the snow.

In this snow, with the farmers complaining of damage done by foxes, we took out the hounds on foot. An unmounted huntsman is always an unhappy-looking object, and one of my vivid recollections of this unmounted campaign against the foxes was the dejected appearance of George, our huntsman, as he trudged slowly through the deep snow.

We took the pack into the big woods, where long acres of tall trees stood like frozen columns in the white world. It was very still among the trees; an ice crystal dropping from a branch made quite a disturbance and one could hear oneself breathe.

A robin came fluttering to my feet, very fluffy, with its feathers puffed out until it looked like a ball, and picked up a crumb that had fallen from my sandwiches. I held out my hand with a piece of bread between the fingers and the bird alighted on it and pecked at the crust.



"BLUE TITS LOVE A MEATY BONE"

And this was a robin of the wild woods, living far from human habitation and was unlikely to have had much to do with people—but hunger had made it finger-tame.

Fortunately for our birds, snow is an infrequent feature of British weather, our average winter being mild, open and green, when no bird has serious difficulty in finding sufficient food and all get along very happily.

There is an old saying, and a pretty one, that Providence always cares for the wild creatures, so if there is a hard winter ahead the autumn crop of fruits and berries will be a heavy one. The dormouse, the bank-vole, the long-tailed mouse and the yellow-necked mouse, the squirrels, red and grey, and many a bird undoubtedly appreciate a good harvest of nuts and fruits.

All but the first-named work hard gathering every nut they can to carry off and hide away. Whether they remember just where they have cached all their treasures I should not like to say. At one time, I should have ventured a definite negative, but since I have lived on intimate terms with sundry red squirrels, including my Madame Nuts, the albino, my respect for a squirrel's memory has increased. I see Nuts make a daily trip round the house visiting her hiding-places, and I have come to the conclusion that she knows exactly what treasures she has put away and just where she has put them.

I think the squirrels of the winter woods, both red and grey, have a very fair idea of their hidden resources, though, no doubt, they have disappointments, for example, when mice find their hoards and raid them.

In my opinion, the red squirrel is one of our most beautiful mammals of the winter trees and the grey squirrel is well termed a tree rat, yet I saw a grey squirrel under circumstances which made it, too, a thing of beauty. It was sitting on an ivy-clad post with behind it a guelder-rose bush heavily festooned with tassels of crimson berries, and a shaft of sunlight pouring down through the trees illuminated the animal like a spot-light. It

gleamed as if it was a frosted squirrel and every grey hair shone like silver.

Mention of the branches of guelder-rose fruits brings me back to the saying about a heavy crop of berries being a portent of a hard winter. Actually, it is correlated with the weather when the fruit was set, yet quite often the old saying comes true, though whatever the weather the birds rarely attack the haws, hollyberries and such fruits until after Christmas.

Not only are certain berries preferred to others and eaten earlier, but certain bushes are relieved of their loads earlier than others of the same kind. At my home we have sundry hollybushes that usually carry a grand show of scarlet berries and one bush that has yellow berries. The bushes with the scarlet fruit are usually cleared towards the end of January, but the golden bush remains untouched until quite late in the season and even then the hawfinches have to come and do the clearing of the berries.

I have a grievance against these handsome finches, with their great bills. Each year they come in February and March and loot the hollyberries. I see no more of them until the garden peas are ready to be picked. Then they appear again and steal the peas. If they would take me into the secret of where they nest and rear their young I should not mind, but they elude me with contemptuous ease. When I want to interview hawfinches at the nest I have to go away from home, as when I visited a Kentish garden to see two pairs nesting close to the house.

So far as the birds of garden and hedgerow are concerned, nothing brings them under one's daily notice better than a well-furnished bird-table. Great tits and blue tits throng to the feast, coal-tits are likely guests and marsh-tits possible ones. Ordinarily the long-tailed tit is above such things as bird-tables, but I have known it attracted by pieces of moist bread tied to a long thin stick. The rank and file of the tit army love a coconut—if you can get one.

The best I have been able to do for the birds is a meaty bone, not from the household beef supply, which is far too meagre, but from the foxhound kennels, where knackers' meat is used as feed and a bone can be begged. Blue and great tits love it, and I have seen even blackbirds, thrushes and robins having a peck at the joint.

With regard to pecking, I mentioned that nowadays there is no off-season for the serious ornithologist, and one of the things that concern him these winter days is what appears to be a recently developed habit in the blue tit, namely that of paper pecking. The milk-bottle raiding by blue tits and great tits is now well known. It has been the subject of investigation. Paper-pecking is a comparatively new matter. However, it, too, is down on the list of the British Trust for Ornithology for study and research.

Up to last winter, I had never known any tit take an interest in literary matters. I should have described all of them as completely uninterested in the written word, and in paper, blank or inscribed. However, last winter I had cause to revise my impressions. At my home we have a large herd of pedigree Hereford cattle. In the cowhouse hangs a board to which is fastened by means of drawing-pins several sheets of paper on which are recorded a list of the cows, the births of their calves and so on. One day this list was found tattered and torn. The next day the damage was worse. At first mice were suspected, next rats, but how they could climb a smooth wall and why they should want to rip sheets of paper to pieces remained a mystery.

I was passing the cowhouse when I saw a blue tit fly out, and next day we saw him at work. Apparently, the mischief was done for the joy of ripping and tearing. There was nothing worth having, either on the paper or behind it.

The next paper-pecking episode began this summer at our neighbour's, where the wild birds are fed and encouraged by every possible means, and where a number of tits, particularly of the great and the blue species, regularly attend at the bird-table.

One blue tit grew very tame and friendly, soon gaining sufficient confidence to fly in through the open window, where it became so much at home that it started work on the wallpaper. The lamp shade next received its attention, after which it visited the adjoining room. At the moment no room and no lamp shade, also no wallpaper, is safe from that sharp, strong, little beak. It really seems as if the bird is acting from sheer mischief. This theory is confirmed by the behaviour of the tits at another house. Encouraged to come not only to a bird-table before the window, but in through the open window, they have made themselves quite at home and had a great time tearing paper off the walls.

Are blue tits the sole culprits, or do great tits join in the sport? I have no evidence to incriminate the latter, but I certainly would not put it past them.

There is one comfort about the robin as a bird-table guest, as about sparrows, starlings, chaffinches, greenfinches, etc.; none of them, as yet, has started any naughty pranks. And in my opinion we are safe with them. I do not think any of them has either the brains or the impudence for such tricks.

ROOKS FLOCKING TO THE AUTHOR'S GARDEN IN SEARCH OF FOOD AFTER A HEAVY SNOWFALL

Of bird-table guests there is none I love more than the nuthatch in its smart R.A.F. blue uniform with sienna fawn front, yet it is an unsatisfactory visitor because it is always in such a hurry to be away again. It is nuts that it wants. If there are nuts on the table, it dashes down, picks one up and flies off with it, no doubt carrying it to some tree with grooved bark in a crevice of which it wedges its loot and then sets to work to pick a hole in the shell and extract the kernel.

The great tit also understands this method of dealing with an awkward nut, so that it does not follow that all the empty nut shells one sees stuck in the bark of trees were put there by the nuthatch.

Another bird with an eye for a nut is the great-spotted woodpecker. It is not a common bird-table guest, but such bait may attract it. In the great blizzard of 1947 even rooks and moorhens came and fed side by side at the table. So hungry were they that they would eat almost anything, though I did not during this spell of bad weather see such episodes as I witnessed in the severe winter of 1916-17, when I saw blackbirds pecking at the bodies of fellow blackbirds that had succumbed to the cold.

Let us be thankful that such seasons are rare in Britain, for their effects last some while. In my home county of Shropshire we are still below par as regards the long-tailed tit and I have not seen a tree-creeper for a long while. Tree-creepers used to be common. One season a pair tucked their queer little nest behind the stems of a creeper on the wall of the house and it used to be a favourite winter evening amusement of mine to go out in the dark armed with a torch and look for them at roost. This mouselike little bird likes to sleep in a crevice of the bark of some convenient tree. It tucks itself in, turns its head and thrusts its bill into its shoulder feathers, and so rests the night through, returning to the same crevice evening after evening.

Birds are very faithful to their winter roosts, from starlings in their myriads congregating in some plantation or even on the buildings of central London, to a blue tit creeping into the same hole each night, or half a dozen wrens crowding into their old nest.

In my youth it was considered great sport to go sparrow-netting. A large net made on the principle of a lobster trap and held aloft on two poles was used. One person took the right-hand pole, another the left and a third used a long-handled hay pikle to hold up the end of the net plus a lighted lantern.

When everything was ready we moved off into the night to try our luck round the haystacks, and in the creepers of the house, and the result was usually a good bag of sparrows and sparrows only. A wren or two might be sleeping in the hay, but being so small they slipped through the meshes of the net and, as for the ivy, it was the dormitory of sparrows only. We moved along, a fourth person beating the creepers with a stick and out came the birds, fluttering towards the light and into the inner chamber of the net.

The old sparrow net still hangs aloft on a nail in the house, but it is many years since it was used, and I do not think our sparrow population is any the greater for the amnesty it has enjoyed.

Although the house-sparrow is a remarkably successful hardy bird, I do not think it gets through bad times so well as the meek, unobtrusive little hedge-sparrow. It is remarkable how this retiring species comes through a hard winter with numbers undiminished, while the bustling starling succumbs in scores. As our native starlings are no great travellers, this means a considerable rise and fall of local populations. In my district the "stares" have not yet recovered from '47, though they are on the upgrade and a few mild winters will put matters right.

But mild or hard, winter in the British Isles, from hill-top to shore, from the wild geese on the marshes, the waders in their flocks on the shore and the wild swans swinging across a stormy sky to the birds of the garden, there is ever something doing, something to see and no naturalist need ever know a dull moment even in the gloomiest days of December.

MURALS FOR RIO DE JANEIRO BY JOHN PIPER

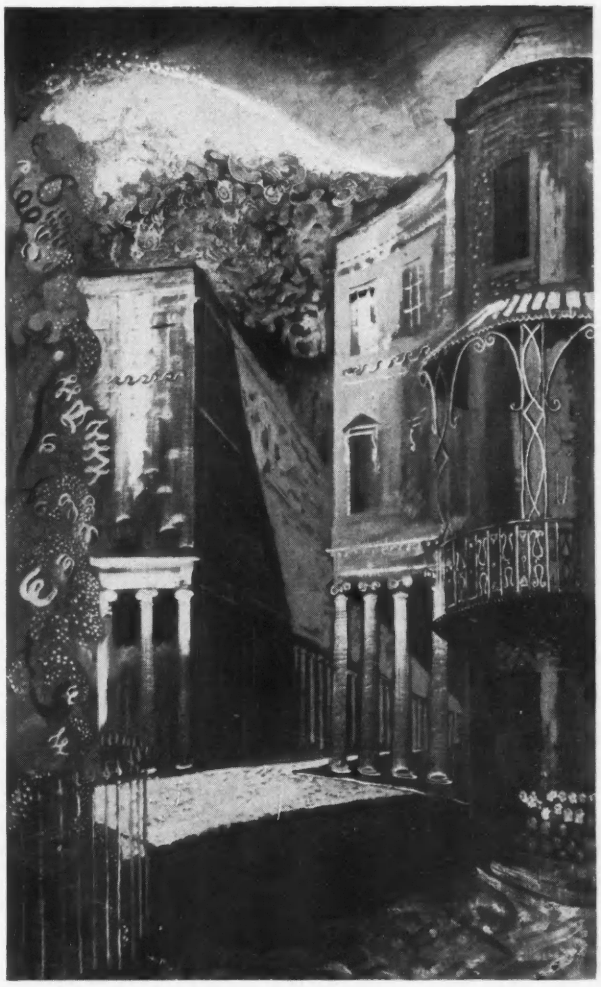
At the Victoria and Albert Museum

WHAT a dramatist, as a painter, Mr. John Piper is! Much as we love our Brighton, Bath, and Cheltenham, we see them as delightful resorts, or through the pages of Jane Austen, or as assemblies of Georgian architecture, demure rather than exciting. So, before Pannini and Piranesi interpreted the architecture of Rome, most Italians may have viewed their imperial ruins—as quaint old piles, ripe for demolition and conversion into modern buildings. But the two Ps' paintings circulated over Europe, the Grand Tourists flocked, and, broadly speaking, Italy has been living on the income ever since. The repercussions were yet wider. The Italian painters showed other nations, especially England, how to see their own environments in the exciting light which they called "picturesque." Some of the results have just been rehung at the Victoria and Albert in rooms adjoining that in which Mr. Piper's great panels are temporarily placed, and to pass from one to the other—to look at the Samuel Palmers particularly—is to perceive quite clearly both the continuity of the English development, and the parallel nature of the processes performed by Pannini-Piranesi for Rome and by Piper for Cheltenham and Bath.

This missionary aspect of art is appropriate in this case because these Piper pictures have been commissioned—indeed are the first ever to have been so commissioned—by the Government to decorate a British Embassy: that at Rio de Janeiro. The Embassy building has lately been designed by Mr. Robert Prentice, and its dining-room has been furnished in the Regency style. In consultation with the Foreign Office, the Ministry of Works took the unprecedented step of approaching a contemporary artist to decorate the walls. Five panels, each about 6½ feet by 4 feet, were required, depicting Regency architectural scenes. The outcome, had a "safe," conservative, official policy been pursued, can readily be imagined. At the same time, paintings for this particular purpose and in this particular setting, however interpretative they might be, obviously must illustrate real places. Seeing the results achieved we can agree that there has been a most "fortunate combination of enlightened patronage on the part of the Ministry of Works, who first suggested the project, and of the artist's ability to grasp the opportunity of achieving a group of pictures on a monumental scale."

Mr. Piper brings to all

CHELTENHAM. Montpellier Walk



CHELTENHAM. Composite of houses in Priory Parade and elsewhere. (*Right*) BATH. Composite of Bath Street and corner of Camden Crescent

his work intense and informed, indeed learned, appreciation of architectural scenery, and an extraordinary range of technical accomplishments and æsthetic sympathies. On the one hand he is a reincarnation of the itinerant "picturesque" water-colourist. On the other, he has absorbed much from such contemporaries as Utrillo and Rouault. And he is above all moved by the drama of textured colour in significant shapes. In the past he has sometimes tended to overdo the drama by exaggerating the blackness. These large panels are gorgeously colourful and the paint has been applied with an infectious excitement in a combination of thick scumbles and sketch-like glazes resembling water-colour. While cool blacks play their part in the build-ups, the general effect is of patterns of vibrating golds, mauves, blues, and reds, so handled as to give such an intense effect of light that in some cases one can scarcely believe that a spot-light is not focused on the canvas itself.

He has evidently benefited by his experience as a theatrical designer. These canvases are dramatic, yet they are not theatrical. Each is an organisation of architectonic shapes forming a dynamic pattern which excites the spectator of itself. The quality of the painting sustains the initial impact. In *Montpellier Walk, Cheltenham,* the bravura of the painting of the white caryatides is as exciting as the movement of the design as a whole. This vigour of handling produces remarkable richness of surface texture in all the panels. In the composite *Bath Street and Camden Crescent,* the passage near the top that looks like foliage in the photograph consists in solid swirling gouts of turquoise *impasto* which have tactile beauty in themselves and that give the work almost the richness of mosaic. In the other Cheltenham composite, of houses in Priory Parade and elsewhere, the arabesques of the balcony ironwork with their cast shadows are used to produce another delicious kind of surface texture—while the sky is a deep ringing blue and the cross-shadow puce. In these three panels Mr. Piper has not simply enlarged water-colour drawings but has produced decorations that delight with every inch of their surface. The two others, of Marine Square, Brighton, and Grosvenor, Bath, are perhaps more in his usual style, though no less attractive in their colouring and design. C. H.

THE GREY DOG: A TRUE STORY

By C. FOX SMITH

I TELL this story exactly as it happened. I do not pretend to explain it; indeed, there seems to be no possible explanation. It is as the modern cliché might express it, just one of those things—one of those things of which Hamlet spoke, that find no place in the average man's philosophy.

I lived once in an old house—one of those houses known in the North as a hall—on the edge of the Lancashire moors. The front was mellowed Queen Anne brick with tall windows and lead down-spouts, with a date and twined initials at the top. The back was much older, with stone mullioned windows and leaded panes; and the cellars were older still, with pointed arches and a well which glimmered faintly in the half-darkness and which popular tradition said was a wishing well. All things considered, it was hardly surprising that local opinion said it was haunted. The wife of the previous tenant had, I know, been frightened by something, though what I never knew. But she was a woman with a convivial husband who kept late hours; and in a lonely place the wind in the chimneys and the sighing of trees and the tapping of a branch against a pane can play strange tricks, especially at the edge of dusk, and on a woman a good deal alone. There was a little cubby-hole opening out of one of the bedrooms which was reputed to have been a priest's hiding-place, and it was said that a fugitive Royalist had been found and killed there during the Civil War, and that the bloodstains could never be washed out of the floor. Certainly there were a few new boards—which may or may not have been explainable by dry-rot.

* * *

The crowning, and somewhat surprising, touch was provided by a woman from the village who paused one day in her task of scouring the long and draughty stone-floored passages to volunteer the following remarkable information.

"I've just thowt on t' name o' yon man as wur killed i' yon little room yo call t' ghost-'ole. It wur Oliver Cromwell!"

Fortunately, however, the great Protector never elected to revisit the pale glimpses of the moon. It would be difficult, even for the most hard-boiled of psychics, to imagine a much more alarming supernatural visitant.

Leaving Oliver Cromwell out of the picture, however, we lived in the old house many years without seeing anything in the least alarming. Now and then, perhaps, one might be momentarily startled by the flutter of a dress passing a window where no passer-by was—the sort of thing that might, after all, have been the shadow cast by a branch stirred by the wind. Nothing more . . . until a certain evening, the story of which I now have to tell.

It was early November. We had been out on foot with a pack of harriers—now, alas! extinct—whose music had sounded over the moors since James the First was King; and if there is any better method of getting up an appetite I have never heard of it.

We had done full justice to one of those Lancashire high teas which are the only thing adequately to meet such an occasion—boiled ham, potato cakes swimming in butter, home-made jam, and what-have-you—and were sitting in the dining-room, which opened out of the hall to the right of the front door as you entered, by one of those generous coal fires half way up the chimney, familiar to Lancashire folk when coal was 15/- a ton.

Our two dogs, John-John, the fox terrier, and Danny Man, the "oaten" Irishman, both, alas! long since dead, were spread out before the blaze with an occasional whimper indicating some dreamland rat or rabbit hunt, when, greatly to our surprise, they both started up suddenly, and began to yelp and whine furiously, jumping up at the windows and their closed shutters and then retiring under the table to keep up the chorus there.

"Heavens, what a racket!" someone said. "Shut up, you idiots! No one there, is there?"

"Might be a lost hound about," I said. "I'll have a look."

I went out into the hall and flung open the door.

The moon was up, but it was obscured by light clouds; nevertheless, it was still quite possible to make out the shapes and colours of things clearly enough. The door opened on to a wide circular gravel sweep with a grass plot in the middle, and in the middle of this gravel drive there was standing what appeared to be an Old English sheep-dog of large size, greyish-white in colour, looking towards me with an expectant air and moving its bushy rump to and fro as such dogs do.

I went out on to the drive and called and whistled to it—our own dogs in the meantime continuing to whimper and growl hysterically under the chairs in the hall, and evincing no desire whatever to make contact with the stranger.

The dog stood there as I approached, still with that half-expectant gaze; then, quite suddenly, it turned and trotted off down the drive towards the shrubbery, only to change its mind with equal suddenness, and come straight back to where I stood just outside the door.

It sat down close to my feet, after the fashion of sheep-dogs the world over, looking up into my face, and I stooped down to feel among its hair for its collar, with a view to finding some clue to its ownership.

It was as if I had plunged my hands into a wisp of cloud. There was no dog there.

* * *

Up to that moment, the thought of any kind of supernatural phenomenon had simply never entered my mind. I had thought "a stray dog"; that was all. And now, behold! it had melted into thin air before my very eyes.

I stood and stared. I did not even gasp. I felt no alarm—nothing but sheer bewilderment and surprise.

I turned and went slowly into the house, where I found our own dogs, looking a trifle ashamed of themselves, and quite restored to sanity.

"Did you see that?" I asked.

"See what?"

"Why, there was a dog there—and it—it vanished."

"Rot! How could it vanish? Dogs can't vanish. What did it do?"

"It ran off down the drive—and then it came back and sat at my feet—and then it wasn't there."

"Rot! You *thought* it came back. It didn't really."

And so on and so on. I realised then for the first time how very difficult it is to make people credit anything which is not dreamt of in their philosophy. When I spoke of it I found that people only laughed as people do at the inexplicable. So I gradually left off speaking of it, and the incident almost faded from my mind.

And, I daresay, I might even have made myself believe that the whole thing was just a trick played by moonlight and moving shadows, if I had not happened to go out for a day with the hounds one windy morning in March.

* * *

We had left the old house then, and gone to live several miles away, but I still used to cycle over when the meet was at all accessible. I had done so on this particular day, and someone happened to mention to me that two young fellows, also following on foot, were living in our old home. They were, it seemed, officers in a famous Lancashire regiment who had rented rooms there while the officers' quarters at B—— were being rebuilt. Later in the day I found myself scrambling through a gap in their company, and I asked them how they liked the old house.

They looked at each other, I thought, a trifle oddly. They hemmed and hawed; they even blushed a little. Then one of them said:—

"Er—matter of fact, we're not there, now. You see, we—we had a very unpleasant experience there, and we decided not to stay."

"Really," I said, "what sort of experience, exactly?"

They looked at each other again before the same speaker continued.

"Matter of fact," he said, "we haven't told anyone else, because—well, you know how fellers laugh at you, say you've had one over the eight, and so on. Matter of fact, we were both of us sober—dead sober. But we'd just been wondering, hadn't we, before you spoke, if you'd ever seen anything—well, anything out of the common—when you lived there?"

"No," I said, "no, I don't think so. Certainly, nothing unpleasant."

At the moment the grey dog had completely passed from my mind, though, even if I had remembered it, I should not have counted it unpleasant.

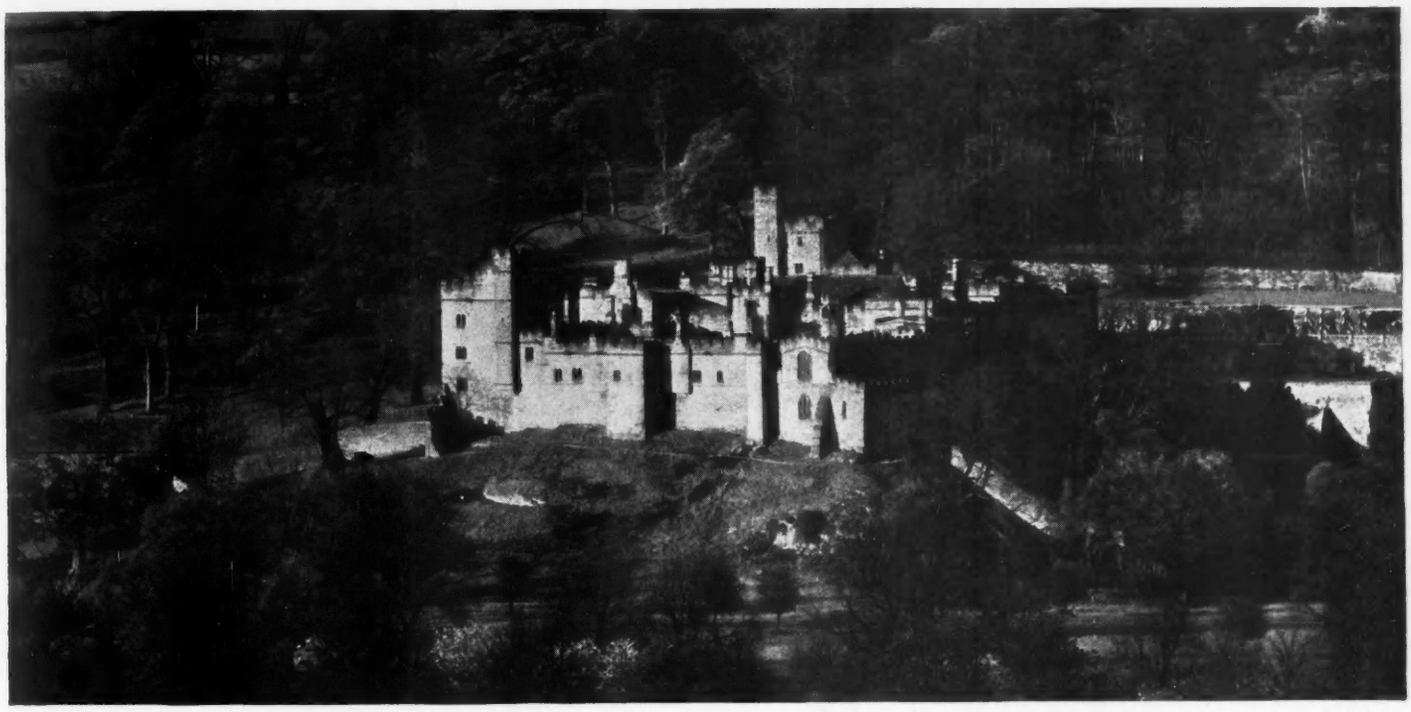
"Of course," I went on, "there are yarns about the place, lots of them. I have even been told that it is haunted by Oliver Cromwell. I suppose you didn't meet him by any chance?"

"No, honestly, it's absolutely true, this that I'm going to tell you. We were both sitting in the room on the right of the hall as you go in; we'd had dinner, and we were, both of us, as sober as judges. And all of a sudden—don't laugh, will you?—all of a sudden we saw a big dog, like one of those very long-haired sheep-dogs, appear through the wall on the left of the fireplace, run across the room and disappear through the wall opposite. It gave us such a jolt that we decided to move."

I may add that I had not told the story of my own experience to anyone who could possibly have passed it on; and my informants, typical young Army officers, were emphatically not the sort of people who could be described as psychic.

Can you explain it. I can't.

It was just—well, one of those things.



1.—MEDIÆVAL LANDSCAPE: HADDON HALL FROM THE WEST ACROSS THE VALLEY

HADDON HALL, DERBYSHIRE—I

A SEAT OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

Incorporating parts of a walled but unfortified manor house of the 12th century, Haddon Hall was being shaped by the Vernons almost continuously from Edward III's to Elizabeth's reign, and was completed in the 17th century by the Manners family, to whom it came by marriage with Dorothy Vernon

As long ago as 1782 the unchanged completeness, even to tapestries and furniture, of uninhabited Haddon Hall began to excite antiquaries. A writer in *Archæologia*, Edward King, then expressed the hope that "this princely habitation may never come so far into favour as to be modernised, lest the traces of ancient times and manners, which are now so rarely preserved, should be utterly lost here also." It was about 1700 that the Hall had last been regularly lived in, and, though some serious losses through careless storing took place in the first years of emptiness, thenceforth the Dukes of Rutland initiated that astounding régime of proudly preserving everything exactly where and as it was that has kept Haddon under a spell, like a sleeping princess, for 250 years—indeed, since about 1650 when its centuries of growth ended. Throughout the 19th-century Haddon was a place to wonder at, though its unique state became somewhat obscured by the overgrowth of vegetation and legend, and its structural condition deteriorated. Then, in 1912, the Marquess of Granby, later 9th Duke of Rutland, determined to make his home in the

2.—APPROACH FROM THE NORTH-WEST, OVER THE BRIDGE BUILT IN 1663

3.—FROM THE FOOT OF THE ROCK BESIDE THE RIVER. The west side with the chapel on the right

deserted seat of his ancestors. So far from this coming into favour having the effects feared by the old antiquary, it marked the fulfilment of the centuries of waiting. At last had come, indeed, the rightful heir, to awaken his sleeping but by now rheumaticky Beauty; and he came also versed in the curious arts and lore with which to rejuvenate her without despoiling her eternal age.

A student of every ancient craft. steeped in the history and skills of the past, a man of exquisite reticence and discrimination withal, he made the restoration of Haddon Hall his life work, to which he could also bring the means and patience required. He sought out craftsmen to work in stone and wood and metals as and where, in all probability, the ancestors of some of them had wrought at Haddon. Trees were marked in the park which, in ten, in twenty, years would come to the girth or stature befitting them to be used for replacing a particular beam. Every roof was renewed, with the old lead containing that percentage of silver which ensures its hoary weathering; every window reset, almost every wall solidified, yet avoiding wherever possible any disturbance of the patine or ancient unevenness of visible surfaces.

4.—AIR VIEW FROM THE NORTH-WEST. Showing the two courtyards, with the garden terrace beyond, and the stables at the foot of the ascent in the foreground

For twenty-five years the late Duke meticulously and lovingly restored and by restoring revealed Haddon's beauties—in some instances previously unsuspected. But until he was satisfied that the process was complete, the incursions of the curious were discouraged. Haddon consequently did not receive, during the 'twenties and 'thirties, that published reassessment of traditional estimates to which other historic buildings were subjected. It is no doubt regrettable that a photographic record such as that to be published by COUNTRY LIFE in these articles could not have been made while Haddon was once again fully inhabited. But after his succession in 1940, the present Duke decided, owing to current conditions, instead to open Haddon Hall daily to the public. Inevitably the furnishing of the rooms had to be much modified. On the other hand the facilities for access have been very widely welcomed, and enable the public debt due to the Manners family, and to the 9th Duke of Rutland in particular, to be gauged at its true worth. The photographs accompanying these articles are the first comprehensive series to be published of the Hall since the repairs and accompanying discoveries were made. Indeed, they are the first photographic survey for a generation of a home that can now be acknowledged as without peer in its kind.

But awareness of Haddon's intact authenticity as a great mediæval home comes later to the visitor. His first discovery is of the beauty of its siting and texture, especially if he comes in the leafless months. Following the road along the valley of the little river Wye from Rowsley towards Bakewell, or better from the hillside above it, he discovers across the valley the stepped, level, apparently ordered cubes of bastions, curtain-walls and towers, crowning a steep rocky spur projecting from the opposite wooded slope. In this picture all of slaty or forest greys, but for the sere of winter meadows, the terraced masses of the building rise one behind the other silhouetted against the background of woodland like a small hill-top town in a mediæval painting, so orderly that it is hard to realise that the parts were developed through four hundred years, so homogeneously that they seem rather to have grown from the rock than to have been imposed upon it. The absence of any gables and the abruptness of the walls' sprouting from the rocky turf give the mass a castle air, yet equally the lack of any dominating tower betrays its essentially domestic purpose.

5.—PEVEREL'S TOWER. THE OLD ENTRANCE FROM THE NORTH-EAST. (12th and 14th centuries)

Indeed this is the first cause of Haddon's survival. The manorial hall of a family singularly unpartisan, its part in history was local not national; indefensible, it was never destroyed. The buildings, too, did grow from their site in the sense that the stone was largely quarried from it while the ancient lead mines of the estate afforded the readiest covering and so enabled most of the roofs to be flat. But this impressive horizontality in the lines of the frontal view from across the river, from the west, is found to be as much an illusion as its consciously ordered design when, having crossed the bridge (Fig. 2), the traveller begins to climb to the entrance gate-tower.

By now he has moved to the north-west of the rock (the *heath dun* of Haddon's name) and sees extending to his left the line of the northern walls, how they climb the sloping contours of what is less a shelf than the side of the hill. From their eastern end to this north-west corner which we are approaching, there is a drop of nearly 30 feet, so that the old gateway at the north-east angle is level with the battlements of the western walls. This sloping and stepping of the levels throughout its plan gives every part of the building a quality of movement peculiar to Haddon and directly due to its site. It was most dramatically handled in the building up of the series of astonishing terraces and bastions retaining the garden on the south escarpment of the rock (visible on the right of Fig. 1), which were among the latest undertakings of the builders and which will be illustrated later. One of the earliest developments, the shaping of the little church or chapel at the south-east corner (Fig. 3) shows the same interaction between Nature and skill at work in the 12th century, when the south aisle then added was made low and massive and almost windowless to form an apparently solid projecting abutment at the edge of the slope. From here, immediately below, can be seen how towers and buttresses have been set against the late 12th-century enclosing wall, raising and propping it, and seeming to grip the crag like talons. Also that the church is considerably out of alignment with the rectangular plan which later builders succeeded in imposing and to which its divergence gives yet another effect of movement as well as of support.

But the outstanding instance of the sure instinct for architectural form evinced by generations of Haddon builders is the tall tower now looming above the pilgrim as he breasts the steep approach (Fig. 6). This gatehouse, together with most of the north and west sides as they are seen to-day, was among the later of the builders' evolutions, having been completed by Sir George Vernon, "King of the Peak," about the middle of the 16th century. Fifty feet high, it is by much the tallest component, and by its dominating vertical accent at the lowest corner of the site, demonstrates the axiom that in a building on a slope, the eye requires the greatest elevation at the bottom. In every view this tower securely pins the whole organism to its hill-side, endowing it with the majesty of architecture. But this main bastion is itself bastioned by a pair of low, stout buttresses at its lower corner, and the western of these is prolonged to the edge of the rock by a short battlemented screen (Fig. 7).

These buttresses and this screen, more ornate than any other part of the building, are carved with shields of the alliances of Vernon: from Pembrugge, Camville, and Pype, back to the Avenel marriage by which they became possessed of the lands and house that had been Peverel's. At the end of the Gothic age, and at the end of the long process of perfecting what perhaps Peverel had begun, the "King of the Peak" set this record beside the gate. The screen-wall was originally continued back along the escarpment enclosing a little space outside the main wall—perhaps a tiny garden of the mediæval kind and warm in the afternoon sun. Above its doorway is set the Vernon helm and crest, in vigorous mantling, and a shield of all the builder's quarterings impaling those of Talboys, Sir George's first wife, *c.* 1530, and the kingly motto, "God Save the Vernon."

For the present let the individual entities who, from the 12th to the 16th century, built this house be collectively so designated "the Vernon." We will sort them out later, when we continue the climb up the rock, through the gate, up the worn steps to the sloping lower courtyard and so through the hall to Peverel's Tower, seen on the left of Fig. 4 and in Fig. 5. For the present let that misty vista through the gate in Fig. 8, with the lower step worn quite away where the wicket hangs, be a promise and enticement.

One obvious characteristic of this gate, though, bears directly on Haddon's growth, which we are considering in this article: that it could only be used on foot. Though there is a mounting block beside the gate, the hill to it is such that "a horse can hardly climb," as Edward King felt; and beyond it rise the steps. When this became the main entrance in Tudor times, stables were built at the foot of the hill where one Elizabethan range still stands beside the caretaker's pretty cottage. When the late Duke of Rutland lived at Haddon, he formed a modern kitchen in the old stables—the mediæval kitchen near the Hall being too interestingly and hopelessly archæological to cook in—and connected it with the Hall by a concrete tunnel containing

6.—ASCENT TO THE GATE-TOWER, WITH THE NORTH SIDE. A tunnel behind the ascending wall contains a trolley-way from the modern kitchen to the Hall

an electric trolley for conveying food. Covered with grass, this tunnel lies behind the wall seen in Fig. 6.

Such wheeled or mounted traffic as penetrates the Hall continues to use the original entrance gate under Peverel's Tower, giving into the upper courtyard at the north-east corner (Fig. 5), by which we come, too, to the beginning of the Haddon story. In its present form, of a gate-tower flanked by two battlemented bastions, the parapets of which were originally connected across the face of the tower (where corbels for the walk or *bretache* survive), Peverel's Tower is of the 14th century. But from the rougher construction and other evidence it is probable that 12th-century work is incorporated in it, and that the principal part of the building held of Peverel by the Avenels stood hereabouts. The only other vestige of this consists in the nucleus of the chapel. These, with sections of the enclosing wall licensed to Richard Vernon, *c.* 1195, suffice to show that the whole area occupied by the existing buildings was already walled round by the end of the 12th century. Certainly the main entrance was always from the north-east, approached down the hill by an old sunk way from the prehistoric road connecting Rowsley

7.—SCREEN-WALL AT BASE OF THE GATE-TOWER. Decorated with Vernon shields and the arms of the "King of the Peak"

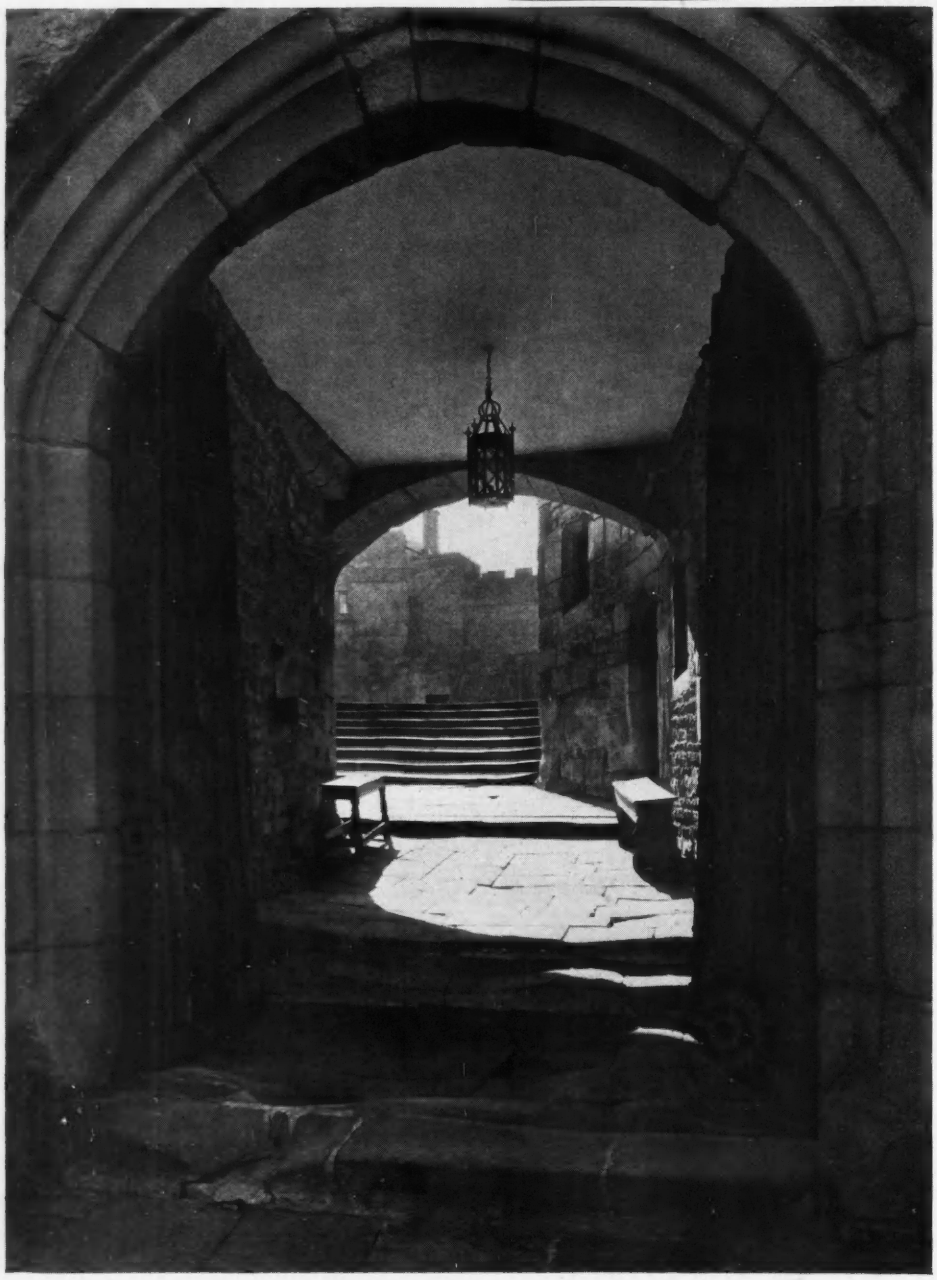
and Bakewell along the ridge of the hills—long before the valley road existed.

Before 1087 William Peverel, illegitimate son of the Conqueror, held Haddon among other large possessions in Derbyshire, previously demesne of the Saxon crown. His descendant, having supported Maud against Henry II, was deprived of his possessions about 1153, when Haddon was retained by Peverel's sub-tenant, William Avenel. The earliest documentary record of Haddon* is a deed of about 1170 by which William Avenel agreed to divide his house there between his sons-in-law, Richard de Vernon and Simon Basset. William granted

> to the aforesaid Richard my capital mansion, which is on the east, where my father dwelt and where the Chapel of St. Nicholas is founded, with the orchard on the same side, and to Simon Basset my other mansion which is at the west with the orchard on that west side.

The difficulty presented by the chapel's having always been in the western half (whereas this document seems to place it in the eastern) is probably explained by reading the whole clause "where my father dwelt and the chapel is founded" as referring to the position of both mansions in the manor of Nether Haddon, rather than to the moiety settled on Richard Vernon. In any case the Vernons quickly possessed themselves of both.

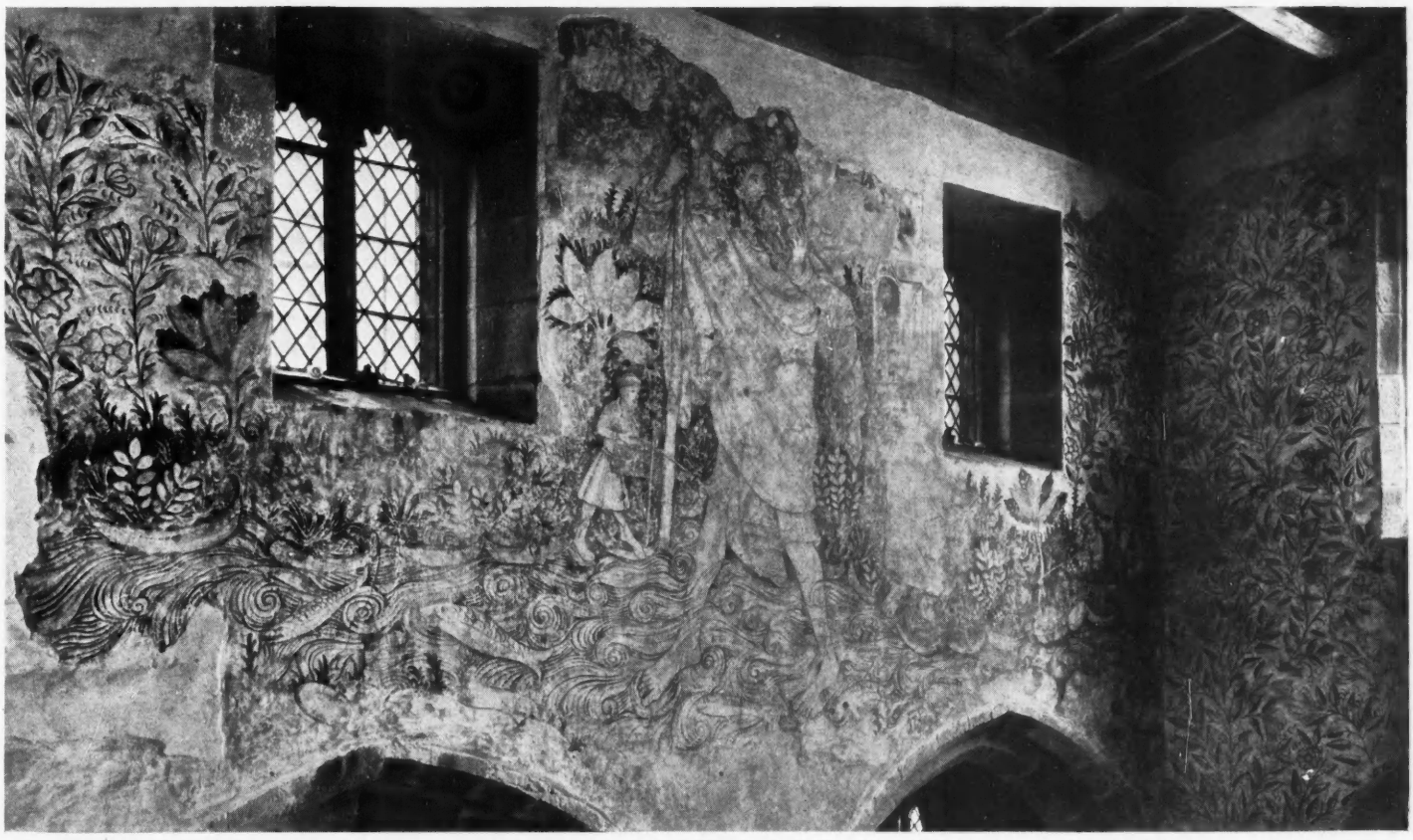
At this early period there was a village of Nether Haddon, possibly occupying part of the plateau soon to be enclosed by Vernon's wall, and the chapel was its church. This is now entered from the south-west corner of the lower courtyard, and consists of a nave with two short and narrow aisles, and a long, later, chancel. The oldest part recognisable is the south aisle (Fig. 9), 22ft. long and 8ft. wide, but only its simple pillar and the font beside it are for certain of the Avenels' time, before 1170; the lancet windows were inserted in the next century. The north aisle (only some 5ft. deep) with its octagon pillar was probably



8.—THROUGH THE MAIN NORTH-WEST GATE TO THE LOWER COURTYARD

* A remarkable collection of Haddon MSS. is preserved in the Muniment Room at Belvoir Castle.

9.—IN THE CHAPEL. THE SOUTH AISLE FROM THE NORTH DOOR



10.—MURAL DECORATION ENTIRELY IN *GRISAILLE* ON SOUTH NAVE CLERESTORY. COMPRISING ST. CHRISTOPHER AND "VERDURE TAPESTRY," *c.* 1470

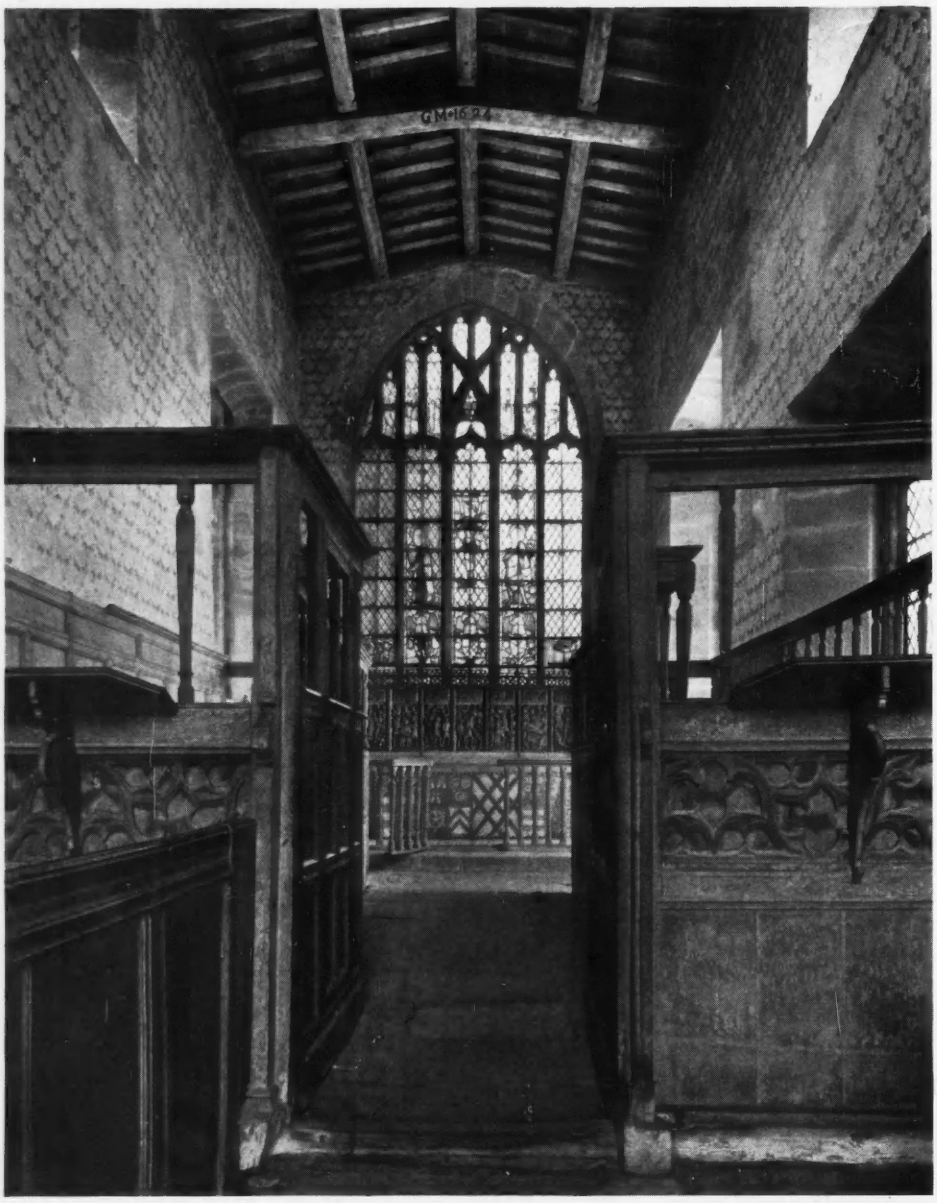
formed about 1310. Then in 1427 the chancel was added, the nave clerestory built, and the arches of the south aisle. The low-pitched roof was renewed by Sir George Manners in 1627, when most of the woodwork was inserted. The pews seem to have been made out of the woodwork of the 15th-century rood-loft then or previously taken down. The original stone altar is now covered by a frontal painted in pale colours with the Rutland coat, above which is a wonderful reredos of Nottingham alabaster panels, exceptional in its completeness, introduced by the 9th Duke.

Such is the bare outline of the chapel's chronology. Its unique and exquisite quality arises from the relationships of the elements thus brought together—for example, the perfect spacing and balance of the south aisle composition (Fig. 9)—and still more from the colouring. Yet there is no colour—only infinite gradations of whites and greys, from the warm grey-buff of the masonry, the silvery natural oak, the muted tints in the 15th-century glass and alabasters, to the marvellous *grisaille* of the mural paintings uncovered by the 9th Duke and Professor E. W. Tristram in chancel and nave. The harmony of these low tones is so delicate that the otherwise beautiful recumbent effigy in the nave, of Lord Haddon, modelled

11.—THE NAVE OF THE CHAPEL FROM THE NORMAN (SOUTH) AISLE. The colouring, from the silvery natural oak woodwork and old glass to the *grisaille* murals, is an exquisite symphony of greys

by Violet, Duchess of Rutland and carved in statuary marble, seems glaringly white.

Parts of the murals had been discovered in the 19th century, but not till the recent investigations was it found that almost the whole interior was decorated. The chancel, with an over-all pattern perhaps representing damask, has scenes from the life and miracles of St. Nicholas and from the life of St. Anne. On the west wall is a group of three skeletons, from the popular mediæval homily of *Les Trois Vifs et les Trois Morts* (the *vifs* here are missing). High on the south wall (Fig. 10) is a magnificent St. Christopher. The remainder of the south and west walls and part of the north (Fig. 12) is covered with a most exquisite "verdure" design—but all in *grisaille*. St. Christopher's river, containing many fishes, is extended along its base. Above it are conventionalised trees, flowers and leaf-sprays, among which are in one place a little man, in another a lion, a monkey, and other creatures; on the west wall a very free design of more naturalistic rose trees—all represented and disposed in exactly the manner familiar from French verdure tapestries of the 15th century. In places this background is quite dark, with the foliage white against it. Only slight traces of colour survive in the roses. Apart from the great beauty of much of the drawing, it is in this absence of actual colour that the beauty of the paintings consists. They fade away into the textured whiteness of the plaster and use, as it were, only the chapel's own hues of grey. It seems inconceivable that originally there was not more colour. Yet we recall William Baker's great *grisailles* at Eton, with sparse notes of umber and ochre, and the winter tapestry, seen while we were approaching, of Haddon Hall itself set on its grey rocks among the grey woods. As in the subtle turning of accident to design in the shaping of Haddon's architecture, so may the nameless painter have caught the colours of the Haddon landscape and woven them into this poem of December.



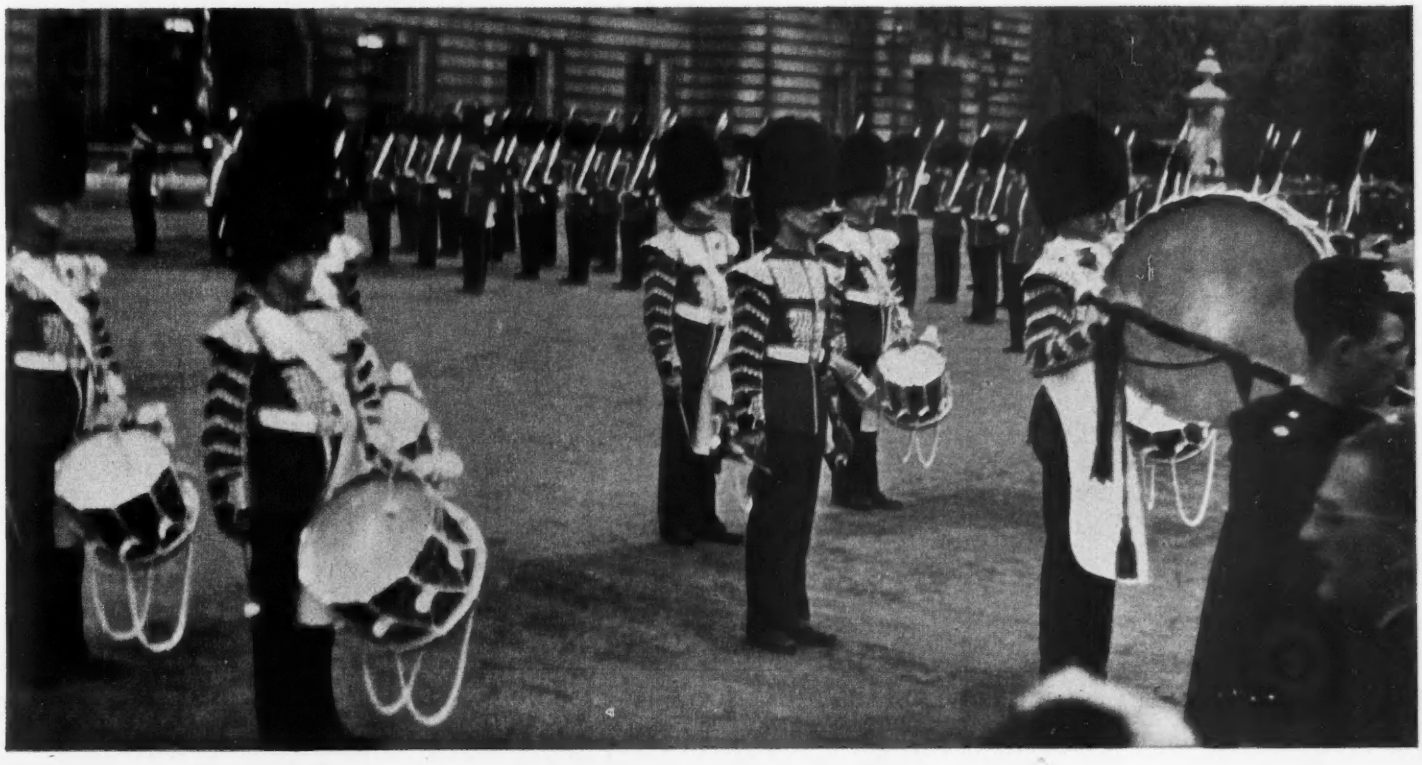
12.—THE CHANCEL. The east window with original stained glass is dated 1426. Nottingham alabaster reredos and armorial altar-frontal. Walls decorated in *grisaille* with histories of St. Nicholas and St. Anne, *c.* 1470

(*To be continued*)

ROYAL OCCASIONS

Some Recent Scenes from the Ceremonial Life of London

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH OF H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH, TAKEN IN THE INNER QUADRANGLE OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER HER RETURN FROM THE CEREMONY OF TROOPING THE COLOUR IN JUNE. SHE IS RIDING WINSTON, A LONDON POLICE CHARGER. (*Below*) CHANGING THE GUARD AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE



THE RELIEVED GUARD MARCHING OUT OF THE FORECOURT AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

THE SECOND DIVISION OF THE SOVEREIGN'S ESCORT OF HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY (THE BLUES) AWAITING THE APPEARANCE OF THE ROYAL COACH

THE ROYAL COACH ENTERING THE HORSE GUARDS ON THE RETURN FROM THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

A STUDY IN SHADOWS. AWAITING THEIR MAJESTIES' RETURN FROM THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

THE LITTLE BOY FROM LANCASHIRE WHO WOULDN'T GO AWAY

THE END OF THE DAY. THE SEMI-STATE COACH RETURNS TO THE ROYAL MEWS

COLD IRON

A Golf Commentary by **BERNARD DARWIN**

IT is a rather curious and, on the whole, a blessed circumstance that golfers have given up writing poems—to give them for the most part a purely courtesy title—about their game. They write a prodigious amount of prose on the subject, but they no longer, like Silas Wegg, "drop into a poetry as a friend." The converse was once the case, and long before the first elementary textbook had appeared men were writing verse about golf, generally for some convivial occasion and nearly always very poor verse. The most famous was, I suppose, *The Golf, an heroicomical poem in three cantos*, by Thomas Matheson, who has gained a certain prescriptive dignity; but he had all too many successors. Even as late as the 'eighties, when the first volumes of the *Golfing Annual* began to appear, it was apparently thought necessary to have a poem every year, and an atrociously bad one it invariably was, full of a dreadful bonhomie. Andrew Lang did indeed write one or two charming copies of verses on golf, but his was, I think, the exception to prove the rule that golfing poetry is a mistake.

Yet now and again "on a moraine of forgotten books" there turns up one welcome little poem from the past, and a kind friend at St. Andrews has just sent me a copy of one. He, in turn, owes it to the researches of Dr. T. B. Salmond, who, besides his numerous other activities, is joint librarian of the University Library. Dr. Salmond found it in a volume published in Edinburgh in 1809, *Poems*, by the Rev. William Robb, Episcopal Clergyman in St. Andrews and Chaplain to the Right Honourable Lord Elibank.

* * *

Here it is, exactly as it is set out, proudly occupying a whole page to itself.

JEU D'ESPRIT
addressed to
Messrs. Cook and Oliphant, by Messrs. Hunter and Robb, on having beat the two former gentlemen a match at golf, the one the late, the other the present, holder of the Medal of the Golfing Society of St. Andrews.

Your envied Medal win and wear who may,
We wear the laurels of this prouder day.
Go boast no more your matchless skill and might:
Cold iron puts Invincibles to flight.
So Gallia's hectoring heroes shrink, with shame,
From British valour, in the fields of fame.
Oct. 5, 1808.

Doubtless it was a famous victory. In the records of the Royal and Ancient Club, which had not then attained that dignity, we see that 1806 was the first year in which was played for the Gold Medal, then the only medal of the club. In that and also in the following year, it was won by Walter Cook, W.S., with scores of 100 and 101 respectively. In 1808, Walter Oliphant won with 102, and in 1809 with 103. So Messrs. Hunter and Robb had good cause for pride in beating such a couple. Mr. Hunter likewise gave his proofs, when playing his own ball; for he won the medal in 1810 and 1811 with 111 and 116, and then after an interval won it in the year of Waterloo with 101. His partner, Mr. Robb, never attained such grandeur, but he was no doubt an excellent second-string in a foursome.

The last two lines appear to contain a double allusion. One is obviously to the prowess of the British infantry with the bayonet, which was then being too much for Napoleon's "Invincibles" in the Peninsula. The other must, it is conjectured, refer to the superior play with an iron club by one of the victors, perhaps Mr. Robb himself, which decided the day. I do not see what else can be meant and, if this is so, it is interesting as seeming to show that some innovators were breaking away from the allegiance to spoons and baffies rather earlier than we have been taught to believe. True, there are ancient iron bludgeons in existence, "fossils of the past" belonging to an earlier date, but they can only have been used for rough work in roads and whins and bunkers. The general impression has been that Allan Robertson was the pioneer in the matter of approaching with cleeks and irons, and Allan did his celebrated score of 79 in 1858. Are we now to believe that there were brave men before that Agamemnon and that one of them, perhaps Mr. Robb, was brave enough to flout orthodoxy and the baffing spoon? We know that there was one great player with the baffy—Sir Robert Hay, who won the Autumn Medal after 1850.

* * *

I think it is clear that however long the battle between baffies and irons had been in progress, it was in the 1850s a losing battle for the wooden clubs. That one may see from the charming old book *The Golfers' Manual*, which was lately reprinted by the Dropmore Press. Already there were then apparently four kinds of iron, the bunker-iron, the driving-iron, the cleek or click, and the light iron. In his heart I believe the poor author knew that the interloping irons were best, but he had to put up a fight for his old friends. So while he had to admit that the light iron was "most useful for negotiating a bunker, when the ball is in close proximity to the putting green," yet he qualified this praise by saying that it was dangerous for a quarter shot. Having, as I suppose, had a bad day and lost his foursome, he declared passionately "the baffing spoon is an excessively puzzling club to use properly." Yet another time, when the spoon had been kinder, he begged his readers on a medal day to "give their iron clubs a holiday."

* * *

The baffy is now, I fear, as extinct as the dodo, but doubtless there are one or two museum pieces to be found. My friend at St. Andrews tells me that there is preserved there a beautiful one made by Willie Auchterlonie about 1895. Moreover, the baffy or something very like it was seen in practice some considerable time after that. It was some time in this century that Harold Hilton took to playing for a while with a whole series of Mills's aluminium clubs. The putter was the only one of the set to become famous, but I remember his spoons and baffies well, and he was, as was inevitable, very skilful with them. I imagine he only did it as a commercial experiment, but he certainly could and did play quite short pitches with the odd long-headed clubs with shallow and much lofted faces. I think, however, that the last man who habitually used baffies and baffing spoons of deliberate choice was that delightful person and excellent golfer W. E. (Tony) Fairlie. I used to play often with him at Woking and my impression is that apart from a niblick (I suppose he had one) there were but two iron clubs in his bag, and one of those two was his putter. He had a variety of graded spoons, but they had not, as I remember them, long heads in the elder fashion, but were comparatively modern in shape. I do hope that in this talk of irons and baffies I am not on a false scent; but what else could Mr. Robb have meant? I am sure he was an iconoclast and a pioneer, and won the match by playing a lovely run-up to the road hole with his cleek or click.

A COUNTRYWOMAN'S NOTES

By **EILUNED LEWIS**

WITH the advent of school holidays the question of Christmas entertainment looms up afresh in the minds of parents. I wish it had not to loom so early, or even to *loom* at all. How pleasant it would be if some dark December afternoon, on feeling a sudden desire to exchange the dying light of day for the improbable brilliance of the theatre, we could step into that other world of gay adventure as easily as Alice did when she jumped up from her chair and walked through the looking-glass.

But that is not the way of things. First, we must consider far ahead the question of dates; which day will best suit everyone, our own plans and those of the other members of the family who will be joining us. Shall it be *Treasure Island* again? (Kate has seen it already, but John hasn't). Or a pantomime? Would not a conjuring entertainment be cosier and better upholstered than the wide open spaces of the Circus or the chilly perfection of the ice-rink? And why does no producer to-day ever give us that loveliest of children's plays, Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*?

Well, I suppose it will get sorted out in the end, and the tickets will be booked weeks ahead, with the very good chance that when the day comes it will find either Kate or John in bed with a streaming cold.

There is a flavour here of Scrooge's animosity to the Christmas spirit, but it is caused only by the fact that I dislike taking Time by the forelock. The mention of Scrooge sets me wondering whether most modern children have ever heard of him, and what they would think of a Christmas entertainment to which my elder sister and I were taken in our childhood. This was no more than the recitation from a bare platform in the local Victoria Hall of the whole of Dickens's *A Christmas Carol* by a gentleman wearing a frock coat. He had a noble brow and a nobler voice, and nothing could have exceeded our state of excitement at being taken out, quite late in the evening, to hear him.

Of course, being well brought up, we had read the story beforehand and almost could have prompted him had he hesitated for a word. But he did not. What amazed us, even more than his enormous fluency, was the fact that during the interval (when some colourless woman, so far as I remember, rendered a song) this astonishing man sat on the side of the platform and listened with apparent enjoyment, instead of mugging up the next helping of *A Christmas Carol*, as would my sister and I have done, we told ourselves, had we been called on to display in public such prodigies of memory.

* * *

THERE is another variety of performance, requiring no box office and no booking beforehand, to which I hope to be invited this Christmas. It takes place in a room at the end of a London garden. Most of the actors are carved from cotton reels and dressed in snippets, and their fantastic fates hang by a thread. The average age of the young audience ranges from eleven to five, but there is no limit to the producer's range of voice and fancy.

I refer to a certain troupe of puppets, whose theatre is reached by devious routes. But one of the best ways is to climb a garden wall in the gusty darkness of a December evening. As your foot searches for the friendly step on the other side you can almost hear the voices of the Lilliputian actors dangling on their cues, or is it, after all, the patter of the fallen chestnut leaves blowing light-heartedly about the little courtyard?

That is a very good sort of home-made entertainment, but there are others I can think of where the actors—and sometimes the producers—are themselves children, where the fairy wands are made of hazel twigs and silver paper, and secrecy is the keynote of the whole performance.

O merry King Christmas
Right welcome art thou

we once chanted in an opening chorus, and there was King Christmas in a red coat with a great deal of cotton-wool, the Old Year creeping out in a brown dressing-gown and grey beard, and a three-year-old New Year prancing in with golden curls flying, wearing pink woollen tights fashioned by the nursery maid. It was always a matter of speculation as to how anyone who

was so young in January could be so venerable by the following December.

* * *

FROM this catalogue of diversions it would be wrong to omit those which may be said to crown a term's work with the French governess, and thus bring to a fine flower if not the Churchillian "blood, toil, tears and sweat" then something very like it. Yet how swimmingly it all goes on the appointed evening, and how exquisitely the precise Gallic phrases fall from young lips. The grown-up audience is entranced when seven-year-old, disguised as the ingenuous Country Rat, trailing a brown paper tail, looks round her and exclaims, in the accents of La Fontaine, "Mais c'est un palais!"; while her sister, two years younger, with shining eyes and rounded mouth, takes the boards and the hearts of all beholders by reciting

Dido dina, dit-on,
Du dos d'un dodu dindon,

It surprises, perhaps even disconcerts, to discover later that all this fine flow of French has been repeated, apparently, without any knowledge of its meaning. What matter? There are as many ways of acquiring a good French accent as of greeting Christmas, and when at the end the childish voices join in singing *Mon Beau Sapin* you can smell the magic scent of the pine needles and see the soft starlight foretelling its eternal promise.

There was once a Christmas song which another Mademoiselle taught her charges to sing, beginning

Petit Noël, avec mystère,
Ce soir des cieux descends vers nous!

And that is the point. The *mystery* must be there, whether it is at a theatre when the lights of the house are lowered and the curtain goes up, or at home when at the supreme moment the screens are pulled aside and an anxious voice in the front row says "Hush."

A CAUSERIE ON BRIDGE

A SIGNIFICANT YEAR

By M. HARRISON-GRAY

THIS year has been the most important in the history of Contract Bridge in this country. In the international arena British Bridge has achieved something approaching complete supremacy, but I would not harp on this point—these notes are not written for the benefit and glorification of the expert tournament player. But in my opinion these international successes should have a very definite influence on the game of the average player.

First, a few hard facts. In the pre-war European Championships Great Britain never came higher than fourth in the final placings. Three times moderate American teams captained by Ely Culbertson came to London and conquered.

These depressing results were due not so much to the inferiority of our players as to the many complicated and illogical bidding systems then in favour, and to the strange selection methods of the British Bridge League, who brought off the annual feat of nominating a team that stood no earthly chance of success, in defiance of known records and current form.

It fell to one man to put our Bridge on its proper footing. In 1939 Sir A Noel Mobbs, permanent Chairman of the Portland Club, became President of the B.B.L. When the European Championships were resumed in 1948, under his direction the ruling body set to work to find a team of fluent Bridge players as distinct from the usual harassed system mongers. This team not only won the Championship for Great Britain for the first time but set up a record by winning all their matches after playing each country in turn.

Virtually the same team—the tragic death of S. J. Simon had robbed us of a great player, *littérateur* and card-table ambassador—earned the right to go to Paris for the 1949 tournament. Fortune was again kind, and we brought back the trophy.

In the meantime these players had justified their selection with a clean sweep in the national tournaments at home, winning the Gold Cup (the British Open Championship for Teams of Four), Crockford's Cup (the English Open Championship), the National Pairs, the South of England Pairs and the Masters' Individual Championship. Of even greater significance was the decisive win of the Crockford's Club team against the American holders of the World Teams of Four Championship—an unofficial test, if you like, but a full-blooded clash between the best players of both countries.

The tale of these successes is, of course, gratifying from the point of view of national prestige; but how do they affect the vast army of average players who have been led to believe that duplicate and rubber Bridge are poles apart?

I would emphasise two points.

In any match between two good teams, it can be assumed that the players on both sides will be equal in the play of the cards. Sometimes the luck of the blind lead may cause a swing; occasionally an expert takes a "wrong view" or has a brainstorm, even as lesser mortals do (but Heaven forbid that it should be called a mistake!). But it is safe to say that modern matches are won and lost because one side bids better than the other. The records of big matches invariably bear out this contention.

In their search for ultimate perfection, most players are disposed to try out every form of artificial convention, encasing themselves in a strait-jacket from which their natural card sense is unable to extricate them in times of stress. But when they have reached the point where they are convinced that their system is the best, it is no easy task to make them see the light. Thus our win at Copenhagen left our Continental rivals relatively unimpressed by our bidding; but our repeat performance in Paris led the Editor of the European Bridge Review to write as follows:

"The British triumph was well-deserved. Last year it was their brilliant defensive play that caught the eye and made the greatest impression, while their bidding appeared a little haphazard. This time their advantage in defensive play was for some reason not so clear-cut, while on the other hand their superiority in bidding technique was their strongest asset. They play a comparatively simple system with a minimum of conventions which allows for the typical English virtue of improvisation and at the same time for common sense and logical thinking—certainly not a bad mixture."

And so I come to my second point.

The popular belief that duplicate and rubber Bridge are two distinct games is a sheer myth. In both the player's aim is to get the best possible result for his side out of each hand. The bidding methods of the successful duplicate player cannot fail to win money at the rubber Bridge table.

The only query to be settled is whether expert methods are within reach of the average player. Well, here is a summary of the main features of the "system" used by our winning teams in 1948 and 1949:

Opening suit bids unrestricted by rigid high card requirements.

Exchange of information with partner at a low level (the approach principle) until the best denomination for the combined hands has been found. The limit principle then comes into force—the earlier the better.

Opening No-Trump bids of rational strength with natural responses. A player who opens with One No-Trump has automatically limited his hand, so a simple take-out into Two of a suit means exactly what it says.

The opening forcing-to-game bid of Two Clubs is preferred to the less flexible Forcing Two, as it leaves room for intermediate Two-bids in Hearts, Spades and Diamonds. Two Clubs calls for natural (as opposed to Ace-showing) responses.

Intermediate Two-bids are completely natural, showing eight or more playing tricks, and are forcing for one round only.

Competition for part scores, including the use of a light take-out double. Natural response to take-out doubles.

High pre-emptive bids are used to hinder the opponents, on hands strong in playing tricks but very weak defensively.

Slams bid by logical inferences concerning suit lengths and controls in side suits, and less reliance placed on artificial slam-bidding devices.

An absolute minimum of forcing bids. Opening bids of One Club are deemed to be natural. No change of suit is forcing after the first round, unless it be a jump; a reverse bid by opener is also non-forcing, being merely a convenient way of showing his distribution and general strength. Jump raises of suit calls, responses and rebids of Two No-Trumps and jump rebids of a suit are limit bids that can be freely passed in spite of their invitational character.

General liberty to bid and to stop bidding whenever it seems advisable.

The above is only a broad outline. But can it not be said that these methods add up to natural and logical Contract in its most effective form—and are these principles too difficult for the average player to grasp and apply successfully in his own circle?

I would add a personal note. Suggestions from readers who would like to see any particular subject elaborated in these columns are more than welcome. In the meantime there have been requests for an occasional problem, so here are a couple that may interest readers.

	♠ Q 10 9 8 4 ♡ K 10 8 7 5 4 ◇ 5 ♣ A	
♠ J 7 6 5 ♡ 6 2 ◇ 10 9 8 7 6 ♣ 10 7	N W E S	♠ 3 2 ♡ A J 9 3 ◇ 4 3 ♣ 9 8 6 5 4
	♠ A K ♡ Q ◇ A K Q J 2 ♣ K Q J 3 2	

Contract, Six No-Trumps by South. West leads Ten of Diamonds. South to make 12 tricks against any defence.

I am indebted for the second problem to Robert Darvas, of Buda-Pest, co-author with Norman de V. Hart of *Right Through The Pack*, one of last year's best sellers. It was composed by him in 1933 but has not hitherto been published in this country. As a Bridge problem it is unique inasmuch as it incurred the personal displeasure of the late Adolf Hitler.

Darvas's whimsical brain had conceived the idea of a Land of Bad Bridge Players, where people played badly, not through ignorance, but because they had to. Their Government had shrewdly observed that there were more sins than virtues in the world and that this tended to produce more or less permanent crises. By decree, therefore, all sins had been raised to virtues and vice versa, creating a state of eternal peace and happiness!

Here is the hand:

	♠ 8 5 ♡ Q 9 7 6 5 4 2 ◇ 5 ♣ 4 3 2	
♠ K 10 7 4 ♡ K J 8 ◇ J 10 3 ♣ A Q 10	N W E S	♠ Q 9 6 3 ♡ A 10 ◇ A K Q 4 ♣ K J 9
	♠ A J 2 ♡ 3 ◇ 9 8 7 6 2 ♣ 8 7 6 5	

In the Land of Bad Bridge Players South is declarer in a somewhat surprising contract of Seven Spades. The object of East and West is not to win tricks, but to allow South to make his contract.

How is it done? I will give the solution in the issue of December 16.

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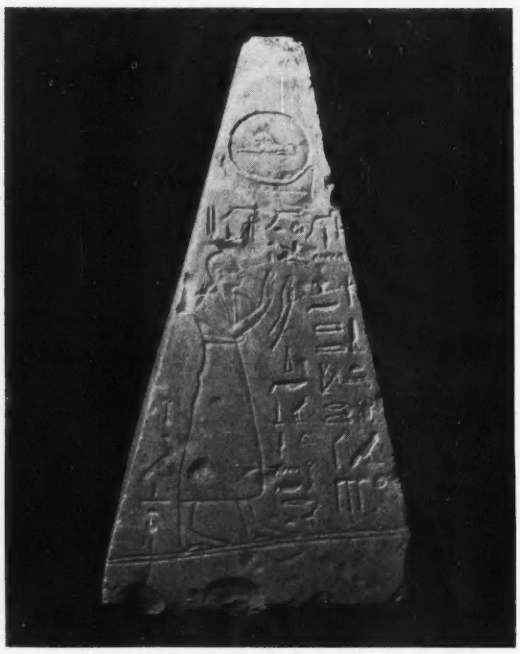


Ancient Egyptian Limestone Pyramidion. Circa 1500 B.C. 15 inches high.

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

By HOOLE JACKSON

THE crossing-sweepers in London were very busy with their brooms; snow was still falling in great, feathery flakes, and a shadowy figure in this mist of white wielded his broom so deftly that my grandfather halted to watch, dug in his pocket for some silver, and gave this artist of the road enough to make him stare before he had time to get out "Spare a copper, sir."

He had swept a clear track from the Edgware Road, curved it most gracefully to meet and merge with that from the Bayswater Road, curled around the Marble Arch to greet Park Lane, and brushed a clear way to Oxford Street. In the midst of these trackways between banks of snow, he had raised a snow-man, with a clay pipe stuck in its mouth.

That was my earliest memory of London. We had travelled from the North, in a cold train, with steamy windows inside, and iron foot-warmers doing their best to keep us from freezing. How we missed being snowed up in Derbyshire I do not know, as we travelled in what seemed a constant curtain of snow, but the storm only broke as our journey began, and until we were well beyond Marple the landscape was green, touched with a delicate white mantle on the hill-tops. Then the whole world turned white as we swept past the Peakland hills, and of all beauty there is none like this, which catches at the spirit with compelling grasp, as if Nature cried, "See how easily I can make a new world."

Contours soften; the hidden beauty of hills is revealed; the soft hue of green vanishes; the trees stand out black and stark; villages leap to the eye in an ivory setting; the glint of firelight from a cottage window calls to all an elemental ache in man, and to some old, primeval instinct for warmth, security, food and comfort.

I had never seen London before, and the first purchase was a pair of leggings. In Fleet Street, someone had left a besnowed horse-bus. The snow-banks down either gutterway were constantly refreshed in colour by the falling flakes, kept from turning to the sickly yellow that makes snow in a town hideous so soon. Fires were burning brightly in some of the offices, casting reflections on ceilings, for the snow created darkness as it fell. A paper-seller was gummed in the mouth of an alleyway, blowing at red-blue hands. The sweepers were hard at work, and the roadway was beginning to show under their busy brooms.

My grandfather would not take a cab—"We walk at home. Why ride in London? You see more by walking"—and walk we did until my small legs, stiffened by leggings, were aching. Buckingham Palace had lights glowing, and, even on that snowy day, there were a few people waiting outside, hoping to catch a glimpse of the Queen. After a time a bearded figure appeared at one of the windows, saw the crowd, and raised a hand.

"That's the Prince of Wales," said my grandfather.

A small, elderly woman appeared by his side, plainly visible in the lighted room, her hand on a stick.

"The Queen," said my grandfather, and took off his hat.

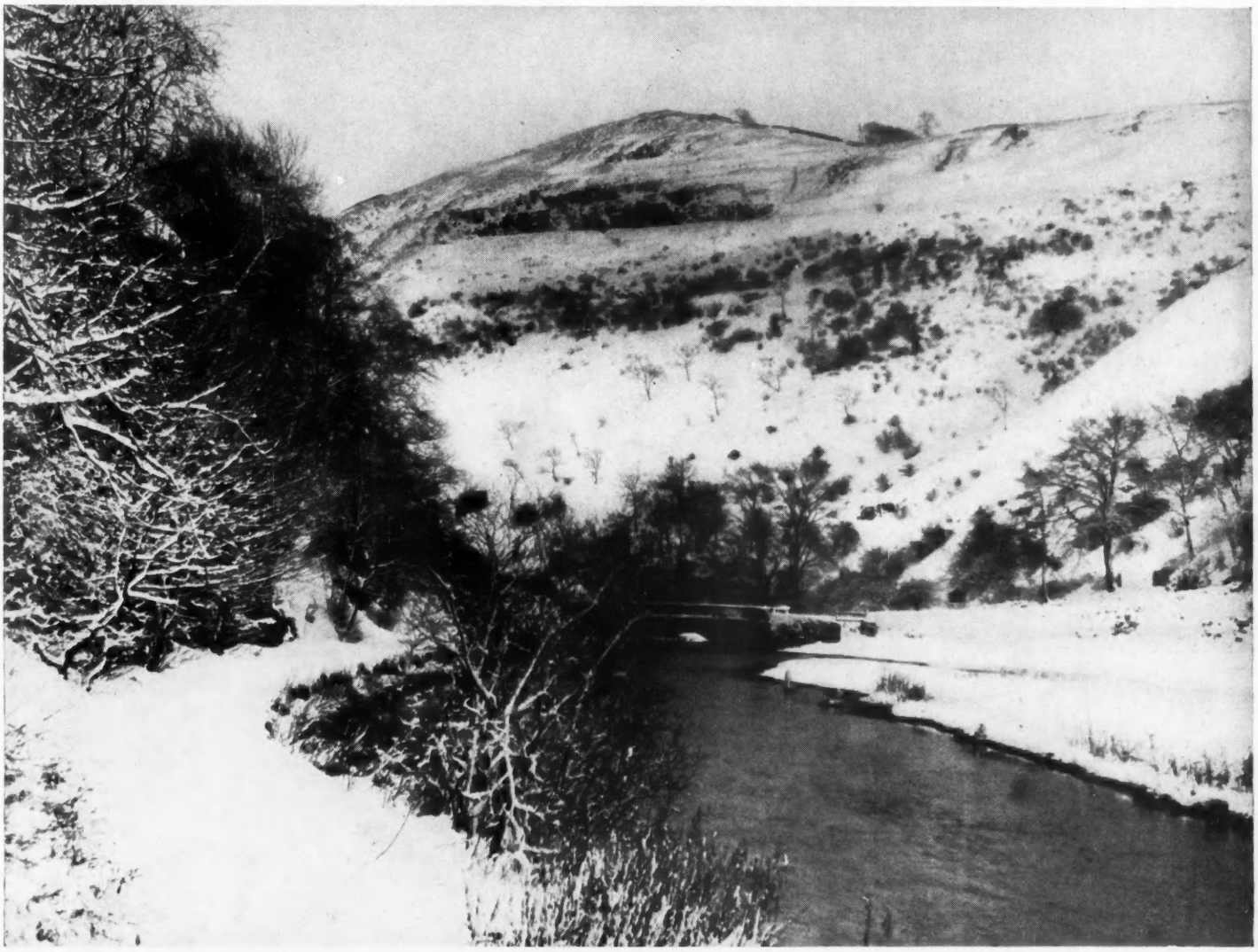
We had come to see a relative who was ill, and the house off the Bayswater Road was very quiet. Sawdust and straw on the roadway dulled the few passing wheels. Two days after, we left for Cornwall, and, perhaps, that is why I loved this maritime county from earliest days. As the train fought its way westward, the snow scene petered out. Dartmoor had experienced a heavy fall, but the storm had missed Dawlish, Teignmouth, and Newton Abbot.

The transformation was almost magical to me. The North seemed a leafless desolation compared to Devon, rich in the glory of evergreens, ilex-oaks, and even palm-trees. The film of travel-weariness was brushed from my eyes; the sun was shining, and warm. Could this be England? Even the language seemed changed, as passengers boarded the train at Plymouth. The Hamoaze was a glory of sunlit water, and glittering warships. How old-fashioned those ships would look to-day—as outdated as the *Victory* was to them.

A few sailors boarded the train on their way for Christmas leave, and, much farther west, the people who joined us in the compartment looked and spoke differently. Those in the third-class compartments were so different from the pale-faced workers of the North that they seemed a different race. There was colour in their cheeks and they chattered away like magpies. They were dark, too, in a way that even a boy could not miss as denoting a different racial origin from the men and women of Lancashire.

We drove up the main street of Penzance in a cab, and it was a Dickensian street where the Literary Patron of Christmas might have drawn his scene of gastronomical plenty and not overrated it. Turkeys, geese, holly, pigs, calves made a grand array in the light from the windows of the shops. The crowd that jostled along the pavement and spilled into the roadway was like that of a fair-day, and the inns disgorged seamen and men in blue jerseys, with red-brown faces and merry eyes.

When we reached the house, and I looked



"THE WHOLE WORLD TURNED WHITE AS WE SWEPT PAST THE PEAKLAND HILLS"

from the window, there was a harbour below, seen over fine firs, and all the more wonderful because it was night, and the harbour lights and toy-like, winking lighthouse gave the scene a faery atmosphere—as though it might vanish if I rubbed my eyes.

London shivered in its snow and fog that winter, but Cornwall lived up to the reputation that, many years later, was to bring it into rivalry with the already famed Torquay. The sun was so warm on Christmas Eve that we left off our greatcoats, and, on the quay, the greybeards were sunning themselves, as their sons are doing as I write.

Few people had heard of a Cornish Christmas in those days. It was new even to my grandfather, who revelled in it, for he loved a Hogarthian picture come to life, and our own old Georgian house in the North lacked no Christmas jollification. Yet it was to vanish, with its village, under the onslaught of bricks and mortar, and here, in Cornwall, the village was to remain, with no more than superficial changes, for many, many years.

In that old house, of mellow red brick, whence we had come so far, Christmas began with the Christmas Eve feast. My grandfather had a free way with him—the table was intended for the workers on the farm attached to our land, and our own servants, but any villager who turned up on some rustic pretext or other was welcome, and the Rector usually found himself sitting by the hot gospeller from the chapel, with, quite likely, the bibulous ostler from the Coach and Horses on his other side, and my grandmother would be there to welcome all, and to see that the maids did not get too frisky, and keep the flow of home-made beer, spruce, and wines within bounds. The kitchen of the old house was a massive place—or seemed so to a child, and it held quite a large company at the trestle-table used for the Christmas and Harvest festivals. There was always a tasty bit for the Rector, and my grandmother knew just how he liked his taste of game, and which bottle should be slipped by his elbow.

This Rector had one foible. He would not begin morning service until the Bell Inn, which was opposite and very close to the old church, was clear—and there were no day-closing times in those days. His churchwarden was married to a daughter of the innkeeper, and as it was his duty to see that the pub was empty and the church full just after the first hymn had been given out, he was between two stools with a vengeance. The village sinners would not obey the Rector, the publican liked to keep friendly with him, and the churchwarden liked to keep friendly with all. So he left the church door chanting, "The Bell is empty. I *know* the Bell is empty," repeating this with growing vigour and tone until, as he neared the inn, the chant had become a bellow, and the Bell *was* empty—the sinners having taken temporary refuge in the stable behind. The churchwarden could return and report that all was well with a clear, Christian conscience.

Twenty years after I had left the North, I found that this story, which I had supposed unique, was duplicated by a Dartmoor story of a churchwarden, in this case the cousin of the innkeeper, whose Vicar also insisted on a cleared village inn. The warden's chant, in this story, was "I be coming Cousin George. I be coming Cousin George," ever growing louder, with the same satisfactory result.

There were other startling likenesses in village life, probably because villages have much the same kind of work and habits throughout rural England—but now I was in a Cornish fishing village for the first time, and the variation was delightful.

The Guise Dancers were then going merrily about, and the first I saw were some strangely clad young folk who had entered the big kitchen where we were guests. A bent old man with whiskers went undiscovered, but turned out to have been a pretty, dark-eyed girl of fifteen. The others were discovered, despite disguise, and there was a merry gathering in the kitchen as a tall young woman was found to be Cousin Tom, and a fisherman in blue jersey, with white beard and whiskers, to be Cousin Kate. The whole fun of the thing then was to find out who was who, and usually girls dressed as men, and men as girls.

All I can recall was that we had marinaded pilchards for the evening meal, as an appetite whetter, and thought them better than our northern pickled herrings. The following day, the Christmas feast was the counterpart of our own, except for a massive lemon-curd pie, and a greater variety of green vegetables under the covers than we usually served at one meal in the North.

After Christmas I went down to see the boats sail; the sunlight was less brilliant, but the seas was as smooth as a sheet of quicksilver, and almost of that hue under a light film of cloud through which the light rays came steely bright. The wind was just fresh enough to fill the red-brown sails, and the jetty was alive with women and children.

A dance, held in the great fish-market by the harbour, had Chinese lanterns, and as pretty a set of women in one bunch as English eyes could desire. As the whole household from maids to mistress were present, I had to be taken along, and went to sleep, at length, in a chair by the big bass fiddle. Under the planking, there was a glimpse of water, for the tide was in, and the structure was built on piles above the water. Beyond, a few boats were moored, and the scrubbed planking of this strange dance-hall still held a whiff of fish—very piquant.

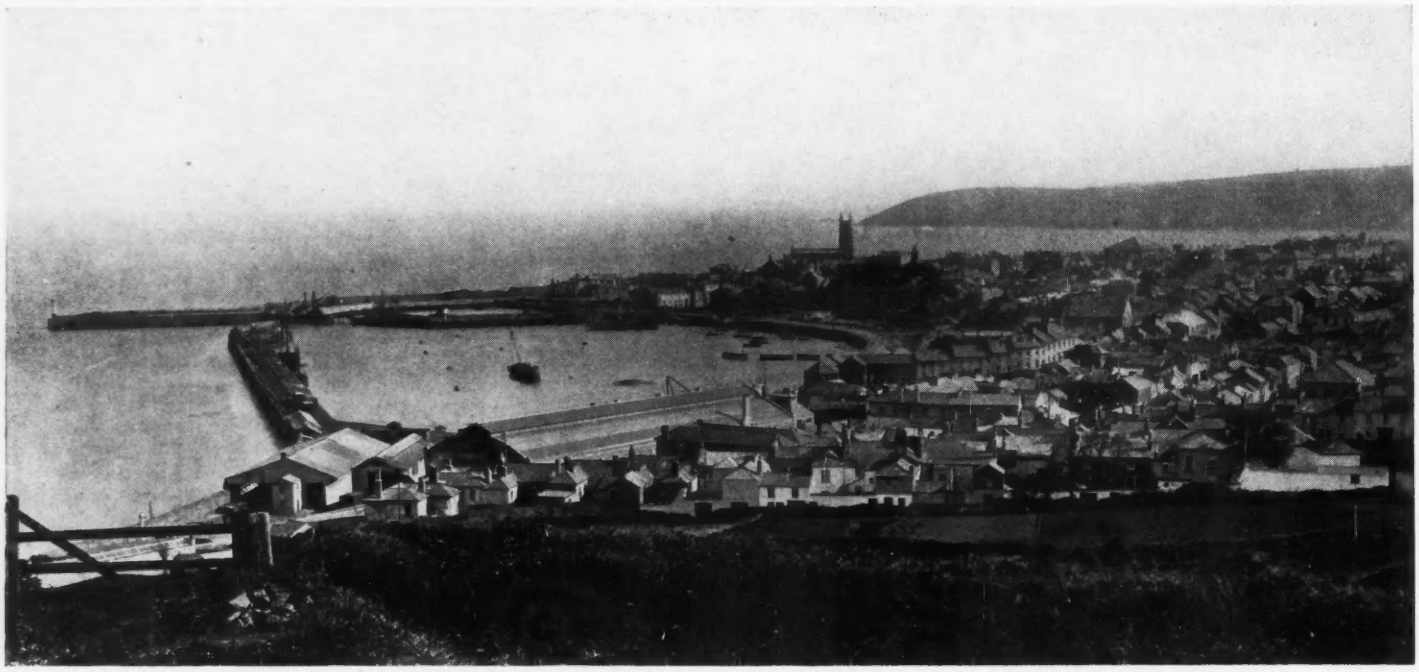
Such dances are still held in the self-same place, but the girls are differently clad. They wore simpler frocks in those days, and they were less sophisticated, but lively and very decidedly full-blooded young women who could fetch any forward young fisherlad a clip on the ear that would make his head sing. They were out to enjoy the Christmas flavour of the dance, and the Guise Dancers were still going about the place, joining in the fun of the dance.

Christmas meant more then, and was doled out to the last rich drop of fun. The next big event would be the first village feast-day, and then the market-town fair, held on the quay in those days. The dance rounded off the festivities, and at least one romance came out of it. A young naval officer fell into the water, and, being dazed, might have drowned if his partner had not jumped in without hesitation, and brought him ashore. A letter from our relatives told us that he married her afterwards.

I returned to Derbyshire through an England of melting snow and floods, with confused memories of palm trees, grotesquely dressed figures, men who looked as if they might have sailed with Drake, the poetry of the fishing-fleet of red-brown sails, and the incongruous contrast of the snow-man near the Marble Arch, and a sweeper muffled in ragged clothes, with a great broom, and a grin on his red face.

Somewhere amid a mass of bricks and mortar, lost in the amazing labyrinth of a great township in the North, our old Georgian house stands behind a massive new building, serving now as a store-room, after doing duty as a set of offices. Our farm has gone; so have its pleasant meadows and the copses where my grandfather wandered happily with his double-barrel, and where we sought to catch a glimpse of the old grey badger, or the otters. The sunken lawn before the house is the concrete motor-park of the offices.

But here, in Cornwall, although the people have changed with the years and lost many of the natural old ways, the streets of Penzance I knew that first Christmas, and of the fishing-village where we stayed, would not confuse my grandfather if his wraith returned to walk them. As I write, the boats leaving harbour—the French crabbers with their fine sails and splendid seamen and the larger, finer fishing-craft built by enterprising local firms—go out past the same winking lighthouse, and the same fish-market stands above the tide awaiting the busy fish-sale.



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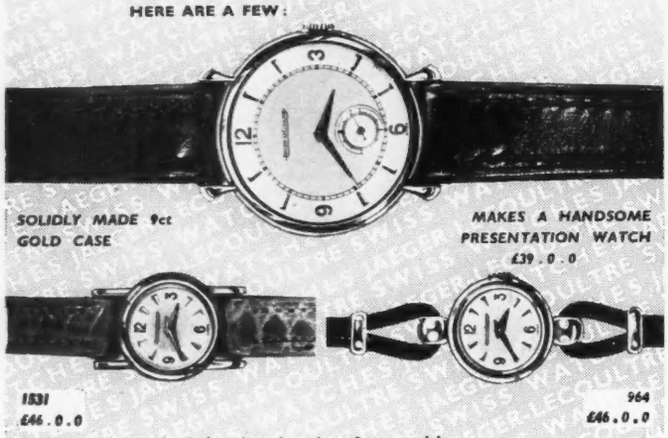

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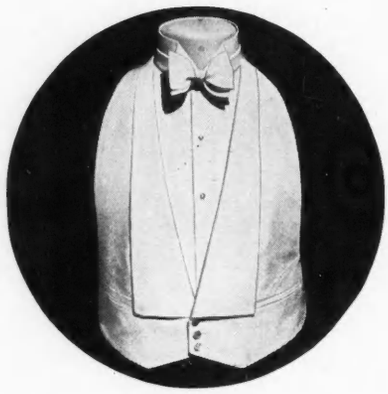

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COLLECTORS' QUESTIONS

MORLAND IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT

THE picture seen in the accompanying photograph was picked up recently in the Isle of Wight, and it is shown in its semi-cleaned and very dilapidated condition. George Morland during his latter years took refuge in the island from his creditors on the mainland and came under the patronage of Cotton, a great-great uncle of Lord Mottistone; and there are at Mottistone two attractive local coast scenes which Morland painted when in the Isle of Wight. As can be seen, the painting in this picture is extremely uneven, but the two boys and oarsman in the left foreground and the man holding the fish are excellently done, and certainly by no amateur. The scene may perhaps be identified as Yarmouth. Is there any record of Morland's having established an "Island School" and have the names of any artists who painted with him survived?—PAUL PAGET, 41, Cloth Fair, E.C.1.

So far as can be judged by the photograph this may well be a genuine work by Morland, and it is possibly one of those numerous paintings, often unidentified, with which he was wont to pay his tavern bills. Some of Morland's best coast scenes were painted in the Isle of Wight. A tavern called the Cabin at Freshwater Gate is said to have been much frequented by him.

A FISHING SCENE, PROBABLY IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT, BY MORLAND (?) THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN WHEN THE PICTURE HAD BEEN HALF CLEANED

See question: Morland in the Isle of Wight

TITIAN'S ONLY PORTRAIT OF A CHILD

We have a picture of a child after Titian. My family was living for some time in Rome towards the end of the 18th century and may have had a copy of the original made. It would be interesting to know if there is a record of the original picture and of the copies made and who the child may be. I should be very grateful for any information.—FRANCES H. PAGE-TURNER, 21, Leonard Court, Edwardes Square, W.8.

This is a copy of Titian's portrait of Clarissa, daughter of Roberto Strozzi. The original is (or was) in the Kaiser Friederich Museum, Berlin, for which it was acquired in 1878 from the Palazzo Strozzi in Florence. This is the only child portrait by Titian that has been preserved; it is signed and dated 1542. The picture is praised by Aretino in a letter to Titian dated July 6, 1542. See *Jahrbuch der Preussichen Kunstsammlungen*, XXVII, pp. 7 ff. It is not possible to give a definite opinion from the photograph when this copy was painted.

COPY OF TITIAN'S PORTRAIT OF CLARISSA, DAUGHTER OF ROBERTO STROZZI. THE ORIGINAL WAS PAINTED IN 1542

See question: Titian's Only Portrait of a Child

A NAUTICAL PUNCH-BOWL

I have recently acquired a porcelain bowl, which might have been intended as a punch-bowl, decorated with a scene depicting a fully rigged two-masted topsail schooner putting to sea, flying the red ensign from the main gaff and a pendant with a St. George cross on a white ground from the main-mast head. In the background are a church or court house of foreign appearance and an early two-masted ship with paddle boxes and high funnel, under steam, also flying the same flags.

On the opposite side to the ship scene is the remains of an inscription in gold which appears to read "Captn Richd (or Archd) B. Yuswill, ? Plymouth 18?3." The date appears to be 1833, 53 or 63. On the bottom of the bowl in black script lettering is what appears to be "Chapman Norrie, Elsinore," presumably the name of the manufacturer.

I am anxious to find out all I can about the bowl and to trace the vessel or her master. I have been told that similar bowls were obtained from the Copenhagen factory for presentation to masters of vessels and wonder whether you can give me any relevant information. The bowl is white with a gold rim and a gold band at the junction of the foot with the bowl. The scene is painted in an oval with gilt scrollwork on either side.—I. G. MACLEAN, Captain (.), R.N., Trevol House, Torpoint, E. Cornwall.

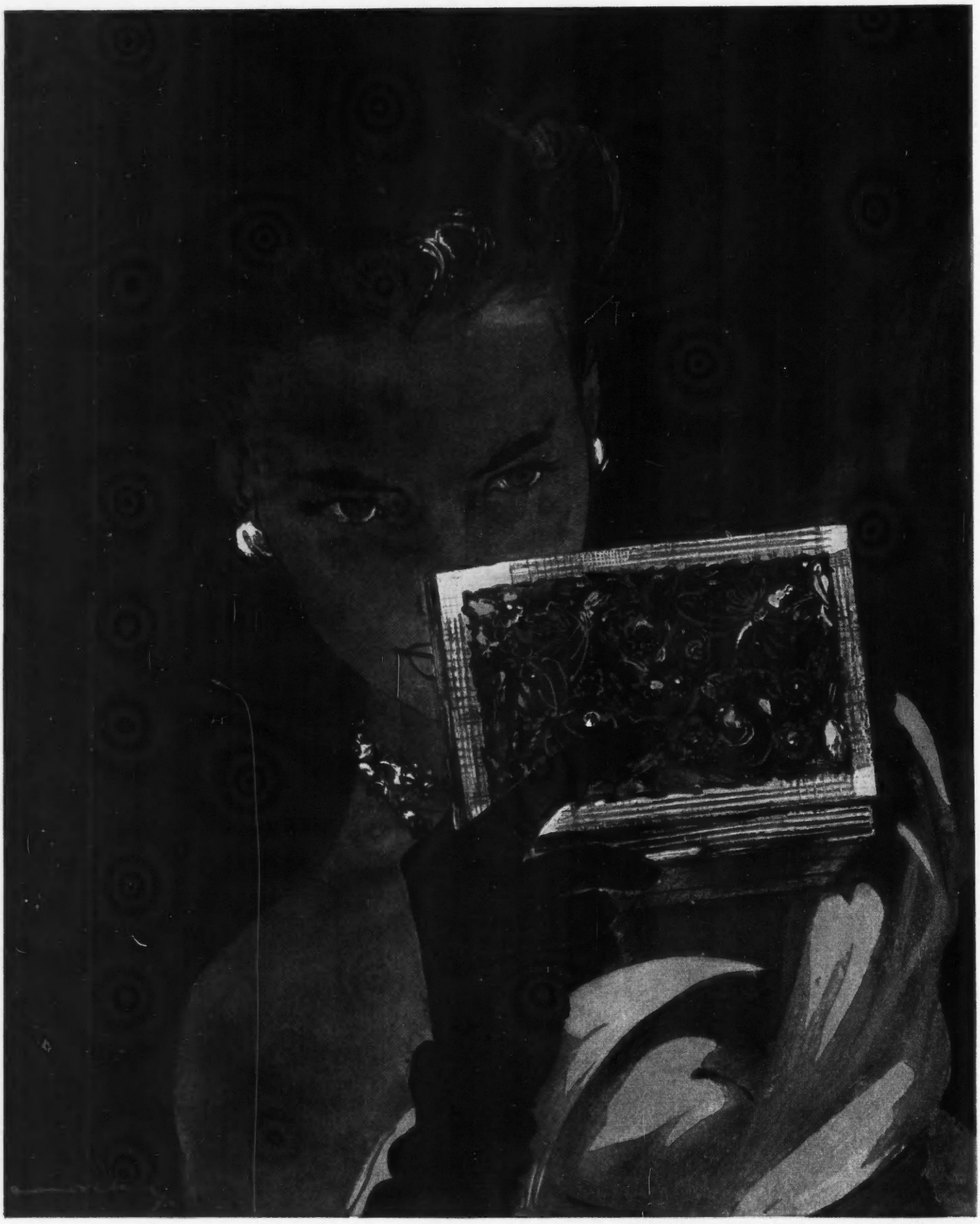
A punch-bowl similar to the one described, with a picture of a ship sailing off the Castle of Elsinore in Denmark (probably the building depicted on Captain Maclean's bowl), was some years ago at Portmadoc, in the possession of the descendants of the Welsh captain of the vessel represented on it. While there appear to be no published records bearing on these bowls, it seems likely that they were painted at Elsinore by an enameller, presumably Chapman Norris, who worked at that place. The porcelain, of hard paste, is certainly not English or Welsh; it may have been made at some small factory in Denmark other than the Royal Factory at Copenhagen, of which the wares are believed to have been invariably marked with three wavy lines (for the Sound, Great Belt and Little Belt) in blue. It is not unlikely the bowls were made at a factory in Germany and purchased thence "in the white" by the enameller for painting to the order of sea-captains calling at the port of Elsinore. The date on the bowl is most probably 1853.

HOW LACE-MAKERS' LAMPS WERE USED

From Lady Brooke.

I was interested in the lace-maker's lamp reproduced among Collectors' Questions ***in your issue of June 24. I have one of solid glass and with pontil mark but without the domed foot. Were these lamps made at Waterford? I bought mine at a sale in these parts some time ago. Can***

(*Continued on page* 1671)



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DOCTOR CALVERT'S "DIGESTIVE CHAIR"
See question: An Aid to Digestion

you explain how these lamps were used? Were they filled with oil and a floating wick?—C. BROOKE, Colebrooke, Brookeborough, Northern Ireland.

Assuming that the glass from which this lamp was made is clear and heavy, then it is of flint-glass. If it has a very dark tint, indicating a high lead content, it is in all probability of English manufacture before 1745. After that date it would be unlikely for the stem and foot to be solid owing to a tax by weight levied on flint-glass from that year until 1845. This tax did not apply to Irish glass which was manufactured in quantity from about 1780. The stems of Irish lace lamps would therefore generally be solid and also of a lighter-hued glass than the earlier English solid stems.

The glass globes of lace-makers' lamps were filled with water and placed in front of rush lights. The globe magnified the light upon the piece of lace at the spot being worked upon. It is possible that such lamps were made at Waterford, but there is no record of this. They were made in Ireland, however, for there are records of such lamps being exported to America towards the end of the 18th century, and Mrs. Graydon Stannus in her book on Irish glass refers to their manufacture in Dublin.

DRINKING-GLASS ENGRAVED WITH ROSES, SHAMROCKS AND THISTLES, COMMEMORATING THE UNION WITH IRELAND (1801)
See question Roses, Shamrocks and Thistles

AN AID TO DIGESTION

***The chair shown in the enclosed photograph appears in the Great Exhibition catalogue of* 1851. *It is called Dr. Calvert's Digestive Chair and it was made by J. Woollatt, of Derby. I should be glad to know how these chairs were used and whether they were made in great numbers. I remember having seen them illustrated in early numbers of* Punch. *I have recently had this chair repaired. It is interesting to recall that steel furniture of this sort designed by Mies van der Rohe was thought to be the last word in furniture of the kind about* 1930.—C. F. COLT, Bethersden, Kent.**

Cast-iron chairs were made in great numbers during the period of their popularity, 1845 to 1875. These chairs were of flamboyant design and the cast sections were elaborately and deeply moulded. During the same period there was a vogue for rocking chairs. Until about 1840 the majority of rocking chairs were converted from ordinary chairs by the addition of a pair of bends. In 1840 the firm of Charles Matthews and Company, Birmingham, produced cast-iron bends, but these were not successful owing to breakage with careless use.

Doctor Calvert, a believer in motion as an aid to digestion, then devised an "unbreakable rocking chair" constructed from bent steel with a slight spring, instead of cast iron. With judicious upholstering this became the "digestive chair," to which Doctor Calvert gave his name and which was designed for open-air use by ladies, invalids and others. Doctors frequently prescribed the use of such a chair to those of the middle class who could afford it. Large numbers were sent to America by John Morton, of Wolverhampton, whose early catalogues, if still available, would supply further details. The chair was neither patented nor registered: any manufacturer was open to make them, but, of course, without use of the trade mark "Doctor Calvert."

ROSES, SHAMROCKS AND THISTLES

***I enclose a photograph of a drinking-glass in my possession. The glass is more than ordinarily tall and the bowl is carefully engraved with three panels enclosing roses, shamrocks and thistles. Is there any historical significance in these emblems? The foot has a scar beneath.*—WILLIAM HOPLEY (Mrs.), Gainsboro, Wulfruna Gardens, Wolverhampton.**

This glass is one of a series issued at the time of the Union with Ireland in 1801. Decanters are known with the same emblems. The stem is extremely unusual, in being drawn from the bowl, split, and twisted.

While being shaped a glass is attached at its base to an iron rod known as a punty rod. When the work is completed the rod is broken off, leaving a scar. This scar was ground smooth in the majority of drinking-glasses made at this period.

TEA-POT OR PUNCH-POT?

***I wonder whether any of your readers can throw light on the origins of this large Worcester tea-pot or punch-pot, now in the collection of Mr. H. Rissik Marshall, which was lent to the recent Dish of Tea Exhibition at the Tea Centre. It would seem that this very rare piece, with its running fox and Tally-ho inscription, must have been commissioned either by a sporting family or possibly by some 18th-century Hunt Club. The rest of the decoration is of course a well-known Worcester pattern of about* 1760. —D. M. FORREST, Secretary, The Tea Centre, 22, Regent Street, S.W.1.**

This fine example of Worcester china was made about 1760-70 with a pattern derived from Japanese Imari porcelain. In spite of the strainer to the spout we think it more likely that this was a punch-pot than a tea-pot. We shall be interested to know if a reader can throw light on its origin.

"TALLY-HO" PUNCH-POT (?) WITH RUNNING FOX ON THE SPOUT. WORCESTER, *circa* 1760
See question: Tea-pot or Punch-Pot?

ANIMAL DRAWINGS BY EBERHARDT

***I should be very grateful if you could give me any information about an artist named Eberhardt. I purchased some years ago two reproductions of drawings by this artist, one of a fox cub and one of a roe deer fawn apparently standing on its legs for the first time. They are, I think, the best animal drawings I know. I cannot read, for certain, the artist's initials.*—ANTHONY BUXTON (Major), Horsey Hall, Great Yarmouth.**

During the past hundred years there have been several artists named Eberhardt, German and Swiss, and in the absence of any initial it is not easy to say to which of them these animal studies may be attributed. Very probably they were drawn by Wilhelm Eberhardt, who was born in Hamburg in 1875 and studied first at the School of Applied Art in Berlin and later in Paris. He was not prominent as a painter of animals, but they were frequently included in his pictures, and no doubt he made some preliminary studies. As his work is so little known in England it is not possible to offer an opinion on the merits of the drawings.

Questions intended for these pages should be forwarded to the Editor, COUNTRY LIFE, *2-10, Tavistock Street, W.C.2, and a stamped addressed envelope enclosed for reply. In no case should originals be sent; nor can any estimates of values be given.*

BIRD OF CHRISTMAS

***Written and Illustrated by* R. E. ST. LEGER-GORDON**

THE British robin, *Erithacus rubecula melophilus*, has hopped through the centuries as man's special protégé. Even the name robin, by which the bird is now generally known, is hypocoristic, an affectionate nickname bestowed also upon other popular characters, Robin Hood and Robin Goodfellow, for example. It was affixed to redbreast in the same way as the pie became magpie, that is, Maggie-pie, and the tit, Tom-tit. Ruddock, from *rud*—red, was its original Saxon name, and both Chaucer and Shakespeare call it this. "Ruddock" is obsolete, and "redbreast" almost so, and the robin now answers to its pet name only.

The robin's popularity is partly due to its obvious liking for human haunts and society, a form of flattery to which we all succumb. Other wild birds, such as ravens and jackdaws, can be tamed to an amusing companionship. Chaffinches and sparrows will fly fearlessly in and out of a room to feed, but none evinces the robin's apparent satisfaction in one's actual society. Whether a robin's brain differs in any essential from that of other birds is a question for biologists, but a robin is born with an innate confidence in and fearlessness of man, which is developed individually to an extent seldom seen in any other species. I would go further and say that its supreme indifference to one's presence is tinged with more than a hint of contempt. A friend who possesses that enviable gift of winning the confidence of wild creatures avers that to her a robin is one of the least attractive of small birds because of its superciliousness. One sees the point of that statement, but, with the notable exception of Bunyan also, the robin seems to have had a uniformly good Press.

In old literature it "piously" covered dead bodies with leaves and moss—including those of the Babes in the Wood. It carried water drop by drop in its beak to sufferers in hell-fire, and scorched its breast in so doing. Alternatively, its feathers were dyed red with blood in its attempt to pull the nails from the Cross, and robins congregated round the dwelling of a dying man to waft his soul to Heaven on a chorus of song.

On altogether different lines was the robin's peculiar liaison with Jenny Wren.

A ! Robyn. Joly Robyn,
Tell me how thy leman doeth ?

Or in simpler words :

The Robin and the Wren
Are God Almighty's cock and hen.
He who harries their nest
Never shall his soul have rest.

Despite the warning about the communal nest in the last two lines, during the 17th and 18th centuries robins were considerably "harried", together with other small birds. They were caged as songsters, used as ingredients in strange medicinal compounds, and also eaten. As late as the end of the last century, the ninth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* records : "On the European Continent . . . the Redbreast on its autumnal and vernal passages is the object of hosts of bird-catchers, since its value as a delicacy for the table has long been recognised." This passage refers, of course, to the Continental robin, *Erithacus rubecula rubecula*, rather larger and lighter than the British species, but English robins suffered the same fate in Tudor times, for, as one, Thomas Muffet, recorded in Elizabeth's reign : "Robin red-breast is esteemed a light and good meat." Incongruously, in Victorian days the robin was a victim of the very sentimentality which popularised him on Christmas cards. To make the portrayal as realistic as possible, robins were trapped and their feathers mounted among the seasonal holly, "frost", silver bells, and church towers in the snow.

"A ROBIN'S ROUND, GLASSY EYE IS COLD AND CALCULATING"

A robin is paramountly the Christmas bird, partly because the combination of red breast, holly berries and ribbon has always proved irresistible to Christmas-card artists. At this season, too, in unwholesome-looking sugary guise he crowns iced cake, perches stickily on parcel labels, and looks down—happily now, minus his own feathers—from a traditional background on the mantelpiece. Added to this, the real robin in the garden outside contributes his pleasing winter song.

Both cock and hen robin sing. Distinguishing the sexes is difficult, because the plumage is similar. We have had two remarkably tame robins, both of which were, by inference, deduced to be hens. Bribed in the first place by mealworms, they spent most of the day in the house, where, perched upon any convenient piece of furniture, they would sing in a soft, warbling *sotto voce*, altogether sweeter than the loud challenging territorial song inspired by jealousy and pugnacity.

A robin's territorial jealousy is so pronounced a characteristic that it was recognised in a Latin proverb of the 3rd century : *Unicum arbustum haud alit duos erithacos* (one bush does not shelter two robins). One of our robins, when indoors, where he had his own dish of special food, would drive away all birds, robins included, which came for crumbs on the window-sill outside. Another, a stranger robin, carried his persecution of a speckled youngster we were taming to such lengths that he followed him into the house, and once actually struck him from his perch on my knee. That we could be bested by a robin was an absurd situation, but so it was, and our promising young one disappeared.

The tamest and most confiding of birds has no affection as we understand the word. Even in their sociability they remain aloof. A robin especially is a schizophrenic with his heart "in the hielands." His round, glassy eye is cold and calculating, a mirror of the bird's brain, which is deciding whether to accept your proffered food, whether to respond to your cajoling calls, or whether your society is momentarily congenial or not.

Pugnacious, jealous, indifferent, aloof, supercilious if you like—the robin gets away with it all. It is a one-sided relationship, but all the world loves a robin, and the robin appears to know it.

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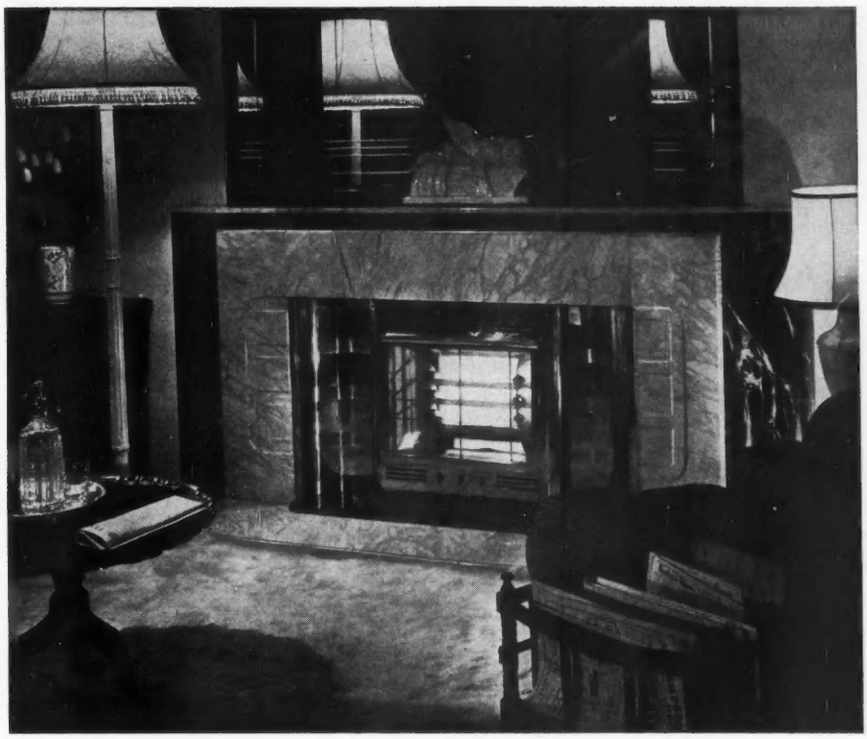

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CORRESPONDENCE

PUZZLE OF THE THREE HORSES

SIR,—One day in October I turned out a good-looking chestnut mare in a field, near the Quantock Hills, Somerset, in which were a lop-eared chestnut thoroughbred gelding and a good little brown mare by an Arab out of an Exmoor pony. These two animals stood close together looking at my mare, and she stood still, evidently afraid of beginning to graze.

After a few minutes the horse rushed at her, apparently intending to bite her. She turned her tail towards him and flung up her heels, which nearly touched his throat. He then went back to the pony, and I walked to my mare and led her away and put her into another field.

Can you or any of your readers explain this behaviour? I should add that the horse, which belonged to a friend of mine, was not usually vicious.—ALFRED V. PAWSON, *Nynehead Court, Wellington, Somerset.*

[Instances of this sort of behaviour have been recorded in which a number of pit ponies, put out to grass for a time, select an obviously unpopular member, enclose it in a circle, and finally try to savage it. And during the war, as anyone concerned with pack mule transport units will know, there was frequently one mule in a troop which the other seventy-seven would lose no opportunity of kicking when they were in a corral. A possible explanation is that Nature dislikes the weakling. Perhaps some of our readers have evidence which would support this theory, or can put forward another.—ED.]

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S HOME

SIR,—Ninety years ago (in December, 1859), Anthony Trollope came to Waltham House, Waltham Cross, Hertfordshire, which was his home for the twelve years that he was in charge of the eastern postal district of the General Post Office. It was here that he wrote nine of his novels, including *The Small House at Allington*, the original of which is said to be Grove Cottage, Churchgate, Cheshunt, Hertfordshire.

I enclose a photograph believed to have been taken about 1905 and alleged to be one of the few known extant front views of Waltham House, which was pulled down about 1930 to allow development of the High Street and Abbey Road area in Waltham Cross. Together with one other similar front view, this photograph was sent to the Cheshunt Librarian, Mr. J. Edwards, in response to his appeal for information about the house, by Miss Annie Parker, of Aberdeenshire, one time maid to Miss Florence Paul, daughter of William Paul, the famous Waltham Cross rose-grower. Trollope sold the house to Paul when he left the district in 1874. COUNTRY LIFE of February 2, 1901, contains an article describing this former Queen Anne home of the novelist. An article in *The City Leader* of 1904 is devoted to the house and to William Paul, its owner at that time.—M. I. G. SMITH (Miss), *Russets, Digswell, Welwyn, Herts.*

A *CUPRESSUS MACROCARPA*, 93 FT. HIGH, IN MELBOURNE BOTANICAL GARDENS

See letter: Giant Macrocarpas

GIANT MACROCARPAS

SIR,—I have read with interest the various letters in your correspondence columns about the great heights *Cupressus macrocarpa* can reach, and can confirm from experience Mr. Ward's comments (September 23) as to the unsuitability of these trees as a hedge plant. Yet they are still commonly used, particularly in small gardens. They cannot stand the cutting necessary to keep them within bounds and before many years become unsightly, with brown decaying branches. I well remember the terraces at the late Sir Philip Sassoon's house, Port Lympne, Kent, where these trees were used, but trimmed box-shape. They reached some 15 ft. to 20 ft. in height and frequent replacements had to be made as they died.

Although they are far away from these islands and under more favourable climatic conditions, you may like to know of two specimens some of whose measurements exceed those of the ones that you have illustrated. I saw them in the Melbourne Botanical Gardens early this year. The first is 121 ft. in height and the spread of the branches is 95 ft. in diameter at its widest point. The other, of which I send you a photograph, although it is not so large, is still a magnificent tree. It has cedar-like branches and its trunk measures 25 ft. at ground level and 30 ft. two feet from the ground. Its height is 93 ft., and the branch-spread 64 ft. in diameter at the widest part.

These two specimens were both planted in 1883 by W. K. Guilfoyle, who was responsible for laying out the Melbourne Gardens as they now appear.—H. C., *Hadley Wood, Herts.*

PORTRAIT OF BRANWELL BRONTË

SIR,—My edition of *The Professor* (Gresham Publishing Co.) contains a silhouette portrait of Branwell Brontë which does not at all agree with the portrait reproduced in your issue of November 18. A description by his friend, Mr. Greendy, is quoted:

"He was insignificantly small—one of his life's trials—with a mass of red hair, worn high off his forehead—to help his height I fancy—a great, bumpy, intellectual forehead, nearly half the size of the whole facial contour; small ferrety eyes, deep sunk and nearly hidden by never removed spectacles; prominent nose, weak lower features. He had a downcast look, never varied save for a rapid momentary glance at long intervals."

I enclose a pencil sketch of the profile for comparison with the portrait in the possession of Mr. Fawthorp.—E. TONKS, *Barn Close, Hayden Hill, near Cheltenham, Gloucestershire.*

SKETCH OF A PORTRAIT OF BRANWELL BRONTË REPRODUCED IN AN EDITION OF THE PROFESSOR

See letter: Portrait of Branwell Brontë

HORNETS BARKING TREES

SIR,—With reference to your correspondence about hornets barking trees, some interesting observations on the habits of these insects appeared in an article by D. W. Vere in the *London Naturalist* for 1946. They were carried out in Epping Forest, where it was found that one of the main sources of food of hornets is a white slime or alcoholic flux formed by the fermentation of the bark, bast and cambium of oaks, birches and ashes. This is chiefly due to the attack of a fungus called *Oospora ludwigii*, but it is thought that bacteria may also be concerned in its production. The intoxicating effects on the hornets are described, and it is also stated that after feeding the hornets frequently fly to other trees to wipe the flux off, and thus tend to spread the infection.

The flow of flux dies back in August, and hornets then turn their attention mainly to fruit. It is believed that after this change of diet those from the later broods are larger than those reared while the flux is the main diet. Infected trees usually die, and so in this respect the hornets, by spreading the fungus, have a harmful effect. The bark is removed to reach the flux, and this is what your correspondent watched.—F. FINCHER, *Woodcote, Bromsgrove, Worcestershire.*

THE ENTRANCE FRONT OF ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S HOME, WALTHAM HOUSE, WALTHAM CROSS, HERTFORDSHIRE, WHICH WAS PULLED DOWN IN ABOUT 1930

See letter: Anthony Trollope's Home

IN PRAISE OF WARMING-PANS

SIR,—I was surprised to learn, from Mr. G. Bernard Hughes's article, *Old English Warming Pans* (November 18), that warming-pans ceased to be generally used, as such, as long ago as the early 1800's. They were in regular use in my family, in a Northamptonshire village, up to twenty years ago. It never occurred to us, at the time, that this might be unusual, and I am loath to believe that we were unique in being 120 years behind the times.

I might add, from experience, that no hot-water bottle can provide such a paradise of warmth, short-lived, it is true, but exquisite while it lasts.—R. H. KNIGHT, 127, *Metchley Lane, Harborne, Birmingham,* 17.

CHIMNEY-PIECES BY THOMAS CARTER

SIR,—I was much interested to see the photograph of the chimney-piece in the great drawing-room of Blair Castle, Perthshire (November 11), as this is the same in design (though I cannot see the frieze and centre plaque *motif*) as the one that I

(*Continued on page* 1677)

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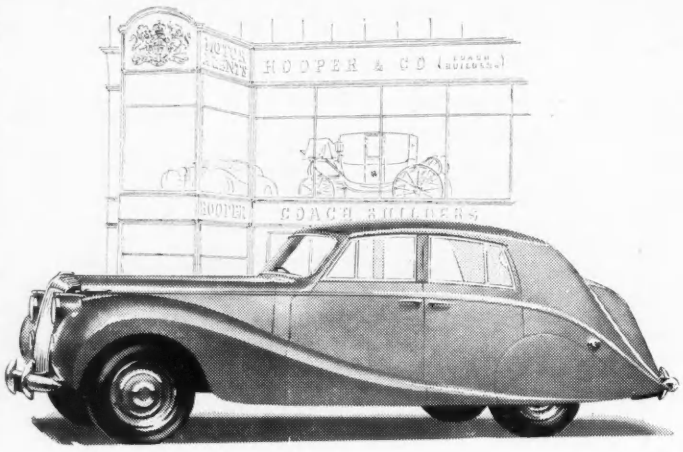

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HAYRICKS IN THE LEGHORN DISTRICT OF ITALY

See letter: For Keeping Their Hats On

bought from Felix Hall, Kelvedon, Essex, with the rest of the woodwork of the room. At the same time I bought the next room from Felix Hall which had a chimney-piece in it, the fellow of the one in the drawing-room at Saltram, Devon. I understand from the letterpress that both the Saltram and the Blair chimney-pieces came from Thomas Carter, and it may be of interest to record others from the same source.—BASIL IONIDES, *Buxted Park, Uckfield, Sussex.*

BY HOOK OR BY CROOK

SIR,—I was most interested in your correspondent's letter *By Hook or by Crook* (November 11), as before coming here I lived in a part of Sussex where a miniature wooden rake with four prongs is the usual weapon to hold back the grass. I introduced this system here, where the usual method is exactly that described by your correspondent as in use in West Wales; the forked stick is common also in the rural district of North Cork. Can the method have taken passage from Fishguard or Holyhead or, *vice versa*, from Cork or Waterford, or is it the old Gaelic method?—L. CLAYTON, *Aherlow House, The Glen of Aherlow, Co. Tipperary, Eire.*

FOR KEEPING THEIR HATS ON

SIR,—When in the Leghorn district of Italy recently, I came across the hayricks of which I enclose a photograph. On asking the reason for the poles sticking out of the top of them, I was told that these were for evil spirits that might be hiding in a rick to escape by. As, however, I further gathered that ricks with these poles were less prone to blow away than those without them, I concluded that their purpose was rather to act as stabilisers. This impression is, I think, confirmed by the fact that the poles, to judge by the isolated one visible in my picture, go right into the ground.—E. EMRYS JONES, *Old Colwyn, North Wales.*

LADY GODIVA AND PEEPING TOM

From Sir Hereward Wake

SIR,—With reference to your recent article, *In Memory of Lady Godiva*, I enclose a rough sketch of an old picture in my possession, worked in coloured silk. The similarity to John Thomas's 1860 statue at Maidstone makes one think that he might have seen this picture. Unlike the others, her ladyship shows a becoming modesty; and she also has her horse short by the head.

My picture shows Peeping Tom at the window. The story used to be that he had his ears cut off, and not that he was struck blind.—HEREWARD WAKE, *Axford Lodge, Basingstoke, Hampshire.*

LOST SPIRES

SIR,—Cruciform churches with octagonal towers at the crossing, surmounted by spires, are perhaps not very rare, but I thought the two enclosed photographs might be of interest.

The tower of the Early English church at Uffington, Berkshire (shown in my first photograph) lost its spire in the 18th century, but the broken masonry of the porch recalls that there was once a spire—and which way it fell. Possibly a similar catastrophe would have happened in the following century at Doulting, in Somerset, but here the spire (shown in my second photograph) was entirely rebuilt, stone by stone, in the year 1869. It would be interesting to know more of bygone spires. Uffington is far from being unique in its loss: Faringdon, in the same area, used to have a spire—but most counties doubtless have records of spires of which most people have no memory. Is there any general rule that spires added to towers a considerable time after the towers were built were less steady than original spire-and-tower composition, or *vice versa*?—W. J., *Somerset.*

TIMBER FELLING IN THE MIDDLE AGES

SIR,—Mr. Balch, in your issue of last week, asks whether there is any reliable record as to the season when timber was felled for use in mediæval building. Records relating to timber used for mediæval building are very numerous, but their reliability as a guide to the season of felling varies greatly. Dates of payment cannot always be trusted as indications of the dates of work done. Moreover, as early as the 13th century much timber was bought ready hewn from merchants: this is well brought out by the long series of detailed accounts for the works done by Edward I at the Tower of London (Public Record Office, Exchequer Works Accounts).

On the other hand, it is possible from the Calendars of Patent Rolls and other sources to supplement the information drawn from accounts. Orders to servants of the Crown to fell timber for the royal works, and licences for subjects to have timber trees from the royal forests for their private building projects, occur in considerable number. Here again caution must be used in accepting the date of the order or licence as that of felling, but, given a fairly large number of instances (which could easily be collected from the printed Calendars of Patent Rolls), it should be possible to arrive fairly close to the truth. The following are a mere selection of instances which happen to be available, from building accounts and other sources, arranged in chronological order.

In 1328 Master John de Hurlande, carpenter, who began to be paid on May 22, was sent to Kingston for timber (P.R.O., E.101/467/6(1)). Commissions to fell timber were issued on February 2, 1345; January 30 and February 7, 1348; May 5, 1352; October 20, 1359 (Calendars of Patent Rolls). On June 2, 1355, a writ was issued to take carriage for timber bought in Roydon Park (Cal. Pat. R., 1354-8, p. 241), presumably indicating that it had just been felled. The registers of the Duchy of Lancaster contain similar entries: on November 7, 1379, a warrant was given for the delivery of one oak for timber, and on November 20 of the same year occurs the well-known entry commanding 40 small oak trees to be delivered to the Prior of Kenilworth to repair the floor of the Great Chamber of the Priory, to dance upon at Christmas (John of Gaunt's Register, 1379-84, Camden Society, 3rd Series). A later register (P.R.O., D.L. 42/15, f. 73) shows that on November 19, 1405, sixteen timber oaks were to be delivered to the town of Coventry for making a gate next to the Manor of Cheilesmore.

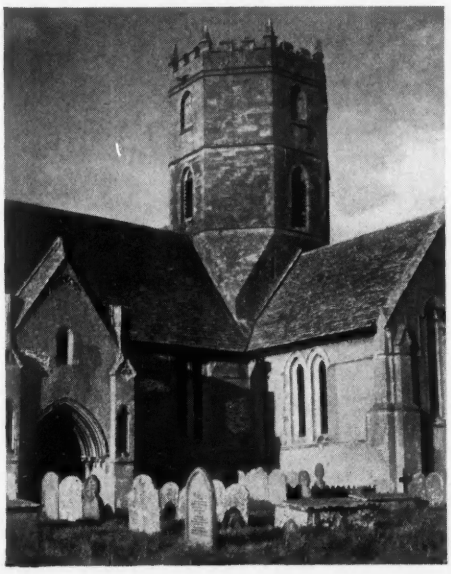
Meanwhile, there is some evidence as to the timber used for the great trusses of Westminster Hall. The first reference to preparations is in an order to the King's clerk, John Gedeney, on July 5, 1393, to take all the timber in Pettelewode in Sussex and bring it to London (F. Baines: *Westminster Hall*, Blue Book, 1914, page 4).

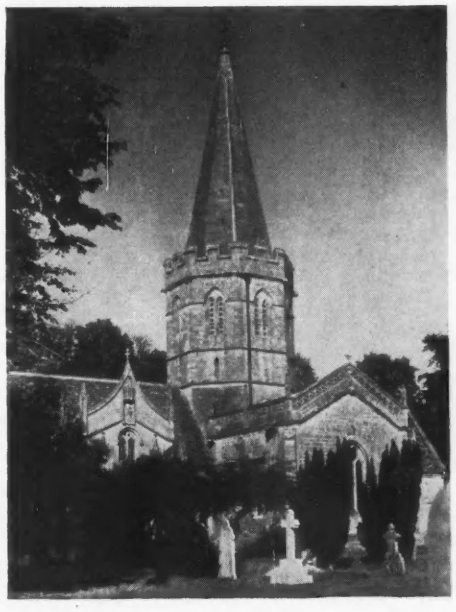
Other timber was obtained elsewhere at later dates, and it is indicative of the mediæval carelessness as to seasoning that by June 1, 1395, orders were given for finding carriage for 150 loads of timber which had been wrought for the Hall at a place called the Frame by Farnham in Surrey (Cal. Close Rolls, 1392-6, p. 352).

A particularly interesting and fairly specific reference occurs in the accounts of the Rochester Bridge Wardens for 1445 (M. J. Becker: *Rochester Bridge*, 1930, p. 70), when, during the month ending July 3, a payment of 1s. 6d. was made to a farmer in Aylesford for damage done to his crops in timber carting, and in the same month a "way" was hired in one place, and a road made up in another, for the same purpose. Early in the following century the accounts of Wolsey's works provide further instances: on May 14, 1515, payment was made for "fellyng and hewyng done of 16 lode of pales at Batersey for the fundacion of the brek wall at Yorke Place" (P.R.O., E.101/474/7); and in 1525 felling for the works of Cardinal College, Oxford, was in progress from January 28 and again shortly before June 17 (J. G. Milne in *Oxoniensia*, VIII/IX, 1945, p. 142). Finally, mention may be made of a payment on July 31, 1522, for carriage of timber to Ripon (*Memorials*

SKETCH OF AN OLD COLOURED SILK PICTURE SHOWING LADY GODIVA ON HER RIDE THROUGH COVENTRY

See letter: Lady Godiva and Peeping Tom





SPIRELESS TOWER (*left*) OF UFFINGTON CHURCH, BERKSHIRE, AND (*right*) TOWER AND SPIRE OF THE CHURCH AT DOULTING SOMERSET. THE SPIRE WAS REBUILT IN 1869

See letter: Lost Spires

of Ripon, Surtees Soc., LXXXI, iii, p. 200).

If these instances are at all representative, they must be taken to indicate three seasons of felling—in January-February; in May-July; and in October-November; the summer period being of importance equal to the other two put together. Possibly the periods when sap was rising and falling, and, rather naturally, the middle of winter were avoided. It may be added that documentary evidence does not support the common statement that sweet chestnut was used in England in the Middle Ages. Oak is the only timber commonly named for structural work, though elm and beech were also used, largely for underground piling, and ash and alder for special purposes. There were also very extensive imports of fir from the Baltic area, often referred to as Eastland or "Estrich" boards. So far as my knowledge goes, in every case where alleged "chestnut" timber from old roofs has been examined under the microscope, it has proved to be oak. —JOHN H. HARVEY, *Half Moon Cottage, Little Bookham, Surrey.*

HARPOON FISHERMAN ON THE SRINAGAR LAKES, KASHMIR, WITH THE OLD FORT OF SRINAGAR IN THE BACKGROUND

See letter: Harpoon Fishermen of Kashmir

A DEADLY DISEASE

SIR,—Early this year you referred, in an editorial note, to the threat of chestnut blight, the disease which the Italians prefer to call bark cancer, and since October 15 the importation of all chestnut (*Castanea spp.*) from abroad has been forbidden.

Since this very deadly fungus disease was first noticed in America nearly 50 years ago it has virtually eradicated the native chestnut species over an area of tens of thousands of square miles, and the damage sustained is reckoned in hundreds of millions of dollars. Within the last fifteen years it has become established in Italy. We may hope to escape, but spores are carried by wind and birds.

Some photographs, offered by courtesy of the Division of Forest Pathology, U.S. Plant Industry Station, Beltsville, Maryland, U.S.A., may be of interest as showing what the disease looks like. The rusty-orange pustules or fruit bodies from which the spores may issue in tendril-like form are closely similar to those of the relatively harmless *Endothia radicalis*, already established in this country.—WOODMAN, *Berkshire.*

HARPOON FISHERMEN OF KASHMIR

SIR,—The harpoon fishermen on the lakes of Srinagar, Kashmir, excite admiration both for their patience and for their skill. Their method may seem simple at first sight, but anyone who has tried to aim at an object under water with a long stick will realise that it is far from easy.

The harpoon fisherman works in the shallow water near the shore. Standing precariously on the extreme end of his *shikara*, and using his heavy paddle with one hand, he propels himself gently without a ripple through the water, with the sun at his back, until he sees a fish resting among the weeds. Still without a ripple on the water, he quietly exchanges the paddle for his long six-pronged harpoon, gently lowers the harpoon into the water and, with a lightning stroke, impales the fish. When once he has his harpoon in position to strike, he very seldom misses his target, whatever the size of the fish.

The photograph shows the fisherman paddling along with his harpoon at the ready.—H. N. OBBARD, *c/o Lloyds Bank, Ltd., Connaught Circus, New Delhi, India.*

PIED WOODPECKER IN INNER LONDON

SIR,—Although it happened a year ago, it may interest Londoners to know that on November 14, 1948, I saw a great spotted, or pied, woodpecker in the middle of London, within 500 yards of Marble Arch. The place was Archery Close, an enclosure of about 5 acres situated alongside Connaught Square and containing several fine trees. The bird was busily scouring the tree trunks for insects.—ANTHONY BOOSEY, 16, *Archery Close, Connaught Square, W.2.*

[This bird had probably strayed from Hyde Park or from Kensington Gardens, where pied woodpeckers now nest.—ED.]

WEST-COUNTRY ROUND HOUSES

SIR,—Further to your correspondence about West-Country round houses, the lock-up on the bridge at Bradford-on-Avon, and what I take to have been a lock-up divided into two near the Town Bridge at Trowbridge, also in Wiltshire, might well be cited, though they cannot strictly be termed round houses. The latter is now roofless.

The building at Bradford-on-Avon took the place of what the local guidebook calls a place for the saying of masses, for which, however, it seems all too small. I cannot help thinking that it was a shrine to some saint. Perhaps it contained a statue of Saint Aldhelm, who, tradition says, sang and played hymns on bridges as people passed over, and thereafter drew their attention to more serious things. Saint Aldhelm founded a monastery at Bradford-on-Avon.

There is also a lock-up, known as the Blind House, and dated 1824, on what is now private ground adjoining the roadway at Bisley, near Stroud. This was divided into two small cells. Just near by stood the pillory and also the village pound.

It would be interesting to know who was responsible for the erection of these grim places of detention.—PAUL WOODROFFE, *Westwood, Bradford-on-Avon, Wiltshire.*

WINDMILL GOVERNORS

SIR,—The excellent photograph of a pair of centrifugal governors in Wrentham windmill, Suffolk (October 28), is accompanied by a somewhat misleading letter. Governors could not by their construction be made of stone or lead, although the weights sometimes are. Wrought or cast iron are the most usual materials, and wood may also enter into the construction of the links as well as of the pulley.

The function of the bell alarm in a windmill is to warn the miller when the corn in the hoppers feeding the stones is running low. The function of the governors is to regulate the gap between the stones, according to the speed of the mill. It stands to reason, therefore, that the bell alarm will not be "connected indirectly" to the governors, although it has occasionally been arranged for a striker on the governor pulley to operate the bell alarm, when a portion of the latter mechanism was allowed to fall against it.—REX WAILES, 386, *Euston Road, N.W.1.*

THE CHILLINGHAM WILD CATTLE

SIR,—In an article on the white wild cattle of Chillingham (Northumberland), which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of September 10, 1948, I commented on their severe sufferings during the exceptionally bad blizzard of early 1947, when 25 animals were lost, reducing the herd to 13. For over a year after this disaster not a single cow calved, and fears for the survival of the herd were expressed. In August of 1948, however, a calf was born and faith in the herd's future, I wrote, was restored.

Although this event did prove that the herd had not been rendered sterile through the privation caused by the rigorous winter of 1947, my prediction concerning its future was a little premature, as I had overlooked the fact that the new calf was a bull. But in July and October of this year two heifers were born, so that there now seems more justification for the assumption that the herd will survive, given a succession of tolerable winters. It now numbers 16, and is, I understand, again in as fine a condition as ever it was.—F. R. BANKS, 8, *Rostrevor Gardens, Iver Heath, Buckinghamshire.*

Ham House, Surrey, referred to in our issue of November 18, was, together with its grounds, presented to the National Trust. Only the contents of the house were sold to the State.

A CHESTNUT TRUNK INFESTED WITH CHESTNUT BLIGHT. (*Right*) ENLARGED SPORES OF THE FUNGUS

See letter: A Deadly Disease

THE CIGARETTE WITH THE EXCLUSIVE FILTER

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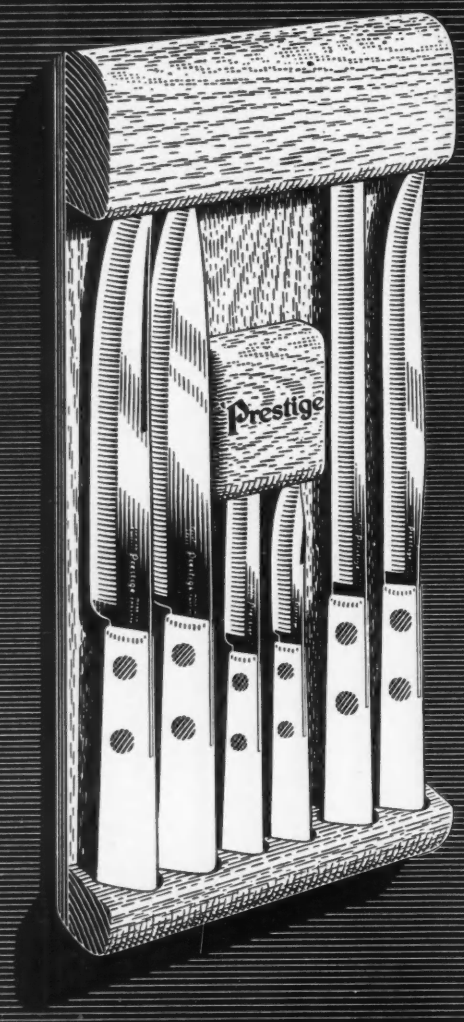

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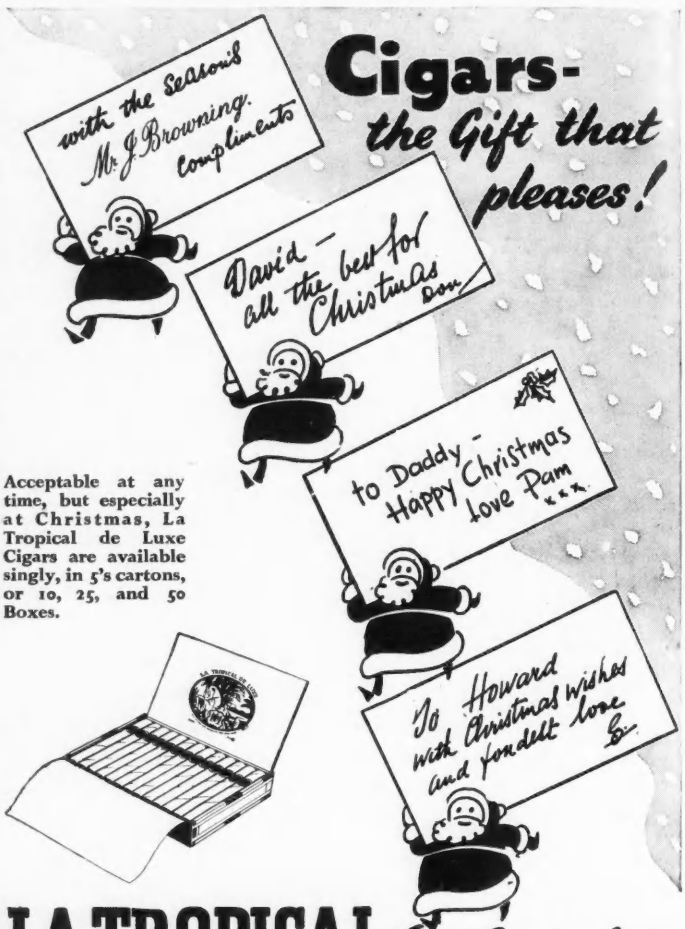

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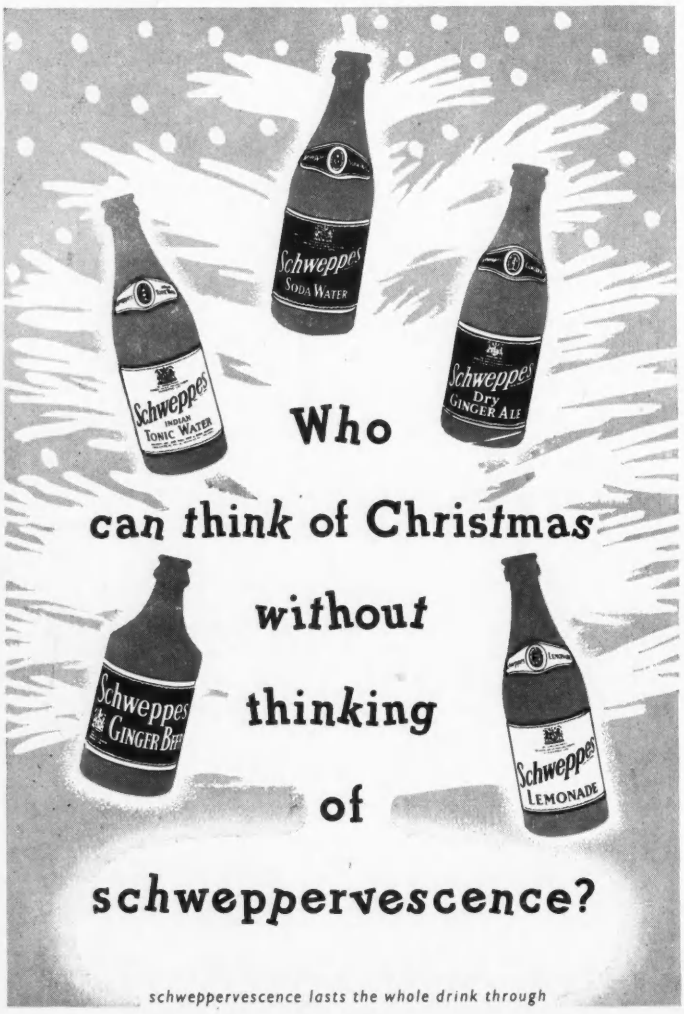


Who can think of Christmas without thinking of schweppervescence?

schweppervescence lasts the whole drink through

AN UNCOMMON PORCELAIN

By STANLEY W. FISHER

OF the three Shropshire porcelain factories of Caughley, Coalport, and Madeley not one remains. Of the first there is nothing to be seen but a green mound in a riverside field, the second has but recently ended its varied career in the form of a tyre factory, and a row of cottages by the side of a disused canal is all that remains to mark the site of the third. So numerous are the surviving products of Caughley and its successor Coalport that there is little danger of their existence, their histories, or their products being forgotten, but this is not the case with Madeley.

During its life of approximately fifteen years, from about 1825 to 1840, a considerable amount of porcelain was made, apart from a large output of decorated or re-decorated alien wares. Indeed, when we consider that a larger staff was employed than at Nantgarw (where, it is on record, some three hundred pieces were produced each week), it is at first thought rather puzzling to account for the whereabouts of something like 200,000 pieces, for it is rarely that a piece of Madeley porcelain is found. Is "found" the right word, however? Or should we say "recognised," and so arrive at the explanation of the mystery? The three pieces here illustrated and described, which appeared unrecognised in a London sale-room recently, provide an admirable object-lesson in this comparatively unfamiliar ware, which apart from two articles by W. Turner in the pages of early numbers of *The Connoisseur* has never received adequate attention.

The founder of the Madeley factory, Thomas Martin Randall, after a thorough training in his craft at Caughley, Derby, and Pinxton, carried on an enamelling works in Islington, where he and his partner Robins decorated Nantgarw porcelain in the white, and also various slightly decorated French wares. It is not known at what exact date he returned to his native parts, but on the evidence of his son, George, it must have been round about 1825. Here, in the mining village of Madeley, near Ironbridge, his real life's work was begun.

In all probability he began to make his own porcelain without very much delay. The lovely but costly Nantgarw was generally admired, but it was not made after 1822, and thus he had a clear field and a ready market for a good substitute, an opportunity which a pupil of Turner, Duesbury, and Billingsley was unlikely to neglect. In making a lovely artificial paste which was the equal not only of the Nantgarw but also of the coveted Vieux Sèvres he catered for the wealthy who could afford the best, while a harder body that he made at the same time was calculated to appeal to the general public, who could appreciate good decoration even if they were insufficiently wealthy to buy the more expensive variety.

Side by side with this manufacture a considerable amount of decoration of white Sèvres and re-decoration of sparsely decorated wares

1.—MADELEY VASE, PROBABLY PAINTED BY THOMAS MARTIN RANDALL, THE FOUNDER OF THE FIRM. EARLY 19th CENTURY

from the same factory was carried on as a sideline. In all these varieties of work the outstanding feature was excellence of decoration, which was carried out by Randall himself, and by the best artists he could engage.

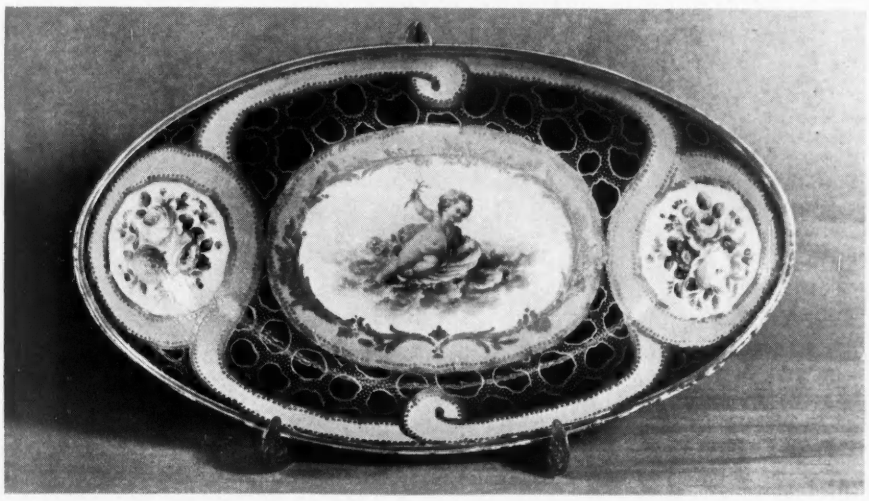
Before I describe the three pieces illustrated, there are several points which must be made quite clear, since they afford important aids to proper identification. First no mark was ever used upon wares that were actually potted at Madeley. Randall was a Quaker, and would not do as his London agents desired—add the Sèvres mark to his already perfect imitations. Second, the Sèvres mark was retained on porcelain made at that factory, and even added if it was not already present. An interesting case in point is provided by the jug (Fig. 3) which will be described later. Third, a peculiar granular appearance is to be observed in Randall's ground colours, probably the result of the pigment's being applied in powder form to a sized base. Not only does this produce, an appearance quite different from that seen upon Sèvres specimens; in addition there is an unmistakable deepness and richness of colour that is absent in the French wares. Naturally enough, the comparatively thin hard glaze of his harder paste was incapable of holding so much colour, with a resultant thin appearance. Lastly the Madeley re-decorated pieces seldom bear any of the well-known disfiguring traces of re-firing.

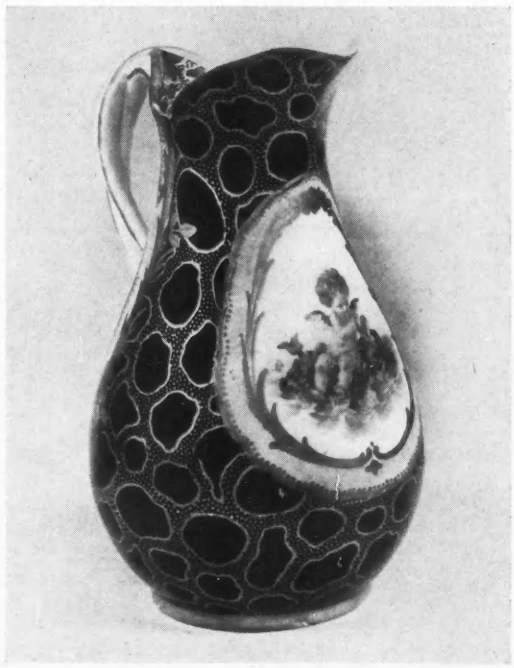
A typical example of Randall's own work, as regards both the potting and the decoration, is illustrated in Fig. 1. The paste is of the Nantgarw variety, very translucent, but milky rather than snowy in hue, and a true rival of the mellowness of the Vieux Sèvres. The ground colour of *gros bleu*, with its *œil de perdrix* network diaper in gold of fine quality, exhibits the depth of tone and granular appearance already referred to, and the painted panels, one on either side, are almost certainly by Randall himself. At Coalport he had been famous for his bird paintings, and "Randall's birds" were in great demand, so daintily and beautifully were they rendered in an inimitable style—a style which in this case is sufficient identification.

The jug in Fig. 3 is made of the artificial Sèvres body, but the decoration was added at Madeley. There are several reasons which lead to this conclusion. First there is the unmistakable *gros bleu* ground, exactly similar to that used on the vase. Second a crack runs from the lip to the centre of the base, which has been carefully hidden by the ground colour, not only on the side of the jug but also beneath the base, where the blue is applied in the form of an inch wide Maltese cross. As this necessary camouflage covered up the original centrally placed Sèvres mark, a second crossed L mark was added in one of the small uncovered areas, near the foot-rim. The painted Cupid is typical of the work of one of Randall's best artists, Philip Ballard, who was famous not only for his Cupids (copied from the French), but also for similarly copied scenes after Watteau and Boucher. The gilded scrolls around the painting, rich and heavy, are of a form typical of the factory.

The same remarks apply to the dish (Fig. 2), the ground colour and gold diaper, the Ballard Cupids in a scrolled reserve, and the Sèvres mark in blue. The flower painting, on the evidence of style, was probably done by Robert Bix Gray, who had worked with Randall at Islington, and who remained with him for thirty-six years.

Such, then, were the products of Thomas Martin Randall, a man who rivalled Billingsley in producing the loveliest porcelain ever made in England, and who was yet at the same time sufficiently unambitious to refuse the offer of a partnership in the Minton establishment, preferring instead to rest upon his not inconsiderable laurels until he died, at Barlaston, in 1859





2 and 3.—ARTIFICIAL PASTE SEVRES DISH, DECORATED AT MADELEY BY PHILIP BALLARD AND ROBERT BIX GRAY. (*Right*) SEVRES JUG PAINTED AT MADELEY BY BALLARD. All the examples shown are in the collection of R. L. Kenning

Soap and water, sun and air — they're as good for the flowers in an Indecolor Fabric as they are for the roses in your cheeks. These exquisite fabrics fill your rooms with living colour, so real that it won't wash off.

SANDERSON
Indecolor FABRICS

—and have you seen the new ideas in SANDERSON WALLPAPERS?

A MERRY CHRISTMAS ON THE CARDS

By **WILLIAM J. FORBES**

THE Christmas card sold by the million all over the world is an English invention, little more than a hundred years old. It is a universal custom that England can claim to have given to the world, for the Christmas tree came from Germany, and the Easter egg and All Fools' Day derive from ancient pagan practices in Europe and Asia. Certainly there were various greeting devices at the beginning of the pagan year—Egyptian new-year tokens and the Roman coins of Janus, god of the year's first month—and printed cards in Europe soon after the invention of printing; but the Christmas card is truly English.

As is the case with most inventions, the Christmas card was a development from other kinds of stationery in common use. One of the earliest European cards is a line engraving, dated 1466, showing the Child Jesus stepping on a flower. Similar cards were printed in many countries, and in succeeding centuries illustrated visiting cards, silhouettes, music covers, playing cards and ornamental notepaper became quite common.

Early in the 19th century it was the custom to write "Christmas letters" on notepaper headed with an appropriate verse or design. In the 'forties, engravers' apprentices sent specimens of their work to friends at Christmas-time, a practice that may have arisen from the "school pieces" that 18th-century children presented to their parents on Christmas morning to show how their hand-writing had improved. It was almost inevitable that from ornamented notepaper and apprentices' specimens special forms of Christmas greeting would develop in keeping with the growing enthusiasm for the Christmas festival. The Prince Consort's Christmas-tree and the stories of Charles Dickens were making Christmas fashionable.

The invention of the Christmas card is generally attributed to Sir Henry Cole, but the idea does not seem to have been his alone. Thomas Shorrock, of Leith, issued a card about 1841 or 1842 with a picture of a laughing face and the words: "A Gude New Year to Ye." W. A. Dobson, R.A., of Birmingham, sent a sketch symbolising Christmas to a friend in December, 1844, and lithographed cards to numerous friends the following year. A Newcastle clergyman, the Rev. Edward Bradley, commissioned special cards from a local firm of printers in 1846 which were so well received that the firm published their own cards the next year.

The card that Cole issued in 1843 certainly had a greater influence on the development of the custom than any of these other early cards. Finding late in the year that he had forgotten to write his customary Christmas letters, Cole asked J. C. Horsley, R.A., to design a special greeting form for him. Horsley designed a card that had a picture of a prosperous-looking family round a table holding cups of wine; and two smaller pictures on either side in a rustic framework showing the feeding of the poor and the clothing of the naked. The addressee's name was written at the top and the sender signed in the bottom left-hand corner. A thousand of these cards were printed in black-and-white, coloured by hand and published by Summerly's Home Treasury Office, 12, Old Bond Street, London. Summerly being the name Cole used for the purpose.

Raphael Tuck

A CHRISTMAS CARD DESIGNED BY J. C. HORSLEY, R.A., IN 1843 and criticised as "an incitement to wine-bibbing". A facsimile reproduction of one of the thousand printed. It was sent by a certain John Washbourn and his wife

Summerly's cards were received, not in a spirit of goodwill, but with bitter criticism. "A positive incitement to wine-bibbing," alleged the advocates of temperance at seeing the well-filled wine cups. The limited circulation of Christmas cards until the end of the 'fifties was due, however, not to the condemnation of temperance bodies, but to the apathy, even ridicule, of the general public.

The more widespread celebration of Christmas in a more prosperous Britain, penny postage, and cheaper methods of colour reproduction, all helped to produce the boom that began in the 'sixties. Wholesale production really began in 1862 when Charles Goodall and Sons captured popular fancy with a special series by commissioned artists. In 1867 Marcus Ward and Co., who had been mounting coloured pictures imported from Germany, began large-scale production. Ward discovered Kate Greenaway, a young artist who made people look for gnomes, sprites and fairies in quality cards; and other artists who joined them produced series on the Nativity, children, Japanese patterns, thatched cottages and so on.

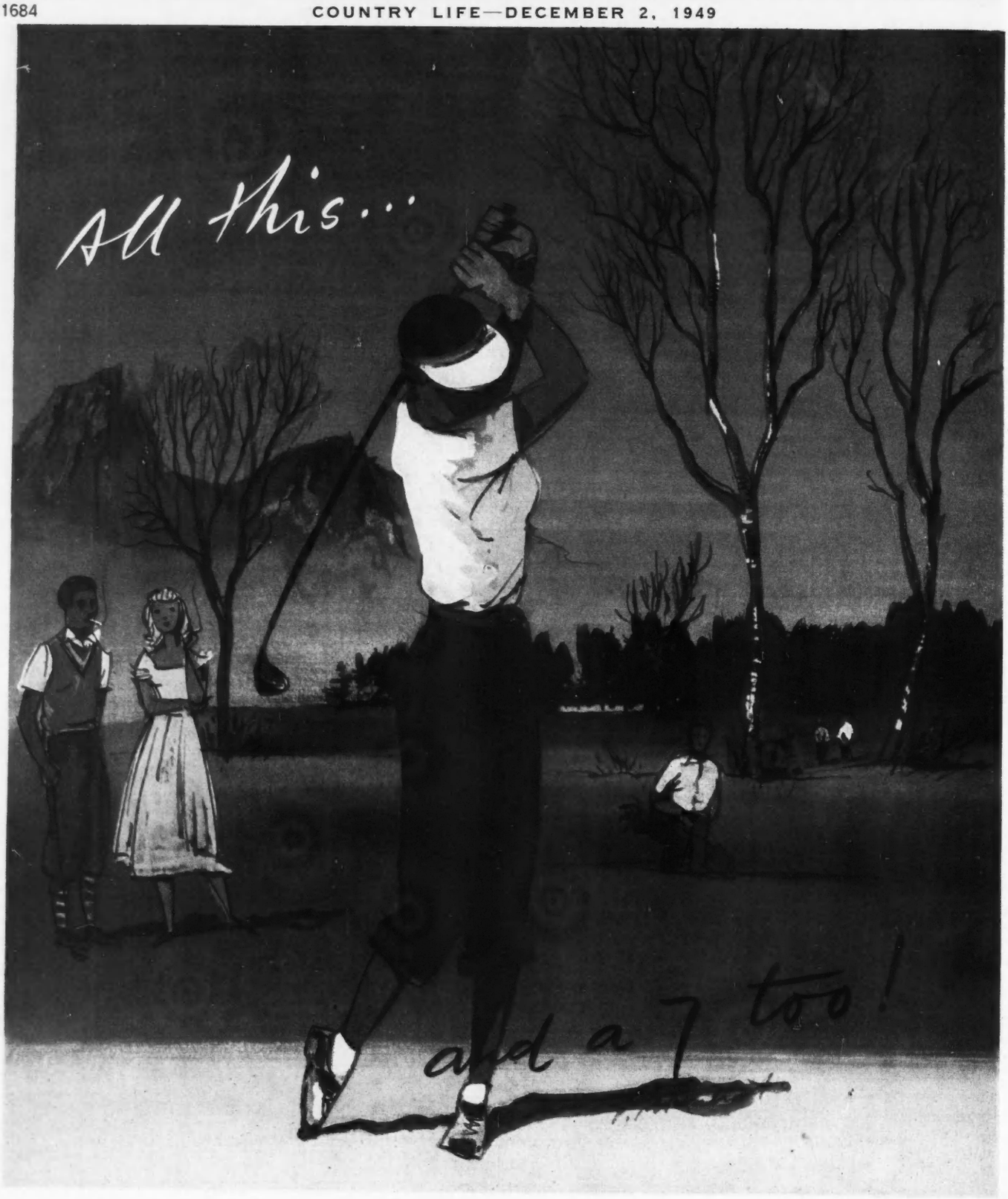
In the 'eighties there began a series of competitions for designs, the valuable prizes offered indicating the tremendous growth of the trade. One company alone in 1882 paid £5,000 in prizes, the highest being £250 for a picture entitled *A Dream of Patience* which cost £750 before it was printed. Poets, too, benefited from the prosperity of the trade; Lord Tennyson refused a thousand guineas for a series of short verses.

In 1884 the first cards having the form of booklets or folders were published by Hildesheimer. They had portraits of Burns, Thomson and Pope on the covers with quotations from their poems inside. They were very popular. In the following year, six-page folders were issued, with alternate pages of text and water-colour sketches. A positive craze developed in the later decades of the century. Newspapers printed reviews of new cards and people not only sent cards to all and sundry but collected them into scrap-books and albums, noting the date and sender of each card. King of the cards must surely have been a Mr. Jonathan King, who in 1894 boasted a collection of 163,000 varieties!

Many of the most popular cards had no particular Christmas significance beyond the words: "A Merry Christmas." Cards with Japanese settings, for instance, and with spring and summer flowers had very high sales after the 'fifties. Birds, dogs, cats, horses and cows were fashionable in the 'seventies, and mistletoe, holly and the robin red-breast were always considered "in good taste." *Punch* noted in 1877 that publishers "can people their

(*Continued on page* 1685)

CARD DESIGNED BY KATE GREENAWAY AND PUBLISHED BY MARCUS WARD & CO. *circa* **1880**



The green turf firm underfoot . . . and the flicker of a club-head as it swings full circle. The beckoning flap of a flag over the rise ahead . . . and the fir-scented breeze stirring the waiting, wicked rough. The shoulder muscles slipping smoothly back to a comfortable fatigue . . . the grateful few moments of appraisal before it's time to play through. And for perfection one thing more—

NUMBER SEVEN

Abdulla 'Virginia' No. 7, 20 for 3/10 · ALSO *Abdulla Turkish and Egyptian*

ABDULLA AND CO. LIMITED · 173 NEW BOND STREET · LONDON W1

floral Christmas world with all manner of birds and beasts, actual and antediluvian, with gnomes and elves, nixies and pixies, and even with Watteauish little men and maidens in the most charming costumes, and the prettiest groups of that good old time which is a great deal too good to have ever been true." Immensely popular in the 'seventies and 'eighties were W. S. Coleman's designs of lightly clad maidens lounging in clear pools amid England's December sleet and snow. These Victorian pin-ups caused *Punch* to "protest against nudities at Christmas-time. It is too cold for them, if there were no other reason." Low-priced cards were introduced in general stores in the 'nineties, but the public preferred the quality cards sold exclusively by booksellers and stationers, and sales fell. The private card was brought out to boost trade, depressed by a flood of cheap cards from Germany and Austria. Private cards, which designers themselves had been sending for years, were printed in black-and-white, coloured by hand and signed personally. Colour printing and plain and tinted etchings came later. Comic cards have always been popular, as have various kinds of novelty cards—cards with matches, keys and other objects attached, frosted cards in the 'seventies, cards with silk fringes in the 'nineties, padded cards, sachets, cards with lift-outs revealing rhymes and bunches of holly and mistletoe. The Americans have gone much farther in the way of novel and ingenious cards. Distinctive American cards began to appear after about 1908. Envelopes were made to match cards. One firm issued in a decorated envelope a series of six letters to be read in the morning, forenoon, noon, afternoon, tea-time and bed-time. Each letter was in a sealed transparent envelope to show the appropriate time at which it was to be read.

" . . . MISTLETOE, HOLLY AND THE ROBIN RED-BREAST WERE ALWAYS CONSIDERED 'IN GOOD TASTE'"

The first American cards had been printed by Louis Prang in 1874. They were all sold in England, *Punch* remarking that "they must rank first among the Prang-cipal productions of Christmas-time." American cards on the home market were swamped by cheap German cards and American publishers resorted to competitions to establish the local trade, $2,000 being paid for one card, $1,000 for another.

American ingenuity reached a peak in 1915. In that year, brightly printed poster cards, 9 ins. x 15 ins., sent out in mailing tubes, were hung on the wall or in the window to wish visitors or passers-by a Merry Christmas. Sales of these cards were disappointing, but an even more original greeting form in the same year appealed to Americans—it incorporated the sound of the human voice. The cards were, in fact, 6-in. records on which Christmas greetings were sung by a rich baritone voice, with musical accompaniment.

America's entry into the war forced manufacturers back to the flat card, but after 1918 there was a return to novel cards of the type which had been popular in England fifty years earlier—cards with cut-outs and trick folds and cards with matches and keys stuck with glue and ribbon. Utilitarian cards were the vogue in the 'twenties—calendars, blotters, book-marks, and so on. They were succeeded by special family cards for Mom, Pop, brother and sister and for all sorts of relations.

American Christmas cards have come in fashion cycles, reflecting the fluctuations of prosperity and depression, recovery and wartime economy. The changes have perhaps been less marked in Britain, where emphasis has always been on high-quality cards in the traditional manner. In recent years, inadequate supplies and inferior quality of paper have severely restricted British manufacturers and American quality cards have been able to invade overseas markets that Britain formerly dominated.

TINY TIMS OF MARSEILLES

By T. KERR RITCHIE

At the end of the famous Marseilles Cannebière one emerges into the spacious Allées de Meilhan with avenues on each side and the middle occupied by the never-failing Fair of the *Santons* (Little Saints), which has been held annually for hundreds of years without interruption from wars, revolutions, or strikes. Every child in France expects *santons* every Christmas, and every Christmas, like so many Tiny Tims, they appear—magically. In the bright December sunshine under the gaunt black arms of the well-pruned plane trees is the usual nondescript collection of wooden shooting galleries, booths, merry-go-rounds, and merchants of nougat or indigestible chemical remedies associated with a fair. But the main attraction for the crowds of clamouring children is the numerous open stalls where the dealers in *santons* expose their wares—gaily painted little figures in clay which decorate the crêche, or representation of the birth of Christ, in French homes and churches at Christmas-tide.

None of these figures or statuettes is in contemporary dress; all conform to costumes and customs of the Middle Ages. Here are the jolly miller on his ass, with white splatches of flour on its haunches; the bare-footed fisherman with his basket of glittering sardines on his back; the swarthy black-eyed gypsy, with evil-looking spade beard, and shining knife in hand—the terror of children; the tranquil young lady in high white cone hat, with a distaff in her arm, and followed by a flock of snowy sheep; Monsieur le Maire in open-throated red shirt and tucked-up sleeves, with his broad chest traversed by a wide yellow sash.

All these hundreds of different statuettes vary in size. Many of them are only half an inch in height and used to adorn a miniature crêche. Some are so small that they are made to fit into a mussel-shell or the excavated interior of the cork of a champagne bottle; others are about a foot in height. Here they are all arrayed on the shelves and counters of dozens of stalls, mysteriously alive and alert, awaiting, as I heard one ragamuffin child exclaim, "to take the road to Bethlehem where the Infant Jesus was born"—heralds of Christmas and peace on earth to men of goodwill.

Boarding a decrepit bus, with its windows shattered and a general air of squalor through varied usage, one rattles and crashes through nine miles of Marseilles suburbs, past soap-factories, oil factories, and iron foundries, all noisy, grimy, and ugly, while the bantam hen in the market basket of the slatternly pale-faced woman opposite lays an egg amid a buzz of idle conversation.

Suddenly the road opens into a bright sunny wooded valley and we alight at the foot of church steps. Here, in Aubagne, in this primitive village, is the capital of the *santonniers* or makers of *santons*. There are about three hundred of them with their families who carry on from year's end to year's end shaping their figurines in the local clay.

Their workshops are in the basements or cellars of their houses, in old stables or granaries summarily installed. Nothing in the nature of a modern factory organisation; everything chaotic and unplanned. These artisans for generations have been ever occupied in moulding the self-same figures and have extraordinary hereditary artistic sense of the proportions and living attitudes of their varied mouldings. They work a piece of clay into the reduced model form imagined, and then make a plaster mould. The *moulage* the *santonnier* uses himself or gives to other members of the family to produce in quantity. After being cooked in a pottery furnace, of which there are several scattered throughout the village, each image is clothed, or rather painted, with marvellous detail and most remarkable richness of colour. Pigments for the rarer tints are scarce in France at the moment and come largely from Switzerland.

A MAKER OF *SANTONS*, THE LITTLE FIGURES OF SAINTS USED TO DECORATE FRENCH HOUSES AND CHURCHES AT CHRISTMAS, AT WORK IN AUBAGNE, PROVENCE.

These little images were once living personages and vivid scenery in pastoral plays often produced in this same church of Aubagne throughout the Middle Ages. All honour to the *santonniers*, who steadfastly refuse to introduce modern traits and characteristics in their most delicately modelled manikins, and may they long continue to present us with something from the dim Dark Ages, a Christmas message, "*en sa plus verte nouveauté*."

Producers of Mohair Travel Rugs and Scarves, obtainable from all leading stores

GOOD READING FOR CHILDREN

A VERY limited knowledge of the books that boys and girls like to-day would make one aware that toughness and an almost "infinite resource and sagacity" are the qualities most admired by them. These young people are very well catered for this Christmas in a number of really excellent stories of adventure or crime.

SET IN ENGLAND

Half a dozen story books whose scenes are set in our own country, might be headed by Freda C. Bond's delightful new tale of the Carol family, *The Carols Explore* (Newnes, 7s. 6d.). The setting of the exploring is London; the adventures are most exciting. Malcolm Saville in *Strangers at Snowfell* (Lutterworth Press, 7s. 6d.) gives his young *dramatis personae* a train journey full of incident, winding up with a snowdrift on Shap Fell and a lively time with thieves who are on the track of a famous scientist's new discovery. Another cold weather story is *The Polkerrin Mystery*, in which a family of children sent away from London in the war find all sorts of sinister things going on around their father's big lonely old Cornish house. Phyllis I. Norris has made a good thing of this story, which has been published by Frederick Muller.

Peter Lethbridge in *Lakeland Adventure* (Museum Press, 6s.) tells us of a family of boys and girls who went up to the Lakes to try to run their mother's café in her absence, and discovered some extraordinary people and situations which they had no reason to have expected. *Dusty's Windmill* (Dent, 8s. 6d.) is by Kitty Barne, and its scene is in Sussex. Very real children, plenty of action and excitement, and a pleasant south country atmosphere make it a very good piece of fiction. The Shetlands are the islands of Mary E. Edmondston's *Strangers in the Island* (Hammond, 6s.). War has just broken out and the young Scotts do a very useful piece of work for England.

Here I find a COUNTRY LIFE production, my own book, *The Friends of Van* (8s. 6d.) I can only say that children between seven and fourteen may like it, that its scenes are laid in North Hertfordshire, where there is riding, in a North-of-London Glyndebourne and in a training ship, and that most of the young characters are cadets of the St. John Ambulance Brigade.

IN DISTANT LANDS

Evelyn Cheesman is so well known as a traveller in the Pacific that her story *Marooned in Du-Bu Cove* (Bell, 8s. 6d.) can be taken as giving, in the guise of fiction, a great deal of information about New Guinea. *Two Children of Brazil* (Frederick Muller, 7s. 6d.), by Rose Brown, has something the same recommendation to serious consideration and tells a very entertaining tale. The Great Lakes of America are the place in which Emma L. Brock has set *Then Came Adventure* (Museum Press, 6s.); it fully justifies its title. *On the Edge of the Fjord* (Robert Hale, 6s.) is by Alta Halverson Seymour. With Norway as background, this makes an outstanding story of our times.

PONY PRINCIPALS

In *Star, The Golden Horse* (Museum Press, 6s.), by Regina J. Woody, a horse is, of course, the principal character, but his stout-hearted and unselfish little mistress deserves applause also. This tale has an American setting, but is by no means hampered in its appeal to English schoolrooms by that. *Well Ridden* (Citadel Press, 6s.) is an English pony story and needless to say, since its author is J. Ivester Lloyd, quite first class. Stanley Lloyd illustrates it. Christine and Josephine Pullein-Thompson give us another pony story each, *We Hunted Hounds* and *Plenty of Ponies* respectively, both published by Collins, and priced at 8s. 6d. The former tells how some children started their own foxhound pack, and the latter of the doings of a discontented family who came under the healthy discipline of a pony club. Monica Edwards has written *The Midnight Horse* (Collins, 8s. 6d.). A horse exercised at midnight in a hood; here is intriguing mystery! Particularly for girls is *They Bought Her a Pony* (Collins, 8s. 6d.), by Joanna Cannan, the excellently described progress in riding and other matters of a little girl.

Watch for a Pony (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.), by Keith Robertson, is a rather moving and very readable tale of a boy who gave his gold watch for a pony. *Jill's Gymkhana* (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.) by Ruby Ferguson will please readers of 8 or over. Jill is really poor, and has to keep her pony in a very humble way, not with grooms to help and ranges of stables at her disposal, and the relationship between her and her mother is exceptionally well done. *The Mandrake* (Black, 7s. 6d.) has outstanding pictures; these are by Lionel Edwards. It is an excellent pony story by Kathleen Herald, who knows all about ponies and can tell a story attractively.

ONE OF THE COLOURED PICTURES, DRAWN BY THE AUTHORESS, IN ORLANDO KEEPS A DOG, BY KATHLEEN HALE (COUNTRY LIFE, 10s. 6d.)

FOR YOUNG RIDERS

In this section three books can be heartily praised. To begin with, *Riding for Boys and Girls* (English Universities Press, 5s.); Colonel C. E. G. Hope has written this with a view to making it a book which will enable careful and sensible young persons to teach themselves. His style is simple and clear, but with no playing down, and all would-be young riders will find his book most useful. *Pony Riding* (Nicholson and Watson, 6s.), by Robert Colville, is longer and more technical. Older young riders will find it useful, and the grown-up rider need not disdain its help. *I Found Happiness* (Hollis and Carter, 12s. 6d.) was written when its author, Jane Munro Gaymer, was not yet thirteen, which guarantees that it will not soar over any young rider's head. She illustrates it herself and looks at the subject mostly from the point of view of the rider whose mount must be kept out at grass for motives of economy.

WHERE ANIMALS TALK

What could there be for most young readers more captivating than a tale of a little girl who built a theatre in the woods with moss and twigs and found it taken over by birds and animals, carrying on as producer, leading lady, and so forth? This is the enchanting theme of *Mossy Green Theatre* (Harrap, 8s. 6d.), by Mary Dunn. Alison Uttley's family of amusing pigs and their badger friend appear in three new books, *Six Tales of Sam Pig, Six Tales of the Four Pigs*, and *Six Tales of Brock the Badger* (Faber, 4s. 6d. each). *Where the Leopard Passes* (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 8s. 6d.) is by Geraldine Elliot. This is a collection of stories based on native African tales.

John Thorburn's cheeky and comical horse Hildebrand is the leading character in the book (Collins, 8s. 6d.), of which his name is the title. *Darkie and Dobbin* (Collins, 3s. 6d.) has lovely drawings and exciting letterpress about two clever cart horses, by William McCail. *Bertie's Escapade* (Methuen, 5s.), an enchanting little pink book, is taken from Kenneth Grahame's *The First Whisper of the Wind in the Willows* and illustrated by Ernest H. Shepard. *Pookie Puts the World Right* (Collins, 3s. 6d.) is a pretty, imaginative story by Ivy L. Wallace about a small girl and her rabbit who had wings. A story which I found extraordinarily attractive was *The Green Orchard* (Longmans, 10s. 6d.), in which cat, dog, and monkey, after many dangers and escapes, win through to the green orchard where animals are always happy. It is by Maura Laverty and has perfect illustrations by Albert A. Mason. High on the list for merit comes Eileen A. Soper's ideal union of letterpress and many coloured illustrations, *Sail Away Shrew* (Macmillan, 6s.). Everyone will love this tale.

A charming story is *The Idle Gardener* (Oxford University Press, 6s.) by Frances Berrill, in which a whole crowd of little creatures conspire to carry a whole garden away from the gardener who is neglecting it to the little boy who is their friend. How the creatures helped a poor old woman with her farm is the somewhat similar theme of *Peter Magpie and Clarence Crow* (John Murray, 5s.), by Paul Lorck Eidem. It has quantities of amusing illustrations.

PIGS AND CATS

The books written and drawn by Cam have always had a special charm for me, and *Belinda the Bear* (Bodley Head, 4s. 6d.) is as good as any of them. Indeed, I have seldom seen anything more lovable than the picture of dear little Belinda dancing in the street. In *Freddy the Explorer* (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.), by Walter R. Brooks, Freddy the pig takes a conducted party of animals to the Polar regions. Pigs are in favour this Christmas, for we have also *The Educated Pig* (Oxford University Press, 5s.), by Monica Walker—very good fun indeed. Cats are the only rivals to pigs. They figure largely in many books, for instance, in Joan Wanklyn's delightful story *Chequers, or Kitty Alone* (Warne, 6s.) A snow hare is leading man in *Tuck* (Bodley Head, 8s. 6d.), beautifully translated by Rose Fyleman from the original, published in Switzerland, by Alfred Flückiger. *Minty Bramble's House in the Woods* (Museum Press, 6s.), by Margaret Ross, is one of those big sketch-book shaped volumes which always look so sumptuous. In it we are given the romantic adventures of a little Cinderella mouse. *The Dogs of Moorgreen* (John Murray, 6s.), by Myles Adburgham, are a very dashing crowd who form a hunt and have many gay adventures. In *Back to the Marble Mountain* (Oxford University Press, 6s.) Hugh Gardner brings us again, at the top of their form, Bear, Owl, Goat and Ostrich. *The Wizard of the Wood* (Falcon Press, 6s.) is another book about old friends. Elleston Trevor tells us how Squirrel took the others up in his wonderful flying machine. In *The Fair in the Wild Wood* (Faber, 7s. 6d.), by Dorothy Clewes, we are also on familiar ground with reptiles, insects and even an eel enjoying the excitements of the fair. The story *Winkie* (Oxford University Press, 6s.), by Albra Pratten, is very nearly pure natural history. It has large and lovely pictures of the squirrel hero by Ralph S. Thompson.

Perhaps this is the right section in which to mention a little masterpiece, *The Cat Who Went to Heaven* (Dent, 7s. 6d.), first published many years ago in America. It appears that the author, Elizabeth Coatsworth, has woven the story from several Chinese legends, and Kiddell-Monroe has illustrated it exquisitely. Very small readers may be puzzled by the part that Buddha plays in it.

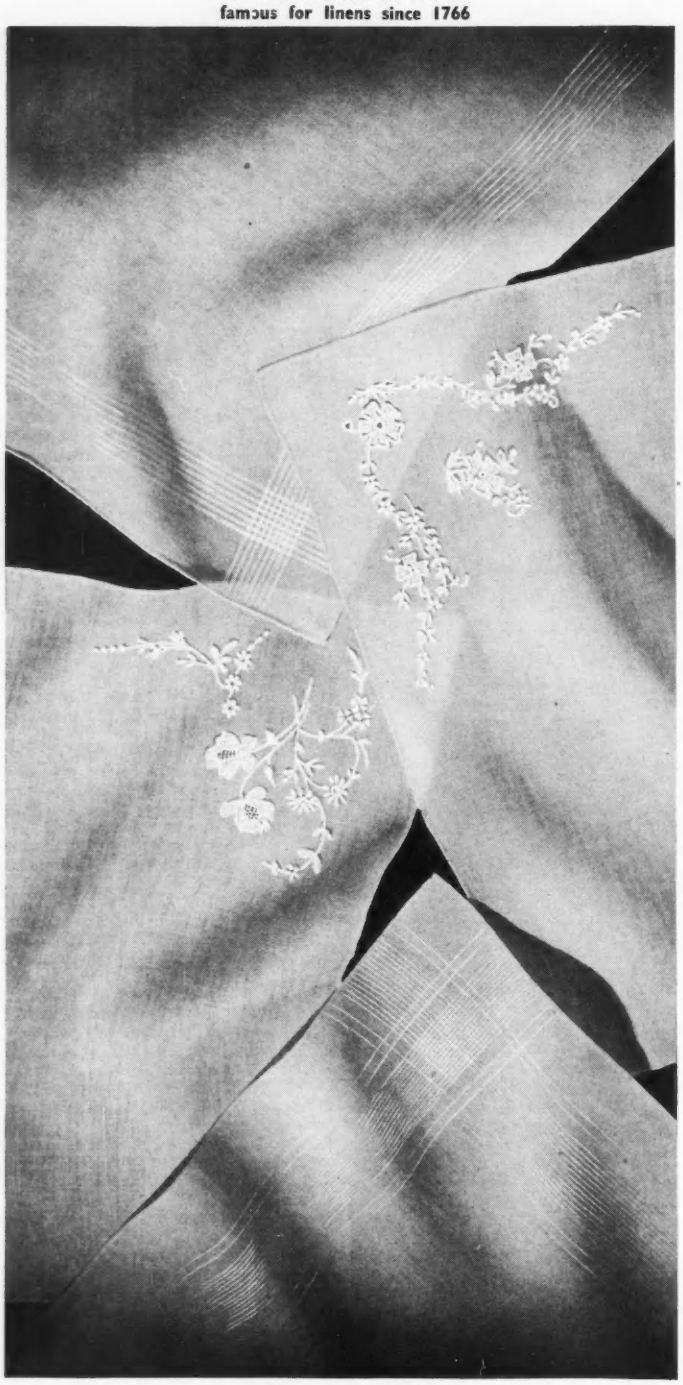
FUN AND FANCIES

Orlando is here again. Kathleen Hale has drawn and written another book about the marmalade cat—*Orlando Keeps A Dog* (COUNTRY LIFE, 10s. 6d.). The dog is a full-sized Poodle, who with Flute, his secretary or "copy cat," answers Orlando's advertisement for a pet and earns his gratitude by frightening away the crowd of other creatures who have applied. How the Poodle took darling Grace — quite the nicest "young married" of my acquaintance—for a "whizz" and lots of other funny things make up the new story.

Hit or Myth (Riddle Books, 3s. 6d.) by James Riddell has its pages cut across horizontally so that the head of

(*Continued on page* 1689)

H.M. KING GEORGE VI H.M. QUEEN MARY
BY APPOINTMENT—WALPOLES
famous for linens since 1766



(front top) **Christmas Gifts**

Men's fine linen handkerchief with hand-rolled hem and assorted hair-cord borders. 18½" x 18½". **5/-** each

Ladies' sheer Irish linen handkerchief with hand-rolled hem and hand-embroidered corner. Two designs. **8/6d** each

Ladies' sheer linen handkerchief with hand-rolled hem and assorted hair-cord borders. 11½" x 11½". **2/9d** each

Postage and part packing: ladies' 6d men's 9d

WALPOLES
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AND AT 175-177 SLOANE STREET SW1
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a book about furnishing fabrics

You can get many charming ideas for interior decoration from the new Old Bleach book "At Your Service". It contains pictures, many in colour, of these well-known Irish fabrics as they are used in up-to-date homes; it also gives you a clear impression of the beauty and variety of Old Bleach furnishings in linen, wool, cotton and rayon—all fast to light and washing. Send a postcard for it to the address below.

OLD BLEACH CARPETS—fine quality Wilton in an exceptionally lovely range of colours are now to be found at the best stores.

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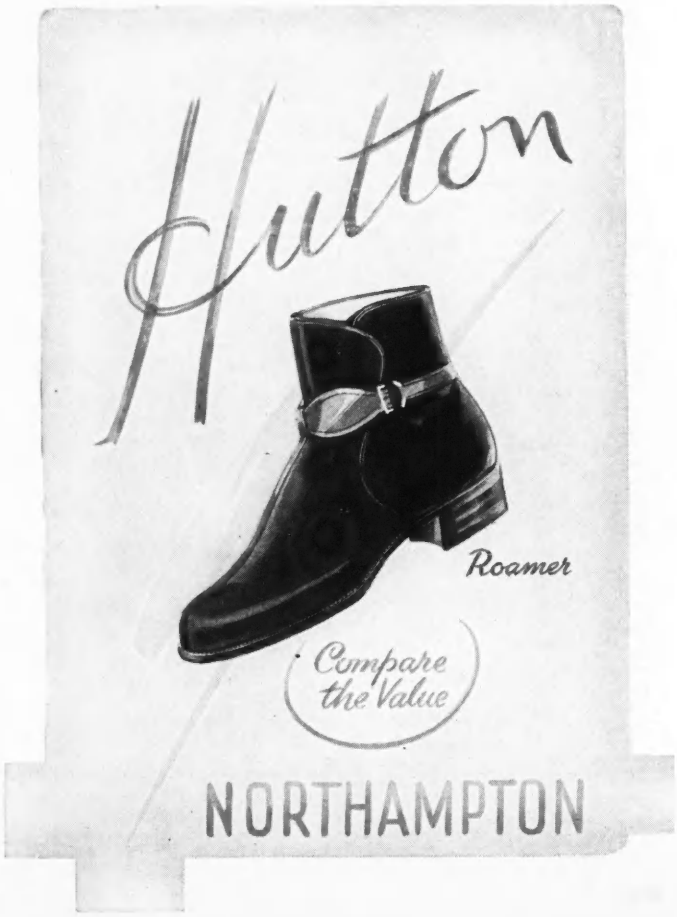

any of the funny creatures depicted may appear with the legs of any of the others. Kathleen Gell has provided very likeable illustrations to her *Nursery Rhymes* (Blackwell, 6s.); a nice collection. In *A Story Party at Green Hedges* (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), Enid Blyton tells sixteen dear little tales and provides them with a very original setting. *Tank Engine Thomas Again* (Edmund Ward, 4s.) is a tiny book about an engine and his most amusing doings on his branch line. The Rev. W. Awdry has hit upon a very happy idea.

BOYS AND GIRLS AT SEA

Some fine, exciting sea stories in which boys play a principal part are in *Madagascar Jack* (Frederick Muller, 7s. 6d.), in which Edouard A. Stackpole describes life in a whaler in the wilder days of last century. *The Albatross Comes Home* (Hollis and Carter, 6s.), by F. E. Knight, tells a thrilling story of the journey across the Atlantic of a motor barge. The owner's daughter plays a considerable part in this chronicle. Piracy off the New Guinea coast is the theme of *The Sea Robbers* (Bodley Head, 8s. 6d.) by Frank Crisp.

Here I think should be mentioned Evelyn Cheesman's *Camping Adventures on Cannibal Islands* (Harrap, 7s. 6d.), because it is real life, as exciting as any thriller. *Dauntless and the Mary Baines* (Oxford University Press, 8s. 6d.) is by Peter Dawlish, a fine tale of wreck and conspiracy at sea. Roderick Haig-Brown, that master of the art of writing stories for boys, takes the heroes of his earlier tale *Starbuck Valley Winter* to sea now in *Saltwater Summer* (Collins, 8s. 6d.). In *The Voyage of the Indian Brig* (Bell, 8s. 6d.) Winifred Holmes sends her three young people in a sailing ship for a sometimes perilous voyage through the Indian Ocean. *The 13th Adventure* (Bodley Head, 8s. 6d.), by M. E. Atkinson, is a really terrific yarn; the adventures take place by, near, or on the sea, on a raft, and make superb reading. The sea and a boat are also important in *Skeleton Island* (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.) The name of its author, Norman Dale, guarantees an enthralling story.

FOR WINTER READING

For reading by the winter fireside few books for young people could be better in most cases than Jean Henson's *Detectives in the Hills* (Faber, 8s. 6d.). An isolated farmhouse, sheep stealers, deep snow; what could better impart that enjoyable *frisson* born of a contrast all in the reader's favour? *Treasure for Three* (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.), by David Severn, is a most natural story of three very ordinary children who loved animals and hated cruelty. I quite lost my heart to the Warners. How Felicity and James made a good thing of a holiday in a place where there were *No Other Children* (Faber, 8s. 6d.) is told by Margaret Lovett, and well told too. A co-educational school where there is an aeroplane among other amenities is the centre of action in *The Forest Mystery* (Faber, 8s. 6d.) by Agnes Booth. It is a story that will appeal to all air-minded boys and girls.

The mystery tales which please elder readers certainly have their opposite numbers for children. Here is another and a good one, *The Mystery of the Pantomime Cat* (Methuen, 6s.), by Enid Blyton.

Two stories of other days are *The Secret Fiord* (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.), by Geoffrey Trease — wild adventures in Norway of the late Middle Ages—and *Tudor Star* (Collins, 8s. 6d.), by Joan Selby-Lowndes, in which an Arab horse, a secret passage, and that Princess Mary whose father was Henry VIII are all involved. *The Pennyfields* (Collins, 8s. 6d.) very much wanted a pony. Diana Pullein-Thompson has made an amusing story of their efforts to accumulate enough money. A grand Irish tale *Spring Show* (Collins, 8s. 6d.) is all about how the O'Meara children with their piebald pony, and, indeed, the whole village with one thing or another, got ready for the Dublin Spring Show. It is by Helen O'Clery. Another Irish book is Patricia Lynch's *Strangers at the Fair* (Puffin Story Book, 1s. 6d.); it is a collection of her excellent short stories. On the omniscient side, but still well within probability, is *Snow Dog* (John Lehmann, 7s. 6d.), the history of a husky by Jim Elgard. Anecdotes taken from the books of E. Œ Somerville and Martin Ross make up a delectable volume, *Maria and Some Other Dogs* (Methuen, 14s.), which the older young reader will enjoy.

The Painted Garden (Collins, 8s. 6d.) is by Noel Streatfeild. A family of clever amusing children are taken to California rather against their will and, though they have their bad moments, find in the end that it was a good thing. Their Hollywood encounters make perfect reading. This same quite delightful story is the serial which runs through *Collins Magazine Annual* (Collins, 15s.), a magnificent volume.

Everyone who has read *Mimff* will be eager to read *Mimff in Charge* (Oxford University Press, 8s. 6d.). It is told by H. J. Kaeser with a charming simplicity and a real understanding of the child mind. In *The Siege of Elsinore* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 6s.), J. C. Fennessy has supposed that Hamlet and Ophelia, instead of dying, married; their three children have the adventures told in one of the most imaginative and thrilling stores I have read recently.

FOR BOYS

Here are some stories, intended for boys, of blood-curdling adventure in distant lands, and it would appear that the East is the most popular point of the compass this season. *Stuart in Tibet* (Newnes, 7s. 6d.), by Neil Buckley, deals with the doings of some young gentlemen who get themselves well and truly involved in the discovery of the new Dalai Lama. Penang, at the end of the war in the East, provides many breath-taking moments of excitement for the heroes of *The Scarlet Claw* (Hutchinson, 5s.), by Frank Cox, as they get on the track of a Japanese secret society. An English boy kidnapped on the Indian Border is the principal actor in *Slave of the Khan* (Books for Today, 5s.), written by Michael Trevor. A story, the action of which takes place in the forests of Canada is *The Lone Woodsman* (Muller, 7s. 6d.), in which Dan, in bathing drawers and with a knife and a dog collar as his whole effects, is left to find himself a living. Warren Hastings Miller tells how he did it. *The Book of Wiremu* (Oxford University Press, 5s.) is hall-marked by the fact that on its publication in New Zealand it was chosen as the best children's book of the year. Stella Morice has drawn a picture of the life of a small Maori boy that will charm many readers.

A "DECORATION" BY KIDDELL-MONROE IN *THE CAT WHO WENT TO HEAVEN*, BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH (Dent, 7s. 6d.)

A plant-collecting expedition is the theme of *Green Treasure* (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 7s. 6d.). It is by M. J. Ross. Aubrey de Selincourt gives us one more yachting story in *The Raven's Nest* (8s. 6d.) from the same publishers. Its scene is a West-Country river. *Between the Red Lines* (Newnes, 6s.), by George W. Houghton, is the story of a man and his son who tramped through the land which lies between the red lines of roads on the map—an excellent idea. John Connell has written *The Return of Long John Silver* (Longmans, 6s.). *Dickon Among the Indians* (1s. 6d.), by M. R. Harrington, is one more of those excellent Puffin Story Books; Eleanor Graham edits the series.

The Boys' Book of Cricket (Evans, 10s. 6d.), with articles by many famous figures of the cricket world, interviews, stories, records and many photographs is "super." *Modelmaking for Boys* (English Universities Press, 5s.), a "teach yourself" book by H. S. Coleman, should have a very warm welcome not only from its public but from all who realise the life-long blessings of possessing a handicraft. *The Boys' Book of Science and Invention* (Evans, 10s. 6d.) is another treasure, and all our future bird-men will welcome *Airliners* (Puffin Picture Book, 1s. 6d.).

FOR GIRLS

There are, perhaps, just a few stories obviously written for girl readers, and among them a school story, *Mainly About the Fourth* (Newnes, 6s.), is in its right place. Nancy Breary tells here some further adventures at Creighton Towers, and it is just as good as its forerunners. Another school story and an excellent one is Ann Castleton's *Gen Finds a Family* (Hollis and Carter, 6s.). I can recommend this for people between nine and fourteen.

In *The Jackdaw's Nest* (Hammond, 6s.) Joan Margaret Fleming tells the story of a girl who goes to live in a tiny village; she expects to be bored and, instead, finds herself caught up into thrilling encounters with thieves and ghosts and, of course, horses. The illustrations by Catherine Cummins are distinctly clever. For young ladies well on in their 'teens comes *Bullion Island* (Newnes, 6s.) by C. Bernard Rutley. Twin sisters working in a London office inherit property in Australia, and out there find themselves involved in a murder mystery before, helped by two tough young Australians, who afterwards become their husbands, they win happiness.

I suppose that many boys are just as much interested in dancing as girls are, but they probably would not acknowledge it, so I will recommend here a charming series of little books published by Max Parrish at 3s. 6d. each and delightfully illustrated. They are *Dances of the Netherlands*, by E. van der Ven-Ten Bensel; *Dances of Switzerland*, by Louise Witzig; *Dances of Czechoslovakia*, by Mila Lubinova; and *Dances of Sweden*, by Erik Salven.

NATURAL HISTORY

The natural-history-loving child, and almost all children are that if the subject is put before them in the right way, is very lucky this Christmas. To begin with there are three fine large volumes dealing with the wild life of our islands. *The Young Naturalist* (Chapman and Hall, 12s. 6d.), by Sir John Buchan-Hepburn, in a pleasantly discursive fashion tells all sorts of interesting things about our wild creatures. *Nature's Story Book* (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.), I find particularly attractive because it has some chapters on the life of the borderland between high and low tide which has always interested me. It is by Cordelia Leigh, and illustrated by M. Forster Knight. *The Young Naturalists Discover Spring* (Herbert Jenkins, 7s. 6d.), by A. F. C. Hillstead, is cast in the form of a story and particularly deals with the biology of the seasons. *Roving With Nomad* (University of London Press, 7s. 6d.), by Norman Ellison, has beautiful illustrations by C. F. Tunnicliffe. *Animal Inn* (Harrap, 7s. 6d.) is by Virginia Moe, the story of the Trailside Museum of Natural History on the shores of Lake Michigan, and is full of animals strange to us over here. *Yafflewood* (Oxford University Press, 7s. 6d.) is by C. J. Kaberry, quite original in that it relates its natural history to the life of a village with its everyday sights and sounds. *Our Cattle* (Puffin Picture Book, 1s. 6d.) is a quite fascinating account of our British breeds, splendidly illustrated by Lionel Edwards. Beautiful photographs of dogs, with a short description of the breed of each, make an enchanting book of *Faithfully Yours* (St. Hugh's Press, 6s.), and are pictured by Guy Withers. Last and least in size, but by no means in interest, comes L. Hugh Newman's lovely little book, *Butterflies on the Wing* (Edmund Ward, 3s. 6d.). It is a story of two children and the butterflies they are lucky enough to see and to have identified by a butterfly-loving uncle. It has many entrancing illustrations by N. Creina Glegg.

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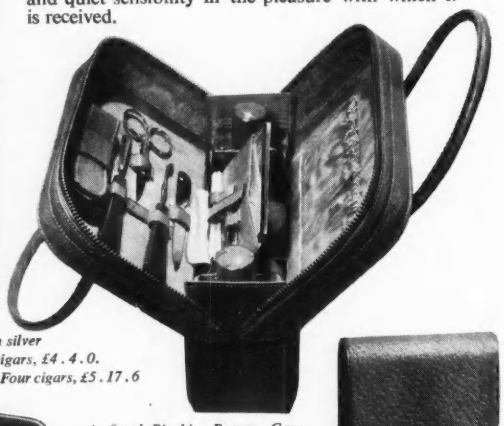

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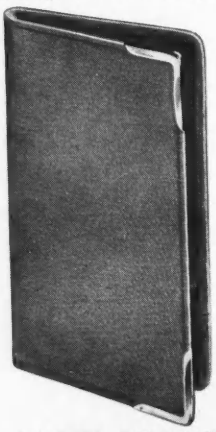

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THE ESTATE MARKET

SHARING A HOUSE

NOWADAYS, when houses all over the country are being converted into self-contained flats or apartments, the provisions of last year's Landlord and Tenant (Rent Control) Act relating to shared accommodation are of great significance. Indeed, some time ago, Mr. R. E. Megarry told the Chartered Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institute that he held these provisions to be of greater importance than the more widely publicised section of the Act that deals with the payment of premiums for vacant possession.

SHARING WITH LANDLORD

THE Act, said Mr. Megarry, dealt with the sharing of accommodation in a complexity of ways. First it dealt with sharing with the landlord, in which connection its general effect was to make it possible for the tenant to go to the rent tribunal, have his rent assessed, and get the limited security of tenure that a rent tribunal could give.

That was relatively simple, but the sharing of accommodation with persons other than the landlord was not so simple. What was done there was to see that the tenant was protected by the Rent Acts. This was a straightforward reversal of the doctrine of sharing as it had been established by the Courts, and provided the terms agreed between the tenant and his landlord allowed of this sharing, then not only were the separate rooms protected, but a substantial measure of protection was afforded the shared rooms also. For example, one could not be turned out of those shared rooms except by an order of the Court, or on the limited ground set out in the Rent Act on which an order for possession could be made. The landlord in a few cases could make certain variations if he had provided for it in the terms of his contract; for example, he could change the people with whom his tenant was going to share the kitchen and the lavatory; but he could not alter the terms otherwise.

When accommodation was shared by a tenant and his sub-tenant, a separate provision applied. Often the sharing would not be part of the terms of the tenancy which the tenant held from his landlord. In such cases, the Act said, in effect, that the landlord could not come down upon the tenant and sub-tenant and evict both of them because they were sharing. As between tenant and sub-tenant that position did not apply. The sub-tenant would get the limited protection of the Act of 1946.

AN INTERESTING POSSIBILITY

THERE was one more case of sharing, suggested Mr. Megarry, which seemed to have been excluded from protection. "Supposing I am a tenant," he said, "and there is another tenant on the floor above. Thus we both start all square. Then my wife leaves me, and the tenant on the floor above has triplets. That changes the situation quite a lot. The tenant of the floor above asks to share my kitchen with me. Thus there is a sharing arrangement made between tenant and tenant to which the landlord is no party."

It appeared to Mr. Megarry that there was nothing in the Act to cover such an arrangement. There was a sharing, and the fact that the landlord was no party to it would not affect the position. That might be so or might not be so. It was one of the many interesting possibilities under the Act.

CHANNEL ISLAND SOLD

MR. DONALDSON, a retired business man, has bought the Isle of Brecquhon, which lies a little to the west of Sark, in the Channel Islands. Brecquhon extends to approximately 160 acres, of which between 60 and 70 acres are usable, partly arable and partly pasture. The island is bounded by cliffs and rocky inlets, and rises to a plateau 100 feet above the sea, but has a natural harbour with a good landing-stage.

RIGHT TO A SEAT IN PARLIAMENT

THE ownership of the island carries with it the right to a seat in the Parliament of Sark. The sale was subject to the consent of the Seigneur of Sark, Mr. Robert Hathaway, who is entitled to a thirteenth of the purchase money.

The procedure for the transfer of property in the Channel Isles is very different from that in this country. The usual method, which was adopted in this case, is that Guernsey solicitors or "advocates" are appointed to represent each party and are given a power of attorney. They appear before the Seneschal of Sark, who presides over the Sark Court, and give their verbal consent to the deed of purchase. The deed is then registered on the records of the Island and the purchase money is paid over.

Brecquhon was sold by Messrs. Jackson-Stops and Staff (Yeovil), acting for Mrs. T. A. Clarke. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Lovell and Co., Ltd. (Guernsey) were also associated.

£40 AN ACRE FOR DITCHLEY FARMS

THE Earl of Wilton, who bought Ditchley Park, Oxfordshire, from Mr. Ronald Tree for £200,000 (see issue of September 30), has sold certain outlying portions of the 4,300-acre estate.

At an auction conducted by Messrs. Jackson-Stops and Staff, 1,819 acres, comprising seven farms, accommodation land and cottages, were offered, of which 1,275 acres were sold for a total of £51,245, an average of just over £40 an acre.

Stratton Strawless, an estate of 506 acres, near Norwich, has been sold privately, before the auction, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. Most of the property is woodland and one of the largest cedar trees in the country stands there.

The same agents, in conjunction with Messrs. Pink and Arnold, have sold Awbridge Danes and 190 acres near Romsey, Hampshire, for Sir Frank Fey.

£132,750 FOR MAIDSTONE SHOPS

RECENT business effected by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. includes the auction of shop freeholds in Maidstone, Kent, for a total of £132,750; and the sales, by private treaty, of Brambridge Park, 106 acres, near Winchester, and Radwell Mill House, 83 acres, near Baldock, Hertfordshire. With Messrs. Cyril Jones and Clifton, of Maidenhead, they have sold Sefton Park, Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire, for many years the home of Sir Walter de Freece and Lady de Freece, better known to many people as Vesta Tilley.

TAXATION AND PROPERTY OWNERS

THE eighth edition of *The Agricultural Landowners' Handbook on Taxation* can now be obtained from the Country Landowners' Association (price 17s., post free—15s. to members). It gives concise and up-to-date guidance on all taxes that affect property owners, and its value is greatly enhanced by the fact that the contents are clearly set out in non-legal language.

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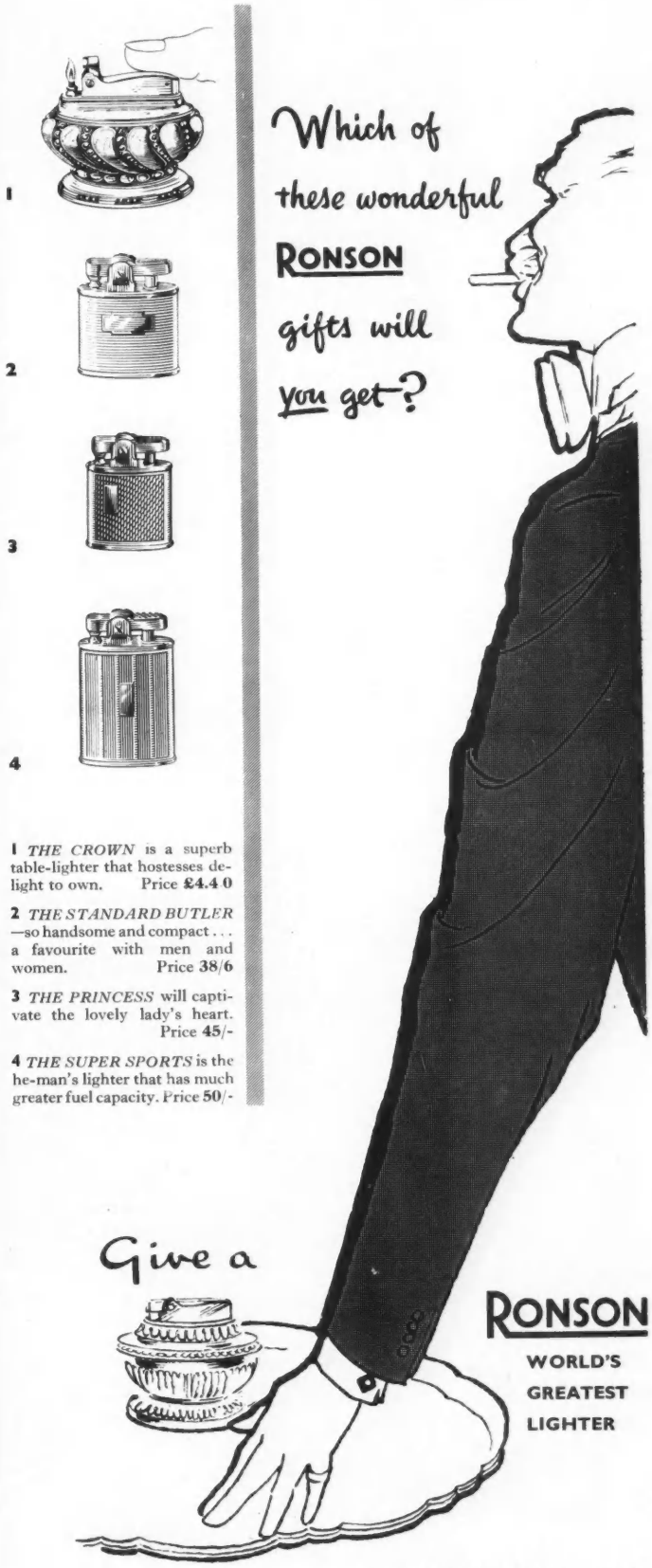

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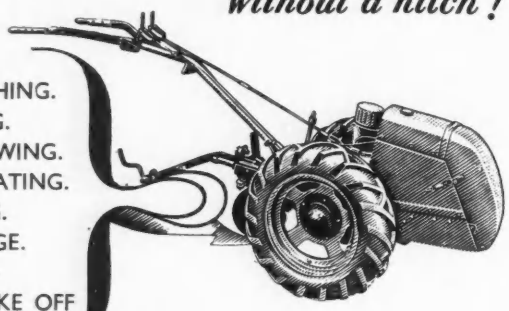

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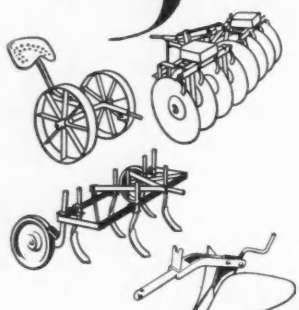

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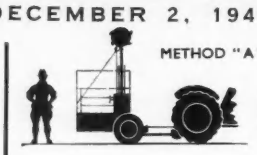

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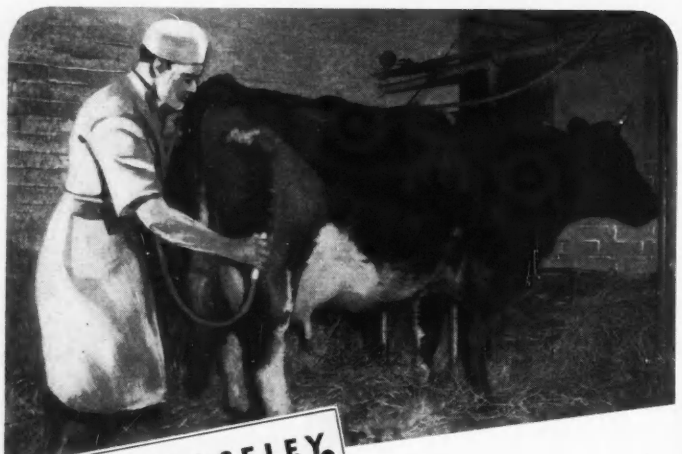

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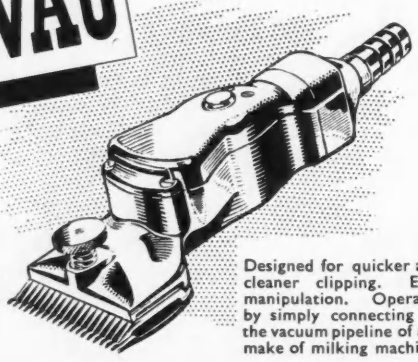

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FARMING NOTES

PLOUGHING AGAINST TIME

DECEMBER 31 stands as the last qualifying date for the £4-an-acre subsidy on ploughing up grass land. Going about the country, I notice much ploughing of pastures, even though the land is lying wet. An arbitrary date for the completion of ploughing certainly means in some places that work is being done now that would be better left until the spring. The £4-an-acre is a bait and farmers, naturally enough, are taking it. On one field which lies dry I am getting farm-yard manure spread now, and if all goes well the ploughing should be done by Christmas. I see that the Scottish N.F.U. have urged that the ploughing-up grant should be prolonged for marginal farms, and it is possible that such a grant will be included in the new plans that are promised to encourage farmers to deal with the poor uplands. The definition of such land is a moot point. The Scottish N.F.U. define marginal land farms as those that will not without assistance give the occupier at least the minimum wage for a skilled farm-worker plus a 4 per cent. interest on his capital. Scotland has gone ahead further than England in dealing with marginal land. The whole problem calls for review so that it can be established how far it is sound policy to spend public money on regenerating upland farms that have gone back in condition. The capital expenditure to equip them for economical production is bound to be heavy, covering as it must the provision of roads, fences and in many cases new houses for the farm-workers who will be needed on the spot if the land is to be converted from ranching to real farming. But it would certainly cost less than the £50 million we are spending on clearing 600,000 acres for ground-nuts in Tanganyika.

Sugar-Beet Yields

I SEE a statement that sugar-beet at the factories is averaging 16 per cent. sugar content. I wish I could say the same for my crop. The sugar content so far is barely 14 per cent. No one seems to be able to say definitely why it is that the wonderfully sunny summer we had did not result in high sugar yields. It has always been assumed that sugar formation takes place most readily in strong sunshine. What may have happened is that the roots, having made so little growth in the drought, swelled so rapidly when the rain came in September and October that the sugar content was reduced. There was not time for the normal absorption of plant foods from the soil. The beet tops have been useful until a week ago for feeding to the dairy cows. Now what remains is too wet and slimy to attract them and we have had to turn to the kale again. The beet is now all lifted and stacked beside the hard road. Some additional loading permits would be welcome to get all the beet away to the factory before hard frosts come.

Milk Yields

DAIRY farmers can take credit for an improvement of 55 gallons in the national average milk yields during the past two years. The Minister of Agriculture has stated that for the United Kingdom the average yield of milk, taking the cows in-calf as well as those in-milk, has increased from 509 gallons in 1946-47 to 566 gallons in 1948-49. These figures relate to June-May years and this season's summer drought will no doubt knock down the current figure. Dairy farmers are still lacking sufficient high-quality protein cake for winter feeding, but they have learnt a great deal in the last two years about making high-quality silage. Probably better feeding has more to do than better breeding with the increased yields quoted by the Minister.

Pedigree Prices

MR. W. H. SLATER, who did so well with his Ayrshires at the London Dairy Show, had a gathering of 2,500 people for his 10th annual sale at Sheriffhales Manor, Shifnal, Shropshire. Mr. Slater has not himself been afraid to give high prices for cattle. At 5,800 guineas he bought Burnockstone Supreme Title at the Bargower sale last year, and at his own sale this year he was paid 7,500 guineas for a bull and 3,100 guineas for a heifer. This record has now been broken at this year's Bargower Sale, when 9,000 guineas was paid for Bargower Crown Diamond, a May, 1949, bull, bred by Mr. Robert Drummond. This bull is by Bargower Pride out of a cow with six lactation records, all over 1,000 gallons, with more than 4 per cent. butter fat. When people read about such very high prices for pedigree cattle they are apt to think that all farmers must be doing extraordinarily well to put up such money to improve their herds. In fact, these high prices have been paid mainly by those who are not farming for a livelihood, but who have established their finances in town business. The straightforward farmer will pay 200 guineas for a well-bred bull, and, with a herd of perhaps 50 cows, this is probably a sound investment. But it worries me to see a 400-guinea Jersey bull in use with a small herd of 10 or 12 cows. Possibly 5 heifer calves may be reared each year. They carry a very high charge, and it is not surprising that such hobby farming makes a loss. It would be much sounder business for small herds like this to hire a well-bred bull from an established breeder.

Silage for Sheep

THERE is much to be said for running a flock of grass ewes on the mixed farm, and for most of the year they and their lambs can find good keep on grass either permanent or temporary. But there comes a time from December to March when grass ewes, if they are not of the mountain type, need some help. They can be given hay and I have long thought that it should be possible to introduce them to silage. This point was raised at the Lauderdale Agricultural Discussion Society recently when Mr. Watherston, who farms at Chrichton Mains, gave his experience of wintering young ewes on grass silage. They were fed from boxes, but there was a good deal of waste and they did not seem to care much for the silage. However, they lambed well. The general opinion at this Lauderdale gathering was that turnips were better than silage for the ewes. In the coming spring we should, with more cereals available, find that we can spare some trough food for the ewes just about lambing time.

Eggs from the Gambia

AS British taxpayers we have £600,000 invested by the Colonial Development Corporation in the Gambia poultry project which, it is hoped, will provide 20 million eggs a year and 2 million lb. of dressed poultry. There is no news of these supplies arriving yet. Mr. Strachey said that he has made no arrangements to buy them, but he is ready and willing to do so as soon as the Corporation submit their proposals to the Ministry of Food. Should not these precious poultry, which cost 14,000 dollars, as the hatching eggs were bought in America, be producing some eggs by now? CINCINNATUS.

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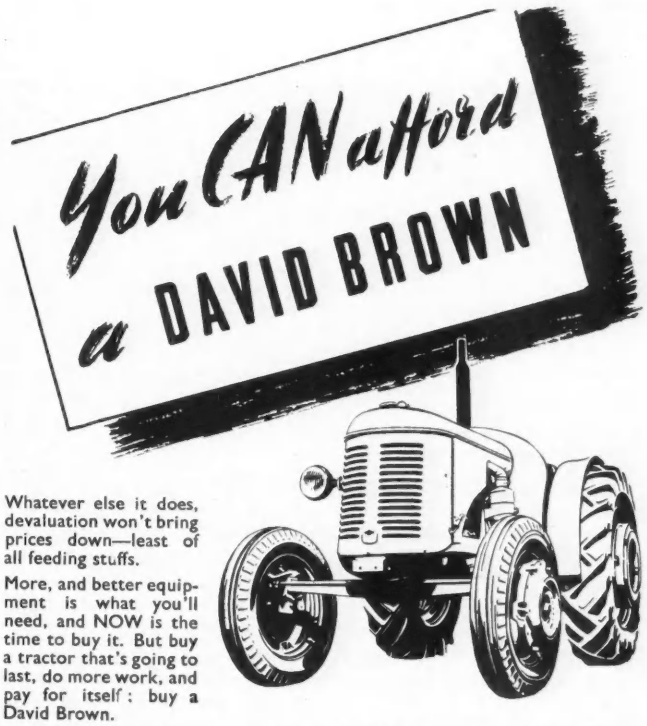

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SOME BOOKS OF THE YEAR

By HOWARD SPRING

I WAS recently invited by a Dominion magazine to join in a merry game of tipping the six best books published during the last decade. I had a shot at mentioning some books that had, for one reason or another, interested me, but further than that I would not go. Even when I look, as I must do now, at the books of one year in one country, I recoil from dogmatic assessments. Here then, I repeat, are some books that have interested me.

BIOGRAPHIES

There have been some most readable biographies, and of them all I have enjoyed most Mr. Ivor Brown's *Shakespeare* (Collins, 12s. 6d.) and Mr. Hesketh Pearson's *Dickens* (Methuen, 18s.). When you are writing about Shakespeare there are many gaps to be filled, a number of places where you can do no more than guess, or if you prefer to call it so, make a reasonable assumption; and it seemed to me that in these spots Mr. Brown carried the reader with him and did all that can be expected in a case of this sort. That is to say, seeing that, in the present state of our knowledge, no one can definitely paint a portrait of Shakespeare, he satisfies us with his sketch. This we feel is at any rate *the sort of man* who wrote these plays and poems. To send readers to those plays and poems is the main thing; and I think they are more likely to be sent by Mr. Brown's book than by more pretentious and professional efforts.

With Dickens, the stuff is all there. No gaps have to be filled. Forster, Dickens's friend and first biographer, left gaps not because he didn't know enough but because he knew too much. It "wasn't done" at that time to paint warts. But we know Dickens now in his frailty as well as his strength, though even to-day there are those who deny Dickens's side-steppings from virtue. Only a month or so ago I received a letter full of hurt and indignation, demanding that I "withdraw" something I had written suggesting that Dickens was not the perfect family man. However, to know the facts of the life of Dickens does not lessen the warm affection one feels for the man, the reverence for the novelist. Mr. Pearson loves Dickens well, and he comes out of the present book undiminished.

MARTIN TUPPER

That odd contemporary of Dickens, Martin Tupper, is the subject of an excellent biography by Mr. Derek Hudson entitled *Martin Tupper* (Constable, 18s.). This bumbling, fussy and likeable little man, author of *Proverbial Philosophy*, enjoyed in his time a fame that few authors reach. From kings to peasants, his readers were numberless, in Europe and America. He lived to be as much derided as he had been admired, and the best thing about him is the fortitude with which he met disaster.

Mr. Derrick Leon's *Ruskin, the Great Victorian* (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 30s.) presents Ruskin mainly from the point of view of society's contemporary need to heed his teaching, and that is the point stressed, too, in Joseph Wood Krutch's *Henry David Thoreau* (Methuen, 15s.) Derek Patmore's *Life and Times of Coventry Patmore* (Constable, 15s.) gives an all-round view that will surprise those who know Patmore only by the amiable domesticities of *The Angel in the House*.

Outside literary biographies, there were two that remain especially in my mind because they take a view rather different from that usually accepted. *The Prince Consort*, by Roger Fulford (Macmillan, 18s.), does not see Albert as a man frustrated and thwarted, but rather as a man fulfilled in doing what he set out to do; and Frederick Lewis Allen's *The Great Pierpont Morgan* (Gollancz, 15s.) does not see this king of finance as a pirate or robber baron but as a man who did the state some service and raised the ethics of finance.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

When we come to autobiography, we find the year important for two books, widely different in every aspect. Sir Osbert Sitwell's *Laughter in the Next Room* (Macmillan, 18s.) completes a great work that has been so widely and justly praised that I shall pass to the second book, which is in danger of being overlooked, Mr. Jack Clemo's *Confession of a Rebel* (Chatto and Windus, 10s. 6d.). Mr. Clemo, living in a cottage amid the wilderness of the Cornish clay-dumps, is the nearest thing I know to the saints and eremites who sought out holes in the rocks for meditation. Like these prototypes, he considers art and the beauty of the natural world to be snares and delusions and all our modern steps along the road of "progress" the antics of children. His book is the most completely sincere thing I have read for years. Disagreeing though I am with many of his views, I still feel he has produced a work of genius.

Mr. Sean O'Casey's *Innishfallen, Fare Thee Well* (Macmillan, 16s.), the fourth volume of this author's autobiography; and Miss Anne Treneer's *Cornish Years* (Cape, 12s. 6d.) also remain in the mind, the one for its bitter astringency, the other for its enchanting recollections of childhood and youth by the Cornish sea.

THE WAR

The war, in one aspect or another, continues to exercise the minds of many writers. On the one hand, we have such a purely personal and extrovert story as Mr. Eric Williams's *The Wooden Horse* (Collins, 10s. 6d.), telling perhaps the best straightforward "escape story" of the two wars; and on the other a book like Colonel F. Spencer Chapman's *The Jungle is Neutral* (Chatto and Windus, 18s.), in which, telling of his three years behind the Japanese lines in the East, the author gets down to fundamental questions of man and his destiny. I liked, too, Mr. Lawrance Tipton's *Chinese Escapade* (Macmillan, 16s.), in which this business man, arrested in China by the Japanese and committed to a concentration camp, tells of life there and of his escape to join a band of Chinese guerrillas. The book gives a convincing account of the cross-purposes and strange eddies and currents that bedevilled any serious co-ordinated work by the Chinese forces. Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean's *Eastern Approaches* (Cape, 15s.) covers much ground both before and during

the war; but, things being as they are now, most readers, I think, will be principally interested in what he has to say about Marshal Tito, with whom he was Mr. Churchill's contact man.

Under the heading of what one might call travel and topography, one recalls Miss Rose Macaulay's admirable *Fabled Shore* (Hamish Hamilton, 15s.), in which she tells of her journey through "the jumble of the ages": 4,000 miles by car here and there about the Mediterranean coast of Spain; and Mr. Claude Berry's *Cornwall* (Hale, 15s.), as good a "county book" as you are likely to come on for a long time.

FICTION

In fiction I shall do no more than give a list of the books that have interested me, though because a book has interested me it does not follow that I have thought it admirable: Aldous Huxley's *Ape and Essence* (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.); Elizabeth Bowen's *The Heat of the Day* (Cape, 9s. 6d.); Negley Farson's *Sons of Noah* (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.); Sudhin N Ghose's *And Gazelles Leaping* (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.); R. C. Hutchinson's *Elephant and Castle* (Cassell, 15s.); Francis Stuart's *Redemption* (Gollancz, 9s.); Henry James's *Washington Square* (Lehmann, 8s. 6d.); E. M. Almedingen's *The Inmost Heart* (Bodley Head, 9s. 6d.); Stevie Smith's *The Holiday* (Chapman and Hall, 8s. 6d.); Charles Morgan's *The River Line* (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.); Anthony West's *On a Dark Night* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 10s. 6d.); Joyce Cary's *A Fearful Joy* (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.); and William Faulkner's *Intruder in the Dust* (Chatto and Windus, 9s. 6d.).

I have put down only one book under the heading "criticism," and that is Bernard Blackstone's *Virginia Woolf* (Hogarth Press, 12s. 6d.). This is a very good book indeed in so far as it is an exposition of Virginia Woolf's intention and method. From that point of view, it could hardly be bettered. There are other aspects of it that leave me fiercely combative.

MISCELLANEOUS

Finally, there are a number of unclassifiable books. So many people have spoken to me about Mr. W. Macqueen-Pope's *Twenty Shillings in the Pound* (Hutchinson, 21s.) that I assume it has, as they say, rung the bell with the middle-aged and more than middle-aged. It recreates the lost "age of plenty" which existed before the first World War. It is, I think, the best of all this author's books and it certainly deserves its popularity as a titillation to nostalgia. How people of all classes in England lived in those days, their work and their pleasure, is excellently recaptured. It is, in its way, an intensely nationalistic book. It overlooks the fact that that happy time was a sort of fool's paradise depending on one thing: the immensity of British exports: and that, when other nations became industrialised, as inevitably they must with a consequent falling-off in the demand for what we had to sell, the whole system must shrink. But, on the surface of the matter, Mr. Macqueen-Pope did a good job here.

Mr. Fairfield Osborn's *Our Plundered Planet* (Faber, 10s. 6d.) is one more of the many books warning us of the consequences should we continue to exploit Nature rather than co-operate with her. Man, the destructive animal, is the villain of this piece, recklessly digging security from beneath his own feet till we have reached a position (Mr. Osborn thinks with many others) when only international action can save us.

Mr. D. Parry-Jones's *Welsh Country Upbringing* (Batsford, 12s. 6d.) is a book of quiet tones dealing with the life of country people in Wales during the years overlapping this century and the last one.

Russell Pasha's *Egyptian Service* (Murray, 18s.) is an account of the life of the best sort of public servant. The author was in the Egyptian police service for many years and in many capacities and in many parts of the country. He is informative about the day-to-day life of the country and about the occasional dramatic aspects, especially the drug-traffic, and all its attendant miseries, and the work of the police in undermining it. Altogether a most readable book.

Messrs. Roy Lewis and Angus Maude are the joint authors of *The English Middle Classes* (Phoenix, 15s.), a careful yet lively account of the British backbone. The sort of jobs they do, the sort of pay they get, the sort of homes they maintain, their services to the community in the past and their hopes for survival in the future: these are the matters with which these authors concern themselves in a book which is a valuable contribution to an understanding of the duties and dilemmas of these present transitional times.

DOUBLE IMAGE

As Mr. George Woodcock very reasonably points out in *The Paradox of Oscar Wilde* (Boardman, 15s.), the apparent paradox is made far more difficult to isolate in perspective than it need have been by the total untrustworthiness of Wilde's first biographers. The cheap and nasty inventions of Frank Harris, the unsympathetic whitewashing of Sherard, the spiteful and mutually inconsistent self-justifications of Alfred Douglas have been taken far too readily at their face value. Mr. Woodcock belongs to a later generation, and has the advantage of being entirely without *parti pris* in the bitter controversies he was bound to embark upon. Wisely rejecting the controversialists, he has gone for his basic impression to such contemporaries as William Rothenstein and Charles Ricketts, with their comparatively impersonal judgment of Wilde's character and qualities. The result is a fair and balanced study in which serious critical discussion of Wilde's literary work, of his attitude towards the social and æsthetic questions of his day, and of his personal reactions to the problems of existence leaves little room for details of public scandal.

Mr. Woodcock's method, on the other hand, somewhat confusing in approach, leads ultimately to oversimplification. His final contention is that two main currents of feeling and thought ran through his subject's life and that, taken together, they must give to any account of his work that quality of paradox which R.L.S. embodied in the person of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The truth is that if Wilde was no Faust, neither can he be explained away—more than other people, that is—on the *doppelganger* principle. Mr. Woodcock's own account is sufficient to convince the unprejudiced reader that, full as his life, writing and thought are of those contradictions which have branded him as insincere, Wilde was, in fact, a much more serious and—to use one of his favourite words—earnest man than he or others believed, though not necessarily (one hastens to add) "sincere in almost everything he did," as Mr. Woodcock would have us believe. One need not postulate "a very deep cleft in his mental process" to account for his inconsistencies, real or apparent. Dramatic improvisation and mystification were of the essence of his genius and, to the very end, he never resisted the need to be both hero and victim of his own tragedy. E. B.

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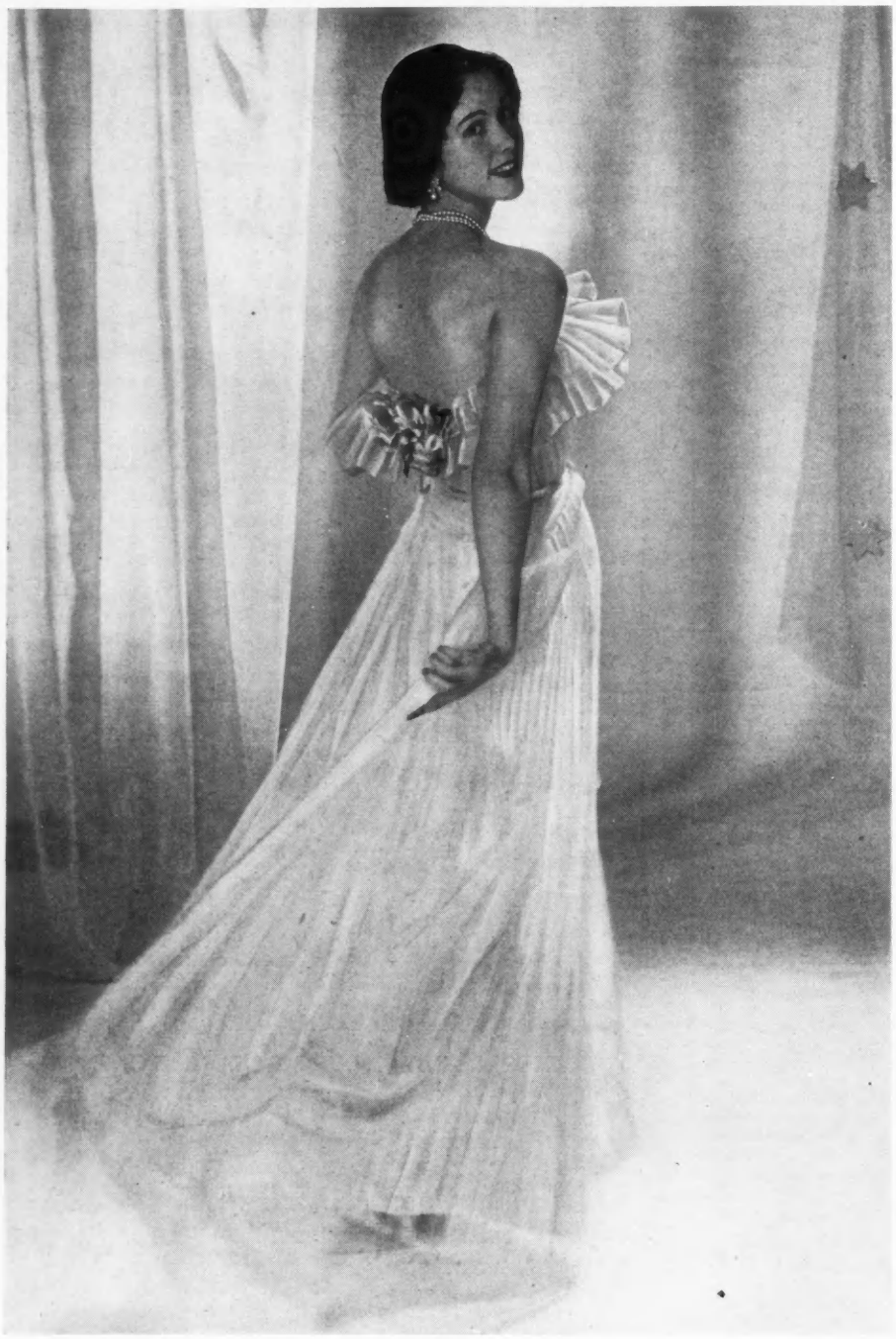

PARTIES *and* PRESENTS

Photographs COUNTRY LIFE *Studio*

TULLE, white tulle, is easily first favourite for party dresses for young people, débutantes, schoolgirls, and the smaller nursery people alike. The departments seem swamped in acres of tulle, for many of the fluffy ballerina skirts need layer upon layer to get the correct crisp contours.

Organdie is another favourite, perhaps more so for the very young children; so is check taffeta, velvet and velveteen. Some mothers find a velveteen or duster check taffeta smock more practical than one of the airy tulles; it can be worn on more occasions—but there is little doubt which material the children prefer. The entire front of the check taffetas or velveteen is smocked in an elaborate pattern, with frilled pouch pockets placed below on the bunchy skirt.

The schoolgirl tulles are ruffled and flounced in a most grown-up manner; even small girls often have a modest scooped-out neckline, and many of the dresses are ankle-length on a taffeta foundation. Wide sashes in white, blue or pink satin or poult are looped to make bustles with streamers to the hemlines; roses tuck into the low backs of the débutante tulles; rose petals or butterflies are scattered over the billowing skirts for the younger girls. Organdies with narrow ribbons or flat tucks circling the wide skirts are charming and used for the four-year-olds up to the twenties.

White tulle for a débutante, with an accordion-pleated skirt for dancing and a boned, strapless bodice edged with a fluffy double ruffle and with pink roses tucked into the low back. Debenham and Freebody

The velvet and velveteen dresses in jewel colours are smocked on the bodices for the children, with ruffled cream net collars and cuffs, made with short puff sleeves and high-waisted Kate Greenaway bodices for the schoolgirls. Velveteen and taffeta pinafores, with peasant blouses in white organdie banded with Hungarian embroidery, are used for gay frocks suitable for smaller parties. Red Riding Hood cloaks in velvet and velveteen make a delightful present for a small girl.

This is the winter of elegant accessories that have assumed more importance than ever in the mode, a fact which solves many present problems. The deep, many-stranded necklaces are one of the most decorative items, in semi-precious stones or in cut-glass beads in jewel colours, with drops or a fringe of pearls, worn with chandelier ear-rings in paste or brilliants.

The smartest gloves to look for are the wrist-length ones for day and the full-length satin and suède for evening. Plain coloured satin or velvet gloves can be ordered to match satin sandals, and provide chic accessories to a plain satin evening dress. Daytime gloves are plain, but very often brilliantly coloured, toning with scarves or the feathers in a hat. Then there are the sets in plaid or tartan: plaid boots in bright colours, with plaid-backed gloves and plaid kitbags; plaid hoods that are joined on to stoles in a smooth wool like a rug—a lovely present for a woman who goes to winter race meetings.

Gadgets abound. Pencils lurk in the top of umbrellas; there is a pencil-cum-lighter, as well as a lighter that is guaranteed to be proof against any gust of wind. At Marshall and

(*Continued on page* 1699)

Brocade evening Waldybag in a Persian pattern

(*Left*) An elegant flat compact, in gold metal, shaped like an envelope and a lipstick in ridged gold metal. Marshall and Snelgrove

Harvey Nichols
of Knightsbridge

Pretty, young dance dress by Baroque, in shot taffetta with velvet draped round the shoulders, intertwined at the bosom; has full rustling skirt. hip sizes 38—42 **£17.6.0.**

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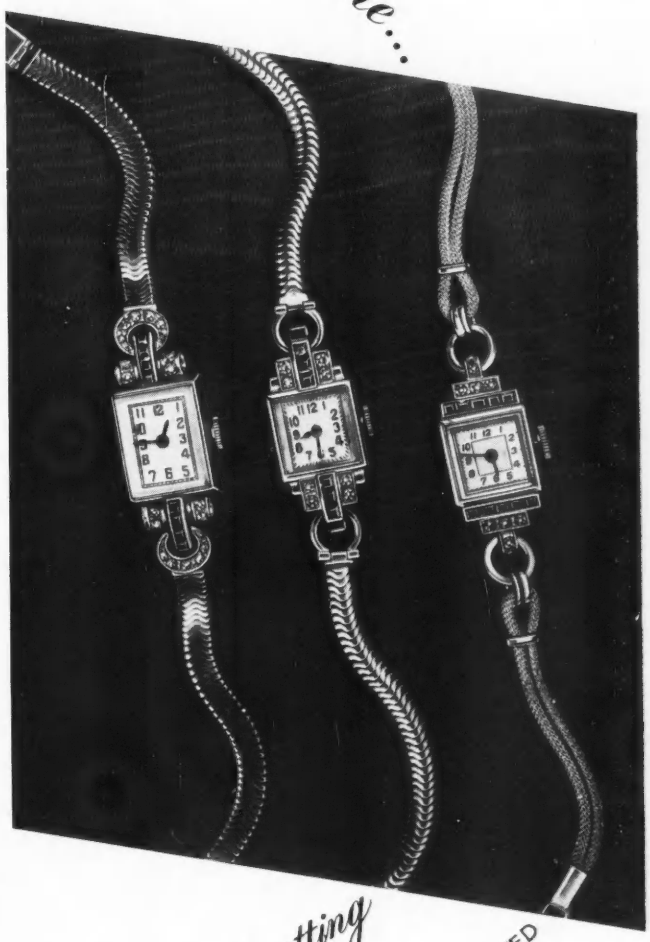

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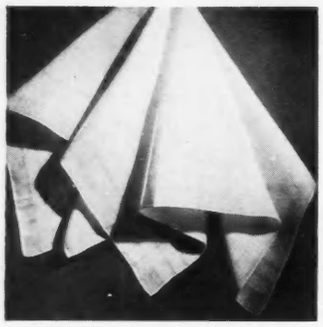

Always a most acceptable present, A hand-woven handkerchief of fine sheer linen with hand-rolled hem. **7/9**

A solid beer mug of bright crystal gives an added zest to well-earned refre.hment. Half-pint **5/10**; pint **7/6**

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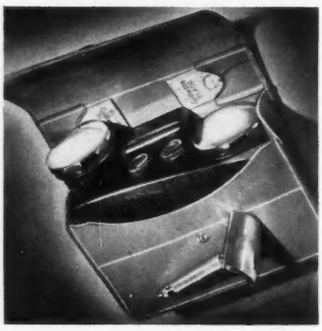

Leather shaving case with razor, tubes for shaving soap and brush, comb and two small containers. **39/6**

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PARTIES *and* PRESENTS

—Continued

Snelgrove's there are an unspillable cocktail set, eight small glasses and a shaker on a metal frame, and an electric coffee percolator made in the shape of a tea urn.

EXTREME animation prevails in the toy departments. Dolls walk, jerkily it is true, but they are all large enough to go hand-in-hand with their small mistresses. I saw one enter a well-known hotel the other day to the amazement of the grown-ups. This is the companion of the hobby horse that can be made to canter across the room by violent exertion on the part of the rider. Cars are operated by remote control; some are worked from a battery and others are directed by compression when a rubber ball is connected with the car by a length of rubber tube. Alpinists can be made to ski and rabbits to hop by means of a rubber knob and flex. Newest of all the mechanical toys is a fire engine at Gorringes that stops and automatically expands its ladder in two swift movements. Trix trains and Hornby trains, replicas of the famous expresses, can be added to year by year.

One of the most ingenious toys is the three-faced doll at Medici's: a doll that has three faces, one laughing, one howling, and one asleep. At the top of the head there is a knob that turns the two faces not in use round into the bonnet. Among the larger presents there is an electric cooking stove with a complete set of aluminium saucepans that can really cook quite a substantial meal. Little girls can buy their dolls a new wardrobe at Harrods, where diminutive dresses and underwear are stacked on rails and shelves, on and under a glass counter exactly as in a grown-up's store.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

The white tulle on the 15-year-old has mounting ruffles at the back of the wide skirt, making a bustle in a most grown-up manner. The maiden in the front wears cream tulle, with a ruffled hem and high-waisted bodice with puffed sleeves. Its tulle underskirt is sewn with blue satin bows, with another skirt in taffeta underneath. Harrods. On the right, a débutante tulle from Debenham and Freebody. The navy and white duster check taffeta smocked in red has an apron skirt with lace edging. The Hungarian pinafore frock has a great success with small girls. It is in red taffeta, with spot muslin apron and a peasant blouse bordered with gay braid. Fortnum and Mason

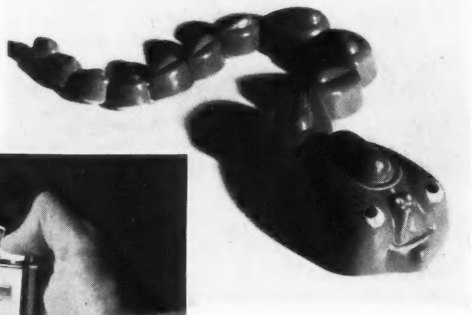
(*Left*) The teenager wears a sapphire blue velveteen, with full skirt and puffed sleeves, and a low oval décolletage. Her small sister has a full-skirted pale green taffeta, with scalloped hem and écru lace ruffles and a brown velvet sash. Liberty

(*Right*) Velvet Red Riding Hood cape (in blue or red) for a party. Fortnum and Mason

(*Continued on page* 1700)

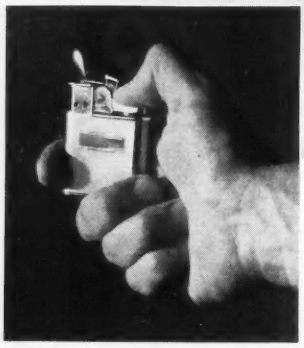
PARTIES *and* PRESENTS
—Continued

(*Left*) **A satin and ruched chiffon poke bonnet and a party frock in taffeta or organdie from the dolls' clothes shop at Harrods. The spangled tulle or crinkly paper fairy dolls from Medici Gallery are for the tree or a table decoration**

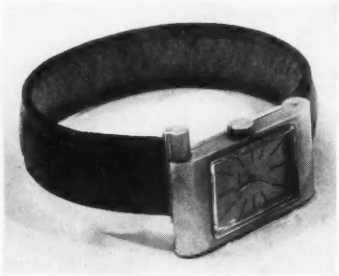


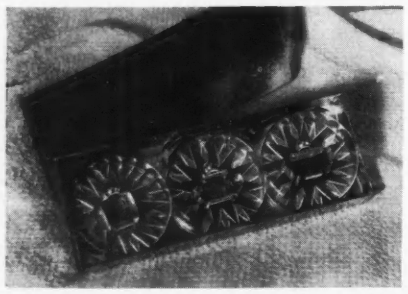
(*Right*) **This chromium Ronson whirlwind lighter, designed for a sportsman, is fitted with an adjustable wind-shield**

(*Below*) **Elegant gold watch with an oblong gold face for a man. It opens by means of a gold slide set in one side. Boucheron**



The latest Minic crocodile, which slithers across the ground. Hamleys





(*Left*) **Miniature bottles of Lentheric perfume—Tweed, Miracle, Shanghai—in circular glistening transparent boxes. They are mounted on bright stars and are ready threaded with gold loops to hang on Christmas trees. Marshall and Snelgrove**

(*Right*) **Golf balls done up in dozens and half-dozens in red transparent paper and fancy boxes. The sturdy golf bag is in beige nylon, with leather strapping and two zipped pockets. Harrods**

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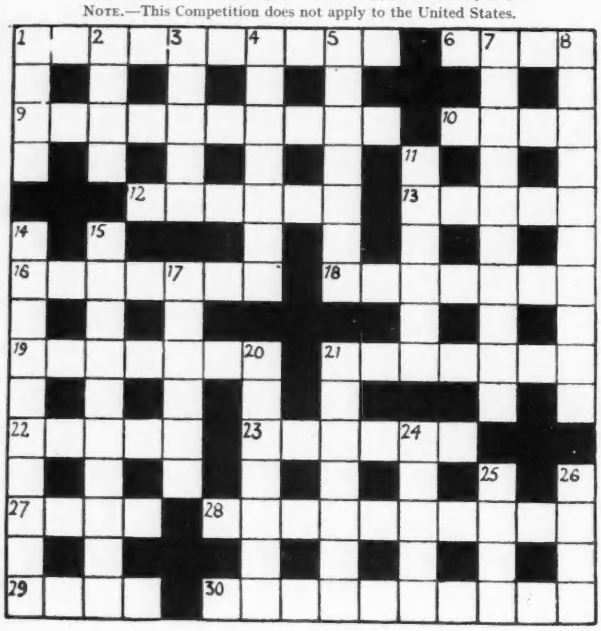
CROSSWORD No. 1034

COUNTRY LIFE books to the value of 3 guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 1034, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than ***the first post on the morning of Wednesday, December 7, 1949.***

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



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Address .....

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SOLUTION TO No. 1033. *The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of November 25, will be announced next week.*

ACROSS.—1, Crumb of comfort; 8, Egoist; 9, Andante; 12, Oats; 13, Propitious; 15, Yeast; 16, Footwear; 17, Ion; 18, Yearning; 20, Ocean; 23, Lugubrious; 24, Fret; 26, Bee-line; 27, Sherry; 28, Constitutional. DOWN.—2, Regatta; 3, Maid; 4, Outcry; 5, Champion; 6, Meditation; 7, Treasury note; 10, Noose; 11, Polysyllabic; 14, Stone-built; 16, Fog; 17, Indigent; 19, Angle; 21, Etruria; 22, Gusset; 25, Hero.

ACROSS

1. And on to the pavement, perhaps, in the fog (3, 3, 4)
6. Pelion's supporter in the giants' climb (4)
9. They took messages before telegraphists were thought of (6, 4)
10. Freezing point in France (4)
12. Cyril's compositions (6)
13. Not another to the batsman (5)
16 and 18. How the sculptor continues to like his models (5, 2, 7)
19 and 21. Surely not what emanated from Milton's "blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy" (7, 7)
22. Failure in a circuit, south east (5)
23. Wheel in a pulley : that's what the lady got (6)
27. Not naturally crimson (4)
28. The bowler's entrance to heaven? (10)
29. Descend to this? Many have to (4)
30. Just one of the peal, perhaps (6, 4)

DOWN

1 and 2. Warm spot from which to make the first shot (4, 4)
3. Isn't it sweet dear? (5)
4. They do the hat trick involuntarily (7)
5. Come from what depths? Say, Bess (7)
7. "I must finish my journey alone,
"Never hear the —— —— of speech"
—*Cowper* (5, 5)
8. Even if the present one is, this remains a secret (1, 6, 3)
11. Does what is needed concern two houses? (6)
14. They attack the rear of the defendants (10)
15. Drop us in it (anagr.) (10)
17. What Hitler claimed to be (6)
20. Pair of lines (7)
21. Sabotage is his livelihood (7)
24. The tare that is common (5)
25 and 26. Sounded when the greyhounds are off ? (8)

The winner of Crossword No. 1032 is

Dr. G. R. Rolston,

Crofts,

Haslemere, Surrey.

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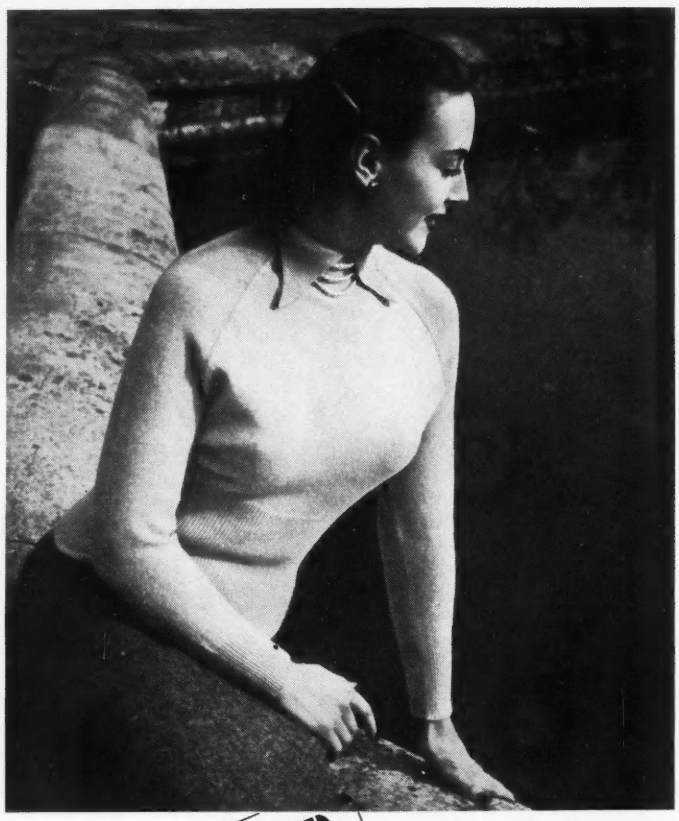

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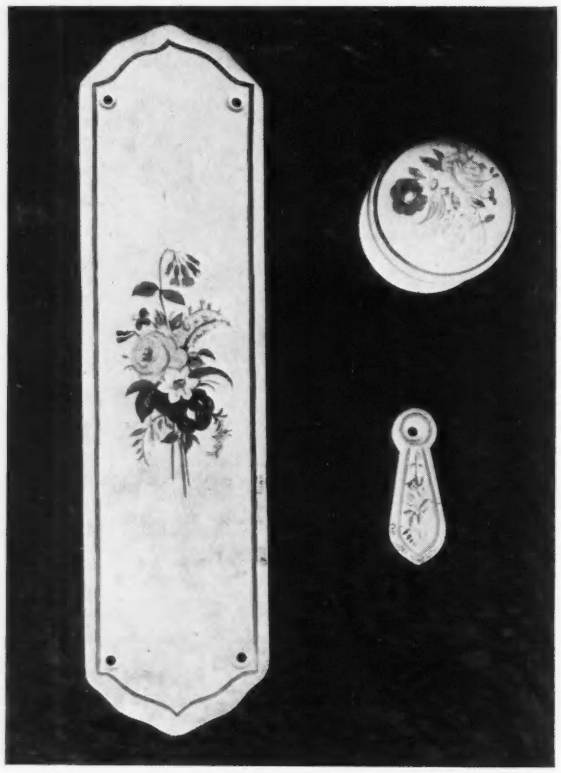

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